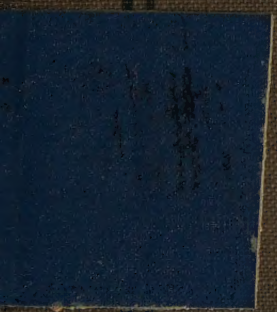
A WEST-POINTER IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

LAURA DE LANY GARST



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A West-Pointer in the Land of the Mikado

Chas. E. Garst

A West-Pointer in the Land of the Mikado

By

LAURA DELANY GARST

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"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man;
He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still."

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."

"THERE IS BUT ONE HOME LAND,
THAT IS WHERE GOD IS;
THERE IS BUT ONE FOREIGN LAND,
AND THAT IS OF SIN."

BRIEF RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION OF JAPANESE

"The vowels are sounded as in Spanish and Italian, but are always short, unless marked with the sign of long quantity. It is impossible to express the values of the Japanese vowels correctly in English; but speaking approximately, we may say

a resembles the *a* in "father," but is shorter.
e " " *e* " "men."
i " " *i* " "machine" but is shorter.
o " " *o* " "for" (not "four").
u " " *u* " "bush."
ō " " *o* " "bone," but is a purer *o*.
ū " " *oo*" "food."

"The consonants are all sounded as in English; *g*, however, has only the hard sound as in give, although the nasal *ng* is often heard; *ch* and *s* are always soft as in 'check' and 'sin'; and *z* before *u* has the sound of *dz*. In the case of double consonants each one must be given its full sound."

FOREWORD

IT is not easy to say in a brief foreword the things the heart inclines to say as to the message, and the lives back of the message, as we have them sketched in the splendid volume "A West-Pointer in the Land of the Mikado." And when the one who tries to write the much in little for an introduction to the book is one into whose life the home here pictured has poured without measure its love and faith and spirit of sacrifice, the difficulty of the task is greatly emphasized. No words of mine can voice my feelings as I think of the splendid sacrificial service of Charles E. Garst, and as I recall the burden days and burden nights of his dear wife, travelling in season and out of season among the churches for the great work's sake, and yet with wearied mind and trembling hand struggling to write the story this book contains that it may move upon the world for good.

And still further does the heart struggle in vain for language to declare itself when I think that as I write these lines, this twenty-first day of September, 1912, Gretchen Garst is leaving, almost at this very hour, the harbor of San Francisco for the needy land of the East, where her father's tomb marks the end of the pathway of his toil for Japan and the Japanese. I feel really that I should rather be in prayer than writing, in so sacred an hour, when the West with its love is reaching out to the East with its need, and Heaven is stooping low to give needed strength to a mother in Des Moines

and a daughter aboard ship way yonder in the harbor on the Coast! But let me pray even as I write. Perhaps a little greeting born of such an hour will call others to pray later, for both the work and workers.

As to the book itself, what shall I say? It is first of all the sketch of a thoroughly manly man. The soldier-hero of the story is bound to appeal to the imagination of young and old alike. Many a boy will change his view of missions and missionaries as he comes to know the tall, splendid man here pictured. And many a girl will read in this narrative of sacred purposes in home-life, which, if cherished universally, would transform the world.

The book is a personal narrative to be sure, and husband and wife and children by name are brought before us in the frankest way. Yet to one who reads carefully and is able to discern heart-cry in language, it will be apparent in every line that everything that is said has setting in a great purpose which is infinitely removed from over-praise of loved ones or over-emphasis of any personal relationship. There is the constant call for the subordination of everything we have and are to the doing of the will of God. But it is good to have linked with so sober a plea the sweet helpfulness God grants His people through prayers of little children or the playful pranks of a strong man. It is good that the book does not lose the naturalness of its setting. It is beautiful that in hours both glad and sad we are privileged to look within the very holy of holies of a devoted household.

As to its intrinsic value Mrs. Garst's work deserves praise for being both informational and inspirational. She acquaints one with the little things that make the lives of the Japanese live before us. But she pictures,

too, the tragedy of their need in a way that moves the life profoundly. She encourages, too, by sketches of individual conversion that reveal in telling way the response of the hearts of Japan to the Gospel of our Lord. No one can read the table of contents without having the appetite whetted for the whole work. There is masterful blending of incident and narrative, of play-life and appeal, of the things that lie on the surface and the things that sound the depths.

This word would not be complete without reference to a statement I heard made but a few days ago by Abram E. Cory of China. At a crisis time in his missionary experience Mr. Cory had occasion to seek an audience with one of the greatest statesmen of Japan. Admitted into this noted man's presence he was asked, in elaborate Oriental phraseology, who he was and why he came. In answer Mr. Cory simply stated that he came representing the same work and the same people as Charles E. Garst. Immediately this "elder statesman" of Japan rose, exclaiming with feeling, "The West never made a greater gift to the East than Charles E. Garst."

It is to follow one whose life was so regarded by those among whom he ministered that the present volume beckons. And surely one who would and could endure the privations of what might be accounted pioneer service in Japan, and who could, through this service, win tributes such as the above, is worthy our heeding to-day. Mr. Garst's work is not done. He is still an influential factor in the work both at home and abroad. His work is carried on not only by his faithful wife, who made two hundred and six addresses last year in behalf of lands across the sea; speaking, in addition, to upwards of four thousand students in public schools—chiefly of the High School life,—and travelling over nine thousand miles.

Nor does it, nor will it depend upon his devoted child who sails away from the homeland to-day. Nor will it depend upon his stalwart son nor the younger daughter of the home, both of whom worthily bear in youth the name they are sure to honor in the service of their mature years. But the work of such a man goes on through influences that cannot die, passed from life to life by those in East and West to whom he has spoken or before whom he has lived for his Christ. Happy the brotherhood in men of so superb a type! Happy the world if his life might be multiplied ten thousand times ten thousand times!

CHAS. S. MEDBURY.

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A PERSONAL WORD

WHEN, in 1893, we returned to Japan for a second term of service, Mr. Garst expressed the wish that together we might write a book especially for young people, which would, he hoped, increase their interest in the Japanese.

His desire has inspired me to undertake the task, feeling keenly my insufficiency without his assistance, but sure that he speaks through these pages. True, he would have said little about himself. I feel, however, that his passion for his work was so intense that this further gift of a more intimate acquaintance with his life purposes and accomplishments would be gladly laid on the altar.

I want to thank friends who have helped and encouraged me to persevere in the trying work, in spite of strenuous field duties and pressing home cares, and to acknowledge my debt to sources of information which I have freely consulted.

Most of all would I gratefully recognize the tender Father's care through all the years and ask His blessing upon this effort.

LAURA DELANY GARST.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

JAPAN
YESSO IS.
AKITA
SENDAI
HONDO IS.
TOKIO
OSAKA

I

EARLY DAYS

THE WEST-POINTER LEAVES THE ARMY

ONE bright Sunday in May, 1883, at Fort Randall, Dakota, Charles E. Garst, Class of '76, Second Lieutenant Fifteenth Infantry, was the object of unusual interest.

"Garst has resigned!" was the word carried from the adjutant's office to the homes of the officers surrounding the parade ground.

Inspection and guard-mounting over, there was leisure to discuss the reason for Mr. Garst's action.

"Don't you suppose his cattle interests are taking him from the service?" asked Captain C.'s wife.

"That hardly explains his course," replied the Captain, "for in his application for leave of absence he asks for permission to 'go beyond seas.'"

"I am confident Garst has some unique scheme on foot," interjected a brother officer. "When we occupied the same quarters I often heard him praying in his room. I believe he is going into the ministry."

When the news definitely shaped itself, and it was understood that the young officer, with prospect of promotion immediately ahead and with promising cattle investments, was resigning to go as a missionary to Japan, astonishment knew no bounds. A trip to the North Pole would not have occasioned one-half the surprise.

The missionary enterprise was quite beyond the range of Army sympathies and Garst was emphatically pronounced a "fool" or "crazy."

The fortunes of Indian warfare had brought the Sioux chief, "Sitting Bull," with three hundred of his braves to Fort Randall as prisoners of war, and from time to time there were various exciting breaks in the monotonous routine of frontier garrison life; but this latest bit of gossip about Garst was uniquely interesting. All day, and for many succeeding days, we were bombarded with the usual stereotyped questions. Did we think a loving God would let the heathen perish because of ignorance of the Christ? Would it not rather increase their responsibility to take the gospel to them, thus giving them a chance to reject it? Was there not enough to do at home? Could one find a riper field for Christian work than the United States Army?

Strangely enough it did not occur to any one to ask what a just God would do with professed Christians who ignore the command of the Christ to "disciple all nations." The few who believe that this command applied only to the generation to which it was given, forget that such an interpretation logically debars all but that generation from any part in the "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." Neither was there any apparent anxiety as to the disproportionate number of workers in the nearer and farther parts of the World-field. Nor did the friends seem to be at all conscious of their neglect of what Christian privileges were already available at Fort Randall.

We felt a sweet sense of relief when, during the evening dinner-hour and the tender spring twilight, we eagerly talked of our plans, sure of a sympathy from each other such as our many friends denied us.

"It seems strange," said Mr. Garst, "that what we have together considered more or less definitely for two years, and I alone for eight, is at last decided, the news is 'out,' and we are really going."

"Your mother must be very happy," I replied, "for surely she understands it all up yonder. You know they say that she used to exclaim, as she watched you take the short cut through the garden, Bible in hand, on the way to church, 'Doesn't he look every inch a preacher?'"

"Yes, she will be pleased, but the others will not approve."

"Mary will," I answered softly.

"Oh, Mary will want to go with us!" exclaimed Mr. Garst eagerly. This dear younger sister, Mary, was a household pet. A woman of great strength and strange sweetness of character, she had a marked influence upon her brother Charles. I always called her his "Sweetheart Sister."

"If our little Miriam had lived it would not be so easy to plan the going," mused Mr. Garst. "The little grave bides the Resurrection which we go to teach," and the fine brown eyes were bright as he mentioned the Theme which was the passion of his life. We talked on softly of the going so far and to so great a task, and I said:

"I can bear anything with you to help me."

"Some time you may not have me, but there is One who has promised to be with us 'alway.' Oh, how glorious to be a Christian! What sublimity in the thought, 'more than conquerors through Him that loved us.'"

What to take to the far-off home was a question. It was decided that books and bedding should go, and all pictures that were not too large.

"We want everything to be as much like home as possible," I said. "The Navajo blankets will be pleasant reminders of frontier life, and of course the bear-skin rugs must go."

While preparations for departure proceed, will you take a glance backward at the West-Pointer in the making?

JUST A BOY

It matters little that Charles Elias Garst was born in Dayton, Ohio, August 23, 1853; it matters much that through his mother Scotch-Irish blood coursed in his veins, and still more that his mother was deeply religious and loving and that she believed that this, her sixth child, would be the answer to her prayers for a minister-son.

Charles' father, of German descent, and a physician, brought him a rich heritage in an irrepressible optimism, and was his exemplar in all-round temperance. His maternal grandfather was held up to the boy Charles as a man worthy of imitation. Holmes' words fit him well:

> "One constant element of luck
> Is genuine, solid, Teutonic pluck."

For, left an orphan,—in 1806,—at the age of fourteen, he overcame the trials of pioneer life in Ohio, when the site on which Cincinnati now stands was a howling wilderness, inhabited by elk, deer, wolves, and eagles. He mentions, in a brief family record, the building of a house for a man who, though apparently "good and sober," after all died a drunkard, and of another he says, "He kept one of those 'hell-holes,' as I call them." And he concludes, "I should be the most grateful of all beings for my safe passage through life, this far, without be-

coming a lover of one of the greatest curses the land was ever cursed with. The next greatest curse is tobacco. I feel thankful that the Great Ruler of the world has kept me from these two great evils."

Charles was ardently fond of God's great out-of-doors. With his brothers,—Warren and Julius,—he roamed the forests, hunted, fished, and swam, trapped muskrats, and upon one occasion fought and captured a badger weighing forty pounds. In later life Mr. Garst often expressed regret that so many children could know little or nothing of field and forest.

When Charles was eight years old the pall of the Civil War enshrouded the land. Darkness fell upon his home when the father and one brother responded to the nation's call. Later came their illness, the lonely journey of the mother and her return with the invalids, followed by the long fight against physical disability,—a harder struggle than facing an enemy's shot and shell.

One of Charles' youthful trials was a quick temper. On one occasion he was angry with his brother Warren. Going into the cornfield, he lay down between the rows of corn in a very sullen mood. A pet hen came up presently to investigate the situation. She looked and cackled, her head turned first on one side, then on the other. When she began to peck at him, Charles' endurance reached the limit, and, springing up, he grabbed the officious fowl and ruthlessly wrung her neck. When she lay dead at his feet he was conscience-smitten, and, turning, strode fiercely away, walking several miles in hot haste. The exercise did him good, and returning, penitent, he met Warren, who, troubled at the thought of their quarrel, had followed him. When they reached home they found that mother-love, too, had brooded over the wayward boy, and anxious to woo him homeward,

she had placed a good dinner around the corner of the house.

Charles believed in a "square deal," and was indignant at any transgression of justice. He was also of a decidedly humorous disposition. When Irish and German workmen were excavating a cellar on the Garst premises they bargained with "Charley," who was to do a certain amount of work and receive a stipulated pay. He faithfully fulfilled his part of the contract, but they failed to come up to theirs. Charles was thoroughly disgusted and secretly vowed vengeance. He had noticed that the workmen frequently resorted to a certain bottle, and, in fact, had overheard one of them promise his "pal" a special treat the next day. Watching his opportunity the lad stealthily emptied the bottle of half of its contents, substituting very salty water for the liquor. The result would have furnished excellent material to some aspiring cartoonist for a "before" and "after" sketch. Charles, in hiding, could hardly conceal his keen enjoyment of the anticipations "before" and the wrathful denunciations "after," but wisely concluded that it would be better for him to keep at a safe distance from the incensed laborers.

The brother Julius was the close associate of Charles in religious life. They were faithful attendants of the Sunday-school and church services. At the first stroke of the bell they quickly left whatever was engaging them and made rapid preparation for the service. The older members of the family still delight to tell how, when "Charley" had made a speech in prayer-meeting, his younger brother, all admiration, rose and repeated it almost word for word.

Several years of Charles' boyhood were passed in Champaign, Illinois. Later the family moved to Boone,

Iowa. Sixteen miles away was the now famous Iowa State College of Agriculture, where Charles studied for two years. He worked hard, digging potatoes on Saturdays, hauling fertilizer, and performing many menial tasks. His biographer may be pardoned for noting the fact that he had very beautiful and shapely hands. These were often blistered by Saturday night and then, homesick, the boy sometimes walked the sixteen miles to Boone that he might spend Sunday at home. It was at Ames that he received his appointment to West Point,—solely as a reward of merit, and not the result of "wire-pulling." Two appointees from the district having failed, the congressman wrote to the president of Ames, "Tell me some one who will go through," and the reply came, "Appoint Charley Garst. He'll go through."

Dr. and Mrs. Garst,—with their family of eight children and a small income,—regarded this as providential. The mother had not forgotten her prayers that this son might be a minister of the Gospel. Yearningly, she prepared for the going of the raw-boned, slender, awkward country boy of nineteen, his sleeves and trousers all too short for the lank limbs, but the pure, open face and honest brown eyes telling of a wholesome "greenness" about sin. As they parted, mother and son little thought that this was to be a last good-bye.

> "Happy he
> With such a mother! Faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, a trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
> He shall not blind his soul with clay."

IN TRAINING FOR A SOLDIER

At West Point, Charles found hazing at its height, and had a cruel dose of it. He was shown the rope that

hung his predecessor, and warned that he was to suffer like torture. He wrote home begging his father's permission to give up the course. The irate parent replied expressing unqualified disapproval of any such procedure, and telling his son to arm himself with stones, and if there were any further difficulty to give his tormentors such a fierce illustration of David and Goliath as would forever pale the original.

Two events of importance stand out in bold relief during the four years' experience at West Point. The first was the death of Charles' mother. Called home by wire, the cadet hastily boarded an express train.

It seemed to the overwrought young man,—tortured by the thought that he might not see his mother alive,—that the iron horse was creeping. He, at last, from sheer weariness, dropped into troubled slumber, but again and again awoke with a start, sure that he had passed his station.

The mother clung to life with marvellous tenacity, hoping to see "Charley" once more. As each of her sons approached manhood this wisely loving mother took him under special care, and Charles, just at this time, was peculiarly the object of her solicitude. But even a mother's love cannot keep whole the brittle thread of life; it snapped, and the boy, longing for one more look into the loving mother eyes, one more tender clasp of the hand, was met with the word,—equally hard to give and to receive,—that his mother had passed into eternity. The remainder of Charles' life at West Point was deeply clouded by this overwhelming grief, and he often despaired of completing the course.

"O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er."

CHARLES E. GARST, CADET U. S. M. A.

The second event of note was the change in religious convictions. One would scarcely look to West Point as a possible place for a mountain-top religious experience. However, in manifesting Himself, God does not depend upon what human reason might consider a "favorable environment." He showed Himself to Bunyan in prison, to Moses in the wilderness, to David herding sheep, to John Baptist on his frugal fare of locusts and wild honey. Whether by vision, by the message of the burning bush, the voices of countless stars or the echoes of the desolate wilderness, God always has machinery to fit the emergency. The tool he used at West Point to reshape the religious life of Charles Garst was the "Christian Standard," a paper edited by Isaac Errett, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Charles' roommate, Alexander S. Bacon, a Baptist, received the paper through Disciple relatives. At one time, so busy that he could not find time to read it, young Bacon wrote that it was useless to send the paper, but almost immediately followed the letter with another, saying that "Garst" was interested in the paper, so not to discontinue it. Isaac Errett, of hallowed name among those of his communion,—a "Prince in Israel,"—was in those days at the zenith of his intellectual and spiritual power. Deeply moved by his convincing editorials concerning the greatest religious movement of the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Garst yielded himself enthusiastically to the conviction that this was the very call of God,—the call to re-unite divided Christendom by a return to the principles and practices of the Apostolic Church. Upon graduating in 1876, after receiving from General Grant the commission which pledged him to the service of his country and the protection of his country's flag, the first concern of the young soldier was to reconsecrate himself for service to Christ and humanity in the

ranks of the Church beneath the bloodstained banner of the Cross. Having been reared under Presbyterian influence, he had been baptized when a baby. Nothing less than a full and conscious committal through intelligent obedience could satisfy him, and many remember still the sacred service in Dayton, Ohio, when the tall young officer was buried with his Lord in the beautiful ordinance; the late M. D. Todd, formerly of London, England, officiating. Shortly after this the following letter, written in Cincinnati, Ohio, was received:

"Dear Brother Garst:

"Your favor duly received. It is a pleasure to me to know that you have found the scriptural way of Salvation, and it certainly does not interfere with my pleasure to know that I have been helpful to you in finding it. The honesty of purpose that has marked your inquiries thus far gives me confidence that you will continue your studies of the Word of God and 'walk in the Light.' It is a far nobler thing than words can tell to bring the whole life into captivity to the obedience of the Truth. I pray God to guide your steps and cause you to grow in grace and knowledge. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' You may yet lead many to see and love the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Truly your brother,

"Isaac Errett."

The best in Charles Garst did not respond to the military profession. He felt

> "The drying up a single tear has more
> Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

The United States Government had given him an education, however, and it is estimated that every graduate of West Point costs his country ten thousand dollars. Regulations require, from each cadet, a pledge of eight years' service from the time of entering the Academy. Mr. Garst gave almost that number in addition to the cadet years.

ALEXANDER S. BACON

While serving in New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, and Dakota, by systematic use of his time, he increased his preparation for a different life work. Bible study and general reading, the study of Spanish and of Indian dialects to an extent that enabled him to act often as an interpreter, filled well his time. Careful physical training was not neglected,—walking, fishing, hunting, shooting,—and soon he wore a marksman's button. Money interests were carefully safeguarded. His salary was economically used, and a brother helped through college. Earnest Christian effort was not neglected. While serving at a post in Texas a young brother-officer joined him in Bible study, and Mr. Garst baptized him in the Rio Grande. Finally cattle interests made him dare to hope that by the time he could honorably leave the service he would be able to take up the work of a self-supporting missionary on the Kongo.

II

IN PREPARATION

MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE

I FIRST met Mr. Garst at this time, when his plans were focusing toward a missionary career in Africa. I, too, was born in Ohio, in 1861, in the village of Hopedale. My "earliest recollections" are of the war songs sung by my mother, who had a beautiful high soprano voice, and of my father's great grief at the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Strangely mingled with these is the memory of my first hoop-skirts, and the trial of learning to sit down correctly in them. I was of the same religious persuasion as Mr. Garst. When ten years old, I was baptized by my maternal grandfather, Jonas Hartzell, a loyal pioneer in the religious movement that had enlisted Mr. Garst's sympathies. "Father" Hartzell's home had often been the resting-place of Isaac Errett, the Campbells, and other leaders of the Restoration. I attended Howland School, a private seminary in Union Springs, New York. The atmosphere of the school was rarely helpful. For the physical, there were the gymnasium life and fine boating exercise; for the intellectual, a good course of study under a strong and capable faculty, and for the spiritual, —which was earnestly cultivated,—the little Quaker meeting on a Sunday morning, and the sacred twilight hour in the parlors when Dr. Hartshorne interpreted to

LAURA DELANY, 1864

ELSIE H. SMITH, 1883

HARTZELL GARST, 1890

GRETCHEN GARST, 1888

us the Scriptures. It was a benediction merely to sit in the room with him.

I shall always be thankful for the much chanting of Bible portions in chapel services,—"Come unto Me"; "And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you"; "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee"; "Lift up your heads, O ye gates"; "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"; "For God so loved the world," and many others being used. These were most helpful, too, as we chanted them on beautiful Lake Cayuga, the wonderful evenings we spent at our oars.

One sweet farewell song lingers in my mind. It was written by Miss Hartshorne. We sang it to the tune of "Maryland."

"Come lay, Old Time, thy scythe away,
Gracious now or never;
We'll snatch from thee one joyous day,
Then our ties thou'lt sever.
But yet we tell thee, Father Time,
Though wanderers in many a clime,
Our hearts shall still together chime,
Loving friends forever.

"Now summer roses scent the air,
Breeze-touched branches quiver,
Soft bird-songs greet us everywhere,
Earth was sweeter never!
We know 'twill not be always June,
Yet, though sere autumn cometh soon,
Our song of love shall still keep tune,
Trusting friends forever!

"No more upon the rippling lake
Now our oars we'll feather;
No longer morn, noon, night we'll take
Counsel sweet together.
But yet, Old Time, we tell thee true,
'Tis more than thou can'st ever do,
To part for aye this love-linked crew,
Faithful friends forever!"

And the lighter strains were not lacking in the dear old life. There was skating on the lake in the winter. There were picnics, on the little lake steamer, the forty miles to the southern end of the lake, and Cornell University and the glen. There were the old college songs and the college pranks.

Business interests called my father to New Mexico, and on a second trip my mother, three sisters, and I accompanied him. We planned to take the first train to run over the extension of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, from La Junta to Santa Fé, but since there was no good accommodation for an invalid sister, we waited from Friday till Monday for the promised parlor car. Much to our disappointment and discomfort it proved to be a sort of improvised affair. The floor was bare of carpet, and rather shabby chairs were grouped about. Going over the divide we were not a little concerned, for the car swayed alarmingly. It was impossible to keep one's footing, and the casters had been left on the chairs, so that they were perpetually on the move, racing madly from one end of the car to the other, always seeking, of course, the down end. We learned the following morning that the engineer had lost control of his engine over the most dangerous part of the mountains, and it is only a wonder that we were not dashed to our death.

After tarrying a few days in the historic city of Santa Fé, we began the overland trip to Fort Stanton. An easy phaeton furnished comfortable accommodation for the sick sister, while the rest of us occupied an army ambulance, drawn by six mules. The experience was altogether strange and delightful,—the invigorating air as we climbed the six thousand feet of ascent to Fort Stanton, beautifully situated in the Rio Bonito Valley,

at the foot of the snow-capped White Mountains, and near the El Capitan range; the glorious moonlight nights in the rare atmosphere; the camping; the cooking in a Dutch oven, and serving the meals from an army mess kit; the sighing of the pines in the nighttime; the yelping of the coyotes; and then, the last day "out," the exciting fear of desperadoes and Indians, making it necessary for our drivers to ride with Winchesters over their knees, ready to resist a sudden attack.

Shortly after our arrival at Fort Stanton, on a bright morning in February, 1880, we were gathered in our pleasant sitting-room. The low adobe house was not attractive as to exterior, but once across the threshold the unpleasant impression vanished in the flood of sunshine greeting one from the broad, low windows. On one side of the room stood a Steinway piano, the first one shipped into the Territory, an instrument which proved its worth by its resistance of pioneer hardships; for the teamster that hauled it from the railroad lost his oxen and left the instrument on the roadside during the rainy season, while he went to look for them. Days elapsed before he found them. Only the perfect packing of the piano saved it from ruin. Every seam and crack of the box was calked and pitched, making it impervious to the weather. In a corner of the room was the large fireplace, in which the fire burned low. As I stepped to the porch for a fresh supply of fuel, a tall man, with light, rapid step, crossed the plaza.

"That's Lieutenant Garst, the finest man in the post," said my father, as we watched the blaze shoot up from the fire.

I had noted every detail of the man's appearance,—the more than six feet of height, the erect carriage, the curly brown beard, with its glint of gold, the attractive

blue uniform, the "shoulder straps and brass buttons!" I could not see the clear, kindly brown eyes, but I knew that this was the man who, in compliance with a military order, had galloped to Lincoln, nine miles away, to rescue a foolishly romantic girl from marriage to a desperado with whom she had eloped. Mr. Garst arrived just in time to prevent the ceremony and return the misguided young woman to her relatives at Fort Stanton.

I will not presume to suggest what impression was made upon the young officer by the girl at the wood-box, but, at least, it is a matter of family history that Mr. Garst, years after, was known to refer to this event as "the first time I saw Miss Laura."

The addition of four young ladies to the very limited social resources of a lonely frontier army post was duly appreciated by officers and civilians alike. Music, horseback rides, driving, fishing, and modest social functions varied the monotony. On one memorable fishing expedition into the White Mountains, a company of six was suddenly caught in a terrible thunderstorm when several miles from camp. The situation was indeed serious, for the abrupt walls of the canyon shut us in and the ominous clouds frowned above us. Hastening campward over the rugged path, we spied three mules staked out to graze.

"Three mules and six of us. Can you ride double?" asked one of the gentlemen.

Just then came a blinding flash of lightning and a deafening crash of thunder.

"We can try," gasped the ladies faintly.

Barebacked mules with rope halters! We had a merry chase, indeed. Trembling we sat the saddleless mounts and wildly clutched the waistcoats of our escorts. There was a critical moment when, with a sheer

precipice beneath and a frowning height above, the mules sighted camp and broke into a lively gallop. The moment of peril was passed, and as the storm soon abated, a hot trout supper made amends for all the exposure.

One of the strange sights that we occasionally witnessed was a Mescalero Apache dance. As the savages, grunting and howling, with fierce shaking of heads and wild flinging of arms, leaped and stamped around the huge camp-fires, involuntary shivers ran down one's spine at the mere thought of falling into the hands of the terrible creatures, and when they actually went on the "war-path," fearful depredations were committed. The troops were all ordered out of Stanton to protect the ranch people and their interests. Fearing that the Indians would learn of the unprotected condition of the post and make an attack, even we women strenuously practised the use of firearms and slept with cavalry carbine and six-shooter within easy reach. One terrible night we were wakened by a frightful commotion, and springing from our beds, too sleepy to fully understand, we grasped our weapons and frantically shrieked, "They've come! They've come!" We very soon found that the noise had been made by a bellowing herd of wild cattle rushing through the Bonito Valley.

The weekly evening circle for the study of Spanish and the Sunday afternoon Bible class linked us somewhat with civilization. The very absence of the self-improvement features of modern life deepened appreciation of them and the richness of a strong church environment was brought out strongly by the comparison with the barrenness of existence separated from such privileges.

In the fall of 1880 Mr. Garst left Fort Stanton on leave of absence. But, resolved upon the mission to

Africa, he soon broke away from the tender family ties that held him almost irresistibly after years away from home, and entered Butler College, near Indianapolis, Indiana. There he enthusiastically began a course of ministerial training and later tendered his resignation from the Army. It was necessary for him to return to Fort Stanton, however, and during the journey he was dangerously ill with pneumonia at Fort Craig, New Mexico. Far from home and friends and with sadly insufficient care, he suffered greatly and was much depressed. As soon as able he continued his journey to Fort Stanton. Here the long physical disability incident to his convalescence caused him to seriously doubt his fitness for any mission field. His Army connections had not yet been severed and he entered upon a trying period of uncertainty as to his future course, which was happily broken by the joy of our engagement.

WILDERNESS PREPARATION

At about this time Mr. Garst was detailed to build a telegraph line between Forts Stanton and Craig, and for several months was busy with this monotonous duty. The loneliness of camp life and his close companionship with Nature constituted a valuable training. At his earnest solicitation my mother chaperoned a few young people, and his "tent," instead of "house," party proved a great success. After this he frequently referred to the visit in his letters, written from "Camp Happiness." "The owls which were only *heard* when you were here are now *seen*. One was even going to alight over my tent door, but my approach scared him off. A horrid lizard, not of the kind on the log at your tent, but of the slimy yellow and black kind, just paid me a visit. I tried to kill

him but he escaped me, slipping under the tent in great good humor and some scorn I thought. In the merry twinkle of his eye there might be a promise to return and crawl between my blankets. I won't trouble him with a breach of promise suit if he doesn't! Our little rill rose, last night, to a stream about thirty feet wide and six feet deep in the channel."

Through a failure to connect with the commissary department he was at one time very short of provisions, and the alkali water was particularly unpalatable, and unwholesome as well. There were discomforts and privations that would have seemed considerable to one of a less cheery nature. The genial German soldier, "Fos," Mr. Garst's "striker," as an officer's personal servant is called, tried to "make good." Below is the—in part—imaginary dinner menu of one of these lonely, limited days:

"Bean soup-de Fos,
Trout, gold speckled,
Roast humming-bird,
Bumble-bee dressing.
Mocking-bird's tongue fried,
Three kinds of pie.
Dessert, 'Thoughts of Thee!'

"The first and last I had, and having them needed not the others. After dinner instead of lingering over wine and cigars I took in the mountain scenery."

Again he wrote:

"I hear more about the Indians this morning. Will be glad when we get the account of any fight that may have occurred. If they come out here I will be in duty bound to despatch them." [Shortly after this a rumor reached the post that Mr. Garst's camp had been surprised and everybody massacred. Hence the following:] "My surprise last night can better be imagined than described. It would not have been greater had the Indians jumped the camp. I was out walking at ten-thirty when I heard them coming." [The detachment sent from the post to his relief.] "It is a good discipline for you to start with. One thing we must learn,—that is to have faith

in the future and in each other. Death will come. If we are in Jesus he cannot hurt us. He will come to us at home as well as on the prairie. We are both in covenant relations with God and He will fulfil His part, therefore, under these circumstances let us show those without what our faith can do.—It is a wonderful thing 'to be' and may we live always so as 'to be' with Him. Dangers compass us on every hand and it is well to fear more or less. People are spiritually dead all around us, yet we continue happy. Oh, that Christians would awake to their responsibility toward the world."

As an officer is not on social equality with his men, Mr. Garst was much alone during these months, and far from human habitation. With his God, his Bible, and his books, in the solitude of mountain and desert he was being further prepared for his life-work. The frequent hunt for deer or bear, the lonely rides, the crashing storm and terrific strife of the elements when he, in his tent, seemed like an atom amid the marvels of creation; the glorious moonlight nights, so superbly beautiful in the rare atmosphere of New Mexico;—all seemed to tune to more tenderly sacrificial music the nature already *at one* with God in Christ Jesus. Not within the walls of any theological school could he have received the rich and varied training that these unique experiences brought him. Through all his letters ran the blood-red line of a great life purpose. There were jokes and merry sayings, too. For these Mr. Garst was popular among his friends. The "Lover's Almanac" even put in an appearance at Fort Stanton, but the under-current could not be mistaken.

"I am anxious for the time to come when I can study more" [he wrote]. "Knowledge is power, certain. Anything gained in that direction is not alone for time, but eternity I conceive. How does Dorothy get along with her Bible study? I hope well. Help her and yourself thereby. She should, I think, learn some parts by rote, such as the First and Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Psalms, and the First of Hebrews. One should be well acquainted with these if they are not fully com-

mitted. Such seed planted in a child's mind is more apt to bear fruit than when planted later."

A few more quotations from these letters:

"Perry wrote of nothing but the baby;—in fine health, laughing aloud, etc. The next letter he is laid away to await the Resurrection Day. What a mystery is Life! I thank God daily for life, and the hope of Eternal Life through Christ Jesus. Religion becomes more to me daily."

"I read the 'Christian Standard' supplement yesterday about Africa. What a wonderful country! What a field for Christian work! It seems a terrible pity that all of us who bear His name are not more zealous in the spread of the Gospel. Those who are so tender-hearted that they would by no means consign any soul to endless punishment are very slow to take the steps to stop the almost infinite misery in Africa and other parts of the world."—"If Christians were more closely united in everything the millennium would come much faster than it now promises to. The great advantage of a high aim is that one grows to be like his model. It gets to be a habit. The poor darkey at Malagro says he has been 'reading sign' so long that he looks for 'sign' even when going along the road—he can't help it. Look at the Pecos cattle king with his fifty thousand head of cattle. He is to all intents and purposes a 'cow-boy' and will remain so to the end of the chapter. One can conceive of being in the cattle business without such consequences but he must devote some of his time to better things. One of my reasons for wishing to be a preacher was that I might have it a life business to study the beauties of Christ. While I might not be very well able to teach, yet the ignorance of the Bible is so great, even in that I hoped not to make a complete failure, with hard work.—The Army is such that progress, if made, is made against everything. There is nothing in it to aid any one, not even in the art of war. To do men good spiritually is, in my opinion, the noblest pursuit; then comes the educator, who should also be religious; then the doctor and the lawyer, —all noble pursuits if rightly followed. These I conceive to be higher than other pursuits, for they require more study, and one is brought into contact with principles as of right and wrong rather than weights and measures."—"'The good alone are great' is, I think, true. People have been great in some particular thing without being great in the absolute. For instance, Napoleon was a great soldier, but not a great man. I remember seeing in one of my sister Mary's notebooks a maxim which struck me with peculiar force: 'To be something, do something.' To be good, do good, would apply the general

principle to this sermon. Goodness is said to be an active principle,—it only finds a fitting expression in action. Our Saviour 'went about doing good.' I remember the Chaplain at West Point quoting some great statesman of Europe as saying before his death, 'I have spent my life laboriously doing nothing.' How different Saint Paul when he speaks of the crown laid up for him.—We shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is; the chief among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely. What a prize to strive for and how glorious that we can all win; while in human affairs here the winning of worldly fame excludes others."

The four years' training at West Point and the eight years of Army experience and discipline, contributed greatly to Mr. Garst's efficiency in after years, not only enabling him to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ Jesus," but through the necessary study of life and men, equipping him as a man of affairs and a good "mixer." On the frontier, in Texas and New Mexico, there was ample material for the study of human nature. In the "cowboy" and "desperado" type he saw it in the rough; in his associate officers and their families, as affected by education and the arts of a refined civilization; and again, in the ranchman, he saw the businesslike, worldly type. In the careless, self-seeking lives of his companions he found much food for reflection. He saw wine, cards, and the dance robbing gallant men and brilliant women of time and talent. The emptiness of "society" rank when not backed up by sterling character was borne in upon his mind. "How strange it is," he wrote, "that some people cannot divest themselves of their trappings. There are those who think that a general officer will enter heaven on his rank! With them a lady could in no wise be 'damned,' or, as the Revised Version has it, 'condemned.' Christianity is the only mark of nobility that will stand the test of eternity. Our Saviour went in and out among all classes of people."

The power of the Gospel, which, because of military regulations and endless "red-tape," he had little opportunity to preach, Mr. Garst proved by his blamelessly pure and upright life, even when subjected to fierce temptations.

Late in the fall of 1881, Mr. Garst's regiment was ordered to Colorado, and we were married on the eve of its departure. The incidentals of his life as a soldier precipitated some ludicrous complications. For instance, after the baggage had been sent ahead, the commanding officer ordered Mr. Garst to inspect the telegraph line which he had built. His riding habit was beyond reach and the bridegroom of an hour had of necessity to ride out of the post mounted on a mule and garbed in "undress" uniform, his trousers tied down with "red-tape," the only thing the solicitous father-in-law could lay hands upon in the excitement. And I, the bride, followed dejectedly in an ambulance with our captain and his family. Now that "hazing" is regarded with so much disfavor, I think a "commandante" would hardly place a newly-married pair in so uncomfortable a position. The journey to the nearest railway station should have been accomplished in five days, but it required nine with us, because of inclement weather. We were snowed up three days in a canyon. We felt little discomfort in our wall tent with a good camp stove. The poor enlisted fellows had to endure the exposure, while we ate fricasseed chicken and canned peaches with our captain and his family. We were decidedly the gainers, too, by the delay, for the post adjutant, Mr. Clark, our warm friend and brother-in-law, persuaded the commanding officer to relent and send us an extra ambulance. When the weather cleared we proceeded on our journey quite to ourselves. Possibly the

telegraph line was not so well "inspected" as it would have been under the other arrangement.

During the following year, while we were stationed at Fort Lyon, Colorado, the Mescalero Apache Indians resumed their warlike attitude in New Mexico. White settlers were murdered and intimidated and property ruthlessly destroyed. Our own cattle interests were at stake. The most inhuman atrocities were committed. When the news reached us one morning that the body of a white baby had been found pinned with a wagon bolt to a tree, Mr. Garst, indignant beyond expression, wrote, on the spur of the moment, to the "Honorable Secretary of the Interior," urging that more troops be sent to protect the defenceless people. He closed with some such phrase as,—"If they must be killed, let it be done in style!" Promptly in return came the order for him to proceed to Fort Leavenworth "in arrest!"

"In arrest! If it were any one but Garst,——" exclaimed his captain in puzzled amazement.

Of course a reprimand was inevitable when a subordinate officer presumed to address the "powers that be" at our nation's capital in so informal and peremptory a fashion. Among our friends the affair was laughed at as a huge joke, but Mr. Garst's misdemeanor had been so entirely unpremeditated that he could not imagine what the trouble was, and went deadly pale over that order to go before a court-martial. He had little patience with the circumlocutions of "red-tape" methods, and although a very unmilitary and boyish thing to do, he dashed off his remonstrance as man to man, rather than as inferior to superior. He was deeply chagrined over the matter. Whether or not his outburst helped, the outbreak was soon quelled. The episode is suggestive of a trait of character that was effective in tak-

ing the West-Pointer to the foreign field. *People were suffering. They could be protected and relieved. Something must be done and done quickly.*

From Colorado we were ordered to Dakota. Here we continued our study of Africa, where we hoped to go "when the cows begin to pay." In the meantime, very unexpectedly, a call to Japan came through our mutual friend, Isaac Errett, then President of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Though we felt an added responsibility in going out under the Board, we could not refuse; but we did not give up, for years, the cherished plan of being self-supporting missionaries. In 1894 the terrible drought swept away our little all. The herd, valued at twenty thousand dollars, was almost a total loss. We realized about four hundred dollars after the crash was over.

III

THE DISTANT FIELD

THE JOURNEY BEGUN

BACK to Fort Randall and the good-byes. Japan was a far cry twenty-eight years ago. On a July morning, so early that it was still quite chilly, the ambulance, drawn by the regulation six mules, drew up to the door and we knew the moment had come when we could no longer escape the wrench of parting. Several of the family circle were there to see us off. My white-haired mother felt our going very deeply and yet was glad. Years after, I learned that she ripped a little faded lambrequin that I had left behind, using the satin bands again, and saving some of the threads that I had handled, wound them under her wedding-ring.

> "A mother's love—how sweet the name!
> What is a mother's love?
> A noble, pure, and tender flame,
> Enkindled from above,
> To bless a heart of earthly mould;
> The warmest love that can grow cold;
> This is a mother's love."

There were a few pleasant visits by the way, and then the ordination service at Island Park, near Rome, Indiana. This was the annual gathering that during later years has been held at Bethany Park, Indiana.

There were six candidates for ordination,—our colleagues for Japan, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Smith, and

Mr. and Mrs. Morton D. Adams, who were going to India. A great service in the morning, followed by a Bible school of fifteen hundred, led up to the sacred afternoon hour when, after fasting and prayer, we were set apart to the work, August 5, 1883. Isaac Errett preached the sermon and delivered the charge. We women protested that we could not submit to the ordination if it entailed upon us any pulpit or special public service. We were assured that it did not, but was a solemn consecration to whatever came to us in the line of duty as helpers of our husbands.

Speaking of the ordination service, Dr. Breeden said to me, many years after, "I remember very well the sermon preached by Isaac Errett when you were ordained at Island Park. The subject was 'The Glorious Gospel of Christ,' based on II. Corinthians 4:3-5.

"'But if our Gospel is hid, it is hid to them that are lost.
"'In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, shall shine unto them.
"'For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.'

"After a beautiful introduction on what the Gospel is, he discussed the subject under the following heads:

"1. The Gospel of Christ is glorious in its grace,—not of works, etc.

"2. It is glorious in its Truth,—Christ the image of God, etc.

"3. It is glorious in its Cross,—its sacrifices, etc.

"4. It is glorious in its fruits, in its beneficent results, its victories.

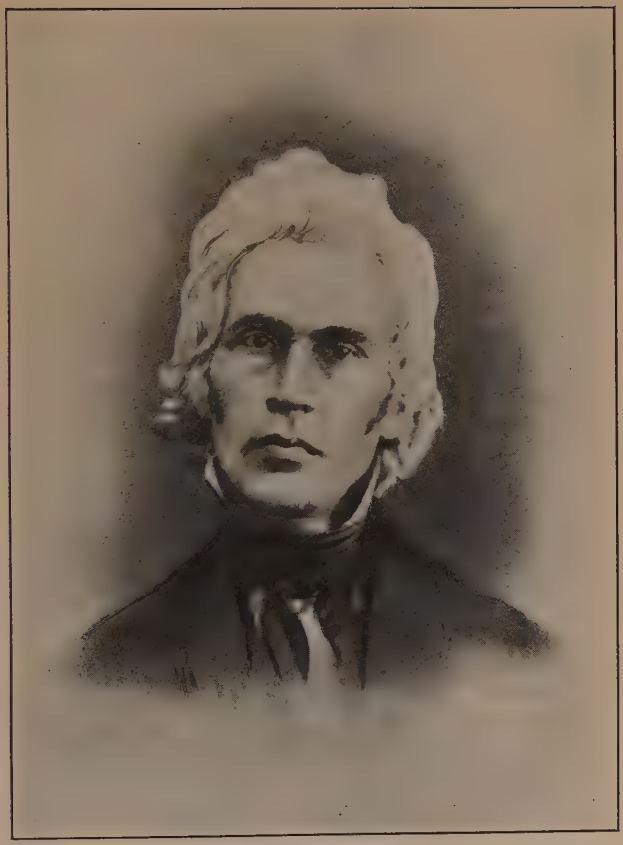
"These points were amplified in the simplest manner, but it was a great heart message which I shall never forget."

Men and women, tried and true, laid their hands upon our heads as we knelt, while Isaac Errett spoke the solemn words: "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His Kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. But watch thou in all things, endure affliction, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

Probably one thousand people grasped our hands after the service. It was a day that profoundly moved all hearts. As he bade us an affectionate farewell Isaac Errett said, "If the ship goes down and you never reach the other side, you will have done a great work in making a start. The churches are roused to a new life." We felt that we were entering upon a life campaign of tremendous significance.

We started almost immediately for the western coast. One of the most helpful stops was at Davenport, Iowa, where we had a good-bye word with Grandfather Hartzell. He felt it to be the crown of his declining years that his grandchildren should go on so sacred a mission. Tall, white-haired, and stately, a saintly old gentleman of eighty-three years, he, with patriarchal dignity, gave us his blessing. His rich, deep voice vibrated with feeling, and his German brogue seemed to accentuate his meaning as he talked fervently to the young soldier of the examples of faithful centurions in the Scriptures. It was, indeed, a never-to-be-forgotten farewell, for the next year God took the good man, full of devotion, to Himself.

Kind, earnest friends welcomed us as we lingered here and there along the way. In St. Louis the home of



JONAS HARTZELL

B. W. Johnson was our resting-place. The beautiful hymn, then new, was sung again and again—

"God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you;"
. . . . .
"Keep Love's banner floating o'er you;"
. . . . .
"Put His arms unfailing round you;"—

Little Elsie, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, was a very happy member of our company, always sunny and whiling away the long hours of the overland journey with her dolls. It was the middle of September as we sped across the final stretch toward the sea. The mercury stood at 103° in the car as the locomotives puffed through the many miles of snow sheds. The dust and smoke were stifling.

In San Francisco, believers in a common Lord, joyous in the effort to carry out the command of the Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," brought affectionate messages and sweet flowers to the water's edge and knelt with us in the cabin below as we prayed that this attempt to "send the Light" might be blessed of the All-Father.

Cabins had been booked on the *Oceanic,* one of the best liners on the Pacific at that time. The Chinese Exclusion Act was in operation and twelve hundred Celestials were stowed away in the steerage. It was three o'clock on the afternoon of September 27th. The last trunk had been lowered into the hold and the gangplank withdrawn. The engines throbbed and quivered, and the ship seemed to shudder as it swung away from the pier. A mighty rush of feeling swept away, for the moment, every thought but for Home and Native Land. Very different this going forth from the light-hearted

departure of the sight-seeing tourist. It was going for life,—a saying to Japan, "till death us do part." We were exclaiming, Ruth-like, "thy people shall be my people"; we were praying, "May our God be thy God." Several feet lay between the ship and the pier when a friend tried to make his voice heard. When he failed in this, words were hastily pencilled on a scrap of paper, it was wadded up and thrown on board. It was addressed to "Mrs. Garst," and bore the words, "The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Bravely resolved to carry out all plans to prevent seasickness, we tramped the decks till the evening dinner bell rang, when we went to the table, determined not to yield. But alas! the first whiff of food put to rout all our lofty resolutions and we were obliged ignominiously to "seek the seclusion which a cabin grants."

The *Oceanic* proved to be a good roller. Autumn skies hung leaden and equinoctial gales added the "pitch" to the vessel, which unnerves the most gallant sailor. We will not recall the days and nights when, unaccustomed to ocean travel, we thought surely the straining timbers, the noise of dishes dashed from galley shelves, and the sound of hurrying feet meant that matters were getting serious; nor the times when, miserable beyond description, we wished the ship would go down and end our agony. Missionaries "outward bound" are often reminded of the wilderness temptation of our Lord, and, let me say it very reverently, feel a strange nearness to Him as they come, in a deeper sense than ever before, to understand. As they have bowed, in renewed consecration to His will, has not the Father's hand seemed extended upon them in special blessing? Has not the Father's voice been almost heard to whisper

Divine recognition of their sonship? But then comes the ocean voyage during which few escape the pain and weakness and depression of seasickness. Through weary hours most trying doubts arise:—"if thou be the Son of God——" Satan surely does his best to swerve from holy resolutions by coming in times of physical weakness and despondency, and almost convinces one, for the moment, that the decision has been a mistake, and that there is no fitness for the chosen service. But ever, to the steadfast soul, will come the angel of his better self to give the victory. The God of our fathers is our sure refuge.

THREE WEEKS AT SEA

The trip to Japan was not made so speedily in those days as it is now. We had rough weather all the way, and were three long weeks at sea. There is no monotony, however. Mother Carey's chickens, the white and gray seagulls, the school of porpoises, an occasional whale spouting, and the wonderful sea itself, its limitless waste of waters, the lights and shades, sunlight and shadow, and the marvellous moonlight,—give one plenty of delightful pastime. Then there is the complicated meal system, with tea and toast before rising if you wish to ward off seasickness; a late breakfast; tiffin (an Anglo-Indian word meaning lunch) about one; afternoon tea for the socially inclined at four; the elaborate dinner at seven, and broths between times for those not strong enough for the heavier foods. And there are games, on deck as well as inside, reading, writing, and visiting,—a busy little world it is, in mid-ocean. The evening dinner is the principal event of the day unless we except the exciting moment about noon when the "run" of the previous twenty-four hours is posted, and the passengers

flock to see how much nearer they are to the desired haven. The officers of the ship come to dinner in evening dress and the guests in their best, and each vies with the other to make the hour an entertaining one. Little Elsie soon learned to tell the bells that chimed the hours and quarter hours, and recognized the calls of the officers from the bridge.

Then there was the amusing incident of catching up with King Sol as we sailed away to the "Sunrise Kingdom," not by putting our watches ahead, but by actually dropping a day from our calendar,—going to bed, say, Tuesday night, and coming to breakfast in the morning to find Thursday on the menu card. On the return voyage a day must be added, and, as it fell on Monday, we laughed at having two "washdays."

In going through the vessel I was impressed with the poor fellows stoking coal away down in the bowels of the ship. The captain himself in all his uniformed dignity would be very helpless without those grimy toilers beneath the waves. The homely tasks have their large place in life. Browning says:

> "Let us be content to work,
> To do the thing we can, and not presume
> To fret because it's little."

Of the sixteen missionaries aboard I particularly remember tall, dignified, elderly Dr. Blodgett. Years before he and his frail wife had given their young lives to China. Her health failing, she came home for medical treatment, and through nine years she struggled alone rather than separate her husband from special work for which he only, of all the mission, was fitted. At last they were returning to China together, and it was beautiful to see the kindly doctor's lover-like devotion as he

sought to shield her from every contrary wind. And there was Harlan P. Beach,—now of mission study fame at Yale,—sturdy, manly, and so tender of his fair young bride, who suffered greatly during the voyage. Miss Dudley, a woman with a record in educational work among women in southern Japan, always wished, as we sang on deck in the moonlight, that one song might be,

"Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus my Lord."

But most impressive of all to me was white-haired Mrs. Lowrie, with grown son and daughter, going back to the loved work in China, whence she had returned years before, a widow with two young children. Having trained and educated them she was joyfully going back with them to the work in which their father had given his life. These splendid men and women mentioned and others were returning to renewed terms of service. The "romance of travel," which is supposed to lure volunteers to the foreign field, was quite worn away. They knew the fatigue of shifting from place to place; the struggle with difficult foreign tongues; they knew the separation from home and kindred; and they knew the black night of heathenism with its pestilence, famine, and death. They knew it all, but were eager to be back at work again.

"Their feet, for Thine, had treaded reeking lanes
Of alien cities, seeking out the lost.
They said, 'They are the Shepherd's wandered ones.'
Their hands, for Thine, had healed whom others spurned,
Counting it joy to lay their palms, for Thine,
On the foul outcast, deeming him brother to Thee.
Their lips, for Thee, o'ercame the alien speech,
That they, for Thine, might voice Thy words of life
Which mend the sorrows and the sins of men."

Great excitement prevailed when, the evening before we reached Yokohama, fishing boats were passed, and the lights sighted along the shore. We had not had a glimpse of land for three weeks, and now even the smoke from a volcano looked good. The next morning we were early on deck. It was a glorious day, and famous Mount Fuji was at its best. Twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet the shapely cone is thrown heavenward, as though to point the æsthetic Japanese to God. Pictured on lacquered tray and silken scroll, Fuji is as inseparable from thoughts of Japan as the Alps are from Switzerland. For centuries the "peerless" mountain has stood for "the Land of the gods" where millions are bound by forms of nature worship. Every year thirty thousand white-robed pilgrims climb this sacred mountain "seeking peace." Fuji was in bridal apparel that memorable eighteenth day of October, 1883, the brilliant white snow-robe softened by a veil-like autumn haze. The stately pile will worthily represent Christian Japan when, by-and-by, she shall be washed and redeemed, the Bride of the Lamb.

NEW ASSOCIATIONS

From the entrancing mountain view we turned to look at the crowded harbor of Yokohama, where steam launches whistled and flags floated gaily from numerous men-of-war. Soon tourists in pretty garb betook themselves to the steam launches that puffed away to the Bund,—the broad paved street that faces the water-front. Many of our companions were met by friends so glad to "see them back again." We felt strange and lonely as we watched the almost naked coolies in the small boats at the ship's side grabbing fiercely for passengers as the

steerage disgorged its wretched freight. We had watched these poor creatures from the deck sometimes, and I remember Mr. Garst's remarking pityingly, "Alas for the people that *live steerage all their lives!*"

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in their nest;
The young fawns are playing in the shadows;
The young flowers blowing toward the west.
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

Presently Mr. Anthony, of the Temperance Hotel, took us in charge, and we were soon in the little jinrikishas or *kuruma,* and being trundled through the streets, feeling very silly indeed in what seemed much like a grown-up baby carriage, and very sorry for the coolie who, though an immortal soul, was taking the place of a beast of burden for our convenience. We soon learned of the extreme poverty of the people and found these fellows were more than glad to earn an honest dime, a fact which lessened our suffering so that we came to enjoy a riki ride. We never knew how noble might be the riki man—or kurumaya,—for after the abolishment of the feudal system many of high birth were reduced to such extremity that they resorted to this service, which required no special training. It is a life of hardship. The riki man runs hard and fast, becomes overheated, cools off too rapidly while waiting for his passenger and frequently succumbs to pulmonary troubles. The men average but five years in the work. A few years ago there were forty-five thousand of these

men in the city of Tokyo alone. Electric cars have reduced their number in recent years.

Friday, the day of our arrival, Christian workers called upon us to extend a welcome. Mr. Loomis, agent of the American Bible and Tract Society, was one of the first. Miss Crosby, niece of Howard Crosby, of Bible translation fame, and Dr. Bennett, of the Baptist Mission, were most kind in their offers of helpfulness. Dr. Bennett told us a funny story. A friend of his, newly arrived from the homeland, was waiting to meet his teacher, and the Doctor said to him, "You may make a fine impression by saying *'O'hayo!'* when he comes in. That means 'good-morning.' It literally means 'the honorable early,' and you can easily remember it because it is pronounced like the state 'Ohio.'"

Conversation was continued and presently when the teacher came in, the newcomer arose and, making a profound bow, said *"Iowa!"*

Dr. Bennett recommended a language teacher and the following Monday we were poring over our lessons.

Many amusing things happened as we struggled to get our bearings in the strange tongue. For instance one of our company asked at table for a "monkey," when a plate was what he wanted. *Saru* means monkey and *sara* means plate. The table boy had had experience before this with newcomers and brought the plate.

Since the Temperance Hotel was comparatively inexpensive and quite homelike, we decided to remain there and battle with the language a month before attempting to keep house.

A word as to the language. Two alphabets, or syllabary, must be conquered,—*Kata-kana* and *Hira-gana*,—consisting of forty-eight syllables with about three hundred ways of writing them, and if literary work is to be

attempted, one must become familiar with several thousand Chinese characters. The written language differs greatly from the spoken; that of books, newspapers, and letters varying as to vocabulary and construction, and men and women speak quite differently. Hence we might almost say it was to *languages,*—not one, but many,—that we addressed ourselves; and, knowing that Japanese is pronounced by scholars the most difficult tongue in the world, we felt, in the event of our gaining a reasonable mastery of it, we would have removed a mountain in the Master's name.

The elderly Christian, Kudo, helped us daily. He was baptized when there were but six Christians in the Empire, and is to-day a faithful pastor of one of our northern churches.

Mrs. Smith and I thought if we could get enough of such a language to talk freely and intelligibly to the women and children and read the Bible, we would be content. The gentlemen aspired to a wider range of literary activities, and eagerly delved into the intricacies of the Chinese hieroglyphics. We went through the usual stages in our study experience, thinking, after we had learned a large number of phrases, we were going to "get the language" without any trouble; a little later, in utter confusion, we despaired of ever acquiring it; and finally settled down to a faint hope that, by dint of perseverance, we might, some sweet day, if our health was spared, know enough to bear the message with which we had come.

I have frequently been asked why missionaries cannot acquire a language before going out. In those long ago days such a thing as a chair of Japanese or Chinese was unknown in our colleges. In the good training schools of the later days,—and none will be better than The

College of Missions, Indianapolis, Indiana, of which Professor Charles T. Paul is Principal,—a splendid beginning may be made, which will be of much value upon arrival on the field. But let it be remembered the missionary is pre-eminently a specialist. As well think of a physician's thoroughly fitting himself for his work in a law school, as expect a missionary to completely qualify for service to foreign peoples, five thousand miles away from his chosen field. The time spent in language study on the field is by no means lost, for all the time he is learning a thousand other things,—the point of view of his people, their etiquette, the means of approach to them, the way to live and best conserve his energies in the new climate, the practical side of comparative religions, and the solution of many complicated problems vital to success.

The tedium of long hours of study was enlivened by jaunts in the "native" town, and visits with older workers, from whom we learned a great deal.

But always, in thinking of Yokohama, a strange, weird, appealing sound comes back to me through the long years. It is the melancholy whistle of the blind masseur. There are so many sightless eyes in the Orient. Before the days of vaccination, the terrible ravages of smallpox were partly responsible for this. Then, too, the poor use wood in open fireplaces in the kitchen floor, and as there is nothing to encourage the smoke to escape but a scuttle in the roof, much of it remains in the room and greatly injures the eyes. Again, tiny babies are carried out on the backs of their elders even when but a few days old, and the tender eyes, exposed to the merciless rays of the Eastern sun, often become sightless. Impure living and lack of cleanliness lend a hand, and so, from one cause or another, there are thousands

of blind in Japan. They make their living, largely, by practising massage, and teaching how to play the *Koto,* the piano of Japan. The masseurs are not quite so scientific perhaps as ours, for they shampoo away from instead of toward the heart, but they are much less expensive and, withal, quite comforting. Sitting in our study in Yokohama, tired of the monotony of the endless *i-ro-ha-ni-ho* of the syllabary, we often listened, while the autumn rain pattered upon the window, the wind moaned, and perchance a tremor of earthquake sent a shiver over us. Then the sound of the bamboo whistle would come nearer and nearer. The physically blind but typified to us the millions of spiritually blind in the beautiful little Island Empire, and we were impatient to help realize to them the promise of Jehovah: "I will bring the blind by a way they know not; in paths that they know not will I lead them; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These things will I do, and I will not forsake them. They shall be turned back, they shall be utterly put to shame, that trust in graven images, that say unto molten images, 'Ye are our gods.'"

GLIMPSES OF OLD JAPAN

Old and New Japan were strangely mingled in 1883, and indeed this is still true to such an extent as to bewilder the uninitiated.

The tragic touch of Japan with the outer world began about half a century after Columbus discovered America, or in 1542, when Portuguese traders came for gain; and five years later, the consecrated Jesuit monk, Francis Xavier, brought the message of a mutilated Gospel. Xavier's work was short,—less than three years,—

and seventy or eighty years cover the time of triumph of his successors in the Catholic propaganda. Conservative historians tell us that at least six hundred thousand converts were made, while the extravagant figures of the others run far beyond the million mark. There was decidedly a political element in these religious conquests. Spain heard of the good trade also, and came, with Franciscan and Dominican friars in her train. England and Holland joined in the scramble. All were jealous of the Jesuit power. Priests and monks were suspicious and unlovely in circulating damaging reports against each other. Finally a sea captain, when asked how Spain could conquer so many nations, indiscreetly answered that the missionaries were sent to win converts, who would help in subjugating the country when the Pope should come with his soldiers. This was the touch that set the smouldering fire ablaze. Hideyoshi, who has been called the Napoleon of Japan because of his great generalship, declared that such a thing should never come to the Empire. Immediately the death penalty was pronounced against every foreigner who should fail to get out of the country within twenty days.

Under later rulers frightfully thorough measures were adopted to exterminate the "Jesus Teaching." In Nagasaki, the seat of the trouble, overseers were put over every street, with subordinates responsible for five houses each. The ceremony of "trampling on the cross" was a striking feature. Officials entered houses suspected of harboring believers, and throwing on the floor a little image of the Christ upon the Cross, rudely compelled all who desired to escape torture and death to trample on the sacred emblem. Mothers had to carry the tiny babe and place its little feet upon the hated symbol! Those who refused knew what awaited them.

At the many hot springs there was plenty of almost boiling water to pour upon the rebellious ones. Because in some cases the flesh was gashed open down the back, the torture was the more unspeakably terrible. Sulphurous fumes, sucked in with every anguished breath, added their quota of pain to the sufferers. Some were hung head downward over pits, and though blood spurted from mouth and nose, withstood their tormentors eight and nine days, dying in the faith. It is said one girl lived fifteen days in this fearful state, before the glories of immortality were given to her. For two decades a very carnival of torture was conducted against the followers of the imported faith. All the ingenuity of cruel brutality was apparently exhausted in devising means to add to the suffering of these innocent and marvellously courageous Christians. To this day there is pointed out to the traveller a precipice near Nagasaki from which, in those awful times, Christians were hurled to a fearful death on the jagged rocks beneath. Others were buried alive; some, tied in rice sacks, were heaped in piles and burned; confined in cages, within sight and smell of food, still others were starved to death; women were compelled to walk naked through the streets on their hands and knees; in some cases spikes were driven under toe and finger nails to prolong the agony till death should come. It thrills one to think that so long ago as the days of the *Mayflower,* rather than "trample upon the cross" of their Redeemer, multiplied thousands in the Sunrise Kingdom were willing to suffer these frightful deaths. Surely such testimony should forever silence the questioner as to the sincerity of the converts on the foreign field. "The Way of the Cross" meant a very different thing to these from what it means to those

who sing the beautiful song, comfortably seated in the pews of our handsome churches.

The reign of terror subsided about 1638, and the government flattered itself that every vestige of Roman Catholicism had been stamped out of Japan. By the close of the seventeenth century it was spoken of as an "awful scar on the national memory." The Empire was declared a "hermit," and for over two hundred years it was a penal offence to leave or enter it. The "hermit" nation was not hermetically sealed, however; the Japanese had been given a taste of the big outer world, and curiosity led them to leave a peek-hole in the island of Deshima, south of Nagasaki. Here a few Dutch traders were allowed to reside under very rigid restrictions.

During the twenty-five years of persecution in Madagascar, from 1836 to 1861, the people had the supreme help of the Bible, but the Japanese were at a disadvantage, for they had not the Word of God to support them in their trial. Because of this, it is all the more remarkable that after a century, when the country was opened by Commodore Perry in 1854, there were found, scattered in villages around Nagasaki, thousands of Catholics, who had been secretly keeping the fires of Christianity burning. They used the Lord's Prayer, a few other prayers, and the ordinance of baptism. Four thousand of them were confined in thirty-four prisons and condemned to hard labor as late as 1868. During all the years from the close of the persecution till 1873, Griffis tells us, "in every city, town, village, and hamlet, by the roadside, ferry, or mountain pass; at every entrance to the capital, stood the public notice boards, on which, with prohibitions against the great crimes that disturb the relations of society and government, was one

tablet, written with a deeper brand of guilt, with a more hideous memory of blood, with a more awful terror of torture, than when a like superscription was affixed at the top of a cross that stood between two thieves on a little hill outside of Jerusalem. That name would bate the breath, blanch the cheek, smite with fear as an earthquake shock. It was a synonym of sorcery, sedition, and all that was hostile to the purity of the home, and to the peace of society. That name was Christ." The public boards read as follows:

"So long as the sun shall continue to warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan."

Rewards were offered informants. Christ was, as Griffis says, "branded as the Christian criminal God." "He was thus held before the people. . . . These notices were spelled out by the schoolboys and read by all. . . . Mothers frightened their children into silence by threatening them with the name of Jesus."

From Griffis' "The Religions of Japan" (pp. 345-349) may be gathered briefly some of the results of the century of Roman Catholicism in Japan:

"Christianity in the sixteenth century came to Japan only in its papal or Roman Catholic form. While in it was infused much of the power and spirit of Loyola and Xavier, yet the impartial critic must confess that this form was military, oppressive, and political. Nevertheless, though it was impure and saturated with the false principles, the vices and the embodied superstitions of corrupt southern Europe, yet, such as it was, Portuguese Christianity confronted the worst condition of affairs, morally, intellectually, and materially, which Japan has known in historic times. Defective as the critic must pronounce the system of religion imported from Europe, it was immeasurably superior to anything that the Japanese had hitherto known. . . . In the teaching that there should be but one standard of morality for man and woman, and that the male as well as the female

should be pure; in the condemnation of polygamy and licentiousness; in the branding of suicide as both wicked and cowardly; in the condemnation of slavery; and in the training of men and women to lofty ideals of character, the Christian teachers far excelled their Buddhist or Confucian rivals. . . . It must be said, also, that Portuguese Christianity attempted to purify and exalt life, to make society better, to improve relations between rulers and ruled; but it did not attempt to do what it ought to have done. It ignored great duties and problems, while it imitated too fully, not only the example of the kings of this world in Europe but also of the rulers in Japan. In the presence of soldier-like Buddhist priests, who had made war their calling, it would have been better if the Christian missionaries had avoided their bad example, and followed only in the footsteps of the 'Prince of Peace'; but they did not. On the contrary, they brought with them the spirit of the Inquisition, then in full blast in Spain and Portugal, and the machinery with which they had been familiar for the reclamation of native and Dutch 'heretics.' Xavier, while at Goa, had even invoked the secular arm to set up the Inquisition in India, and doubtless he and his followers would have put up this infernal enginery in Japan if they could have done so. They had stamped and crushed out 'heresy' in their own country, by a system of hellish tortures which in its horrible details is almost indescribable. . . . In Japan, with the spirit of Alva and Philip II., these believers in the righteousness of the Inquisition attacked violently the character of native bonzes, and incited their converts to insult the gods, destroy Buddhist images, and burn or desecrate the old shrines. They persuaded the daimyos, when these lords had become Christians, to compel their subjects to embrace their religion on pain of exile or banishment. Whole districts were ordered to become Christian. The bonzes were exiled or killed, and fire and sword as well as preaching were employed as means of conversion. In ready imitation of the Buddhists fictitious miracles were frequently got up to utilize the credulity of the superstitious in furthering the faith—all of which is related not by hostile critics, but by admiring historians and by sympathizing eyewitnesses.

"The most prominent feature of the Roman Catholicism of Japan was its political animus and complexion. In writings of this era, Japanese historians treat of the Christian missionary movement less as something religious, and more as that which influenced government and politics, rather than society on its moral side. So also, the impartial historian must consider that on the whole, despite the individual instances of holy lives and unselfish purposes, the work of the Portuguese and Spanish friars and 'fathers' was, in the main, an attempt to bring Japan more or less directly within the power of the Pope or of those rulers called Most Catholic Majesties, Christian Kings, etc., even as they had already brought Mexico, South America, and large portions of India under the same control. The words of

Jesus before the Roman procurator had not been apprehended:—'My Kingdom is not of this world.'"

RIFTS IN THE CLOUDS

It is a pleasure to note that, apart from the Christian martyrs, there were splendid examples of truly great and good leaders among the pagan Japanese of these long ago days. Sakura Sogoro is one of them. For resisting unjust taxation, which heaped upon his beloved people unbearable burdens, he was put to death by crucifixion in 1645. This very remarkable man said: "As I am not being punished for wrong-doing, I shall neither be blamed for unfilial conduct toward my ancestors, nor leave behind me a bad name for ages. My life is given for all my people and so I can only rejoice, in fact it has been my life-long wish so to die. Do not therefore grieve for me; but if you happen to think of these sad days hereafter, I wish you would pray for me." On the cross Sogoro said, "Had I five hundred lives to live, I'd gladly give them all for you, my people." The late Dr. DeForrest suggested that the story of Sogoro more nearly resembled the story of Calvary than that of any other human being.

In "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," Dr. DeForrest has given interesting incidents of superior character in Old Japan. He mentions the daimyo who said, when his clan was in distress, he wished to be "the father and mother" of his people. He dressed in cotton instead of silk, reduced his expenses four-fifths, and did all in his power to help those who were suffering. Dr. DeForrest writes further: "He hated the evil influences of the harlot houses and abolished them all from his province. He said, 'Clean moral homes are the basis of a nation.' The great General Ieyasu, early in the seventeenth cen-

tury, when his enemy, defeated by him in battle, came begging forgiveness, immediately granted it, thus showing impressive moral power. Ieyasu's seven generals, however, were panting for revenge; but Ieyasu quoted to them the proverb, 'Even a hunter will have pity on a distressed bird when it seeks refuge in his bosom.'"

As high an authority as Dr. Verbeck, writing of later days during the sixties, after mentioning sickening evidences of depravity, says:

"On the other hand, amid the general wreck of morals, many pleasing remains of the original workmanship were also met. Among these may be mentioned many instances of warm family affection, of genuine kindness, and of real sympathy, honesty, and faithfulness, the general peaceableness of the common people and the politeness and suavity of the manners of the people, down to the lowest classes."

During these "hermit" years very potent influences were at work. Perhaps no more thrilling incident of missionary history can be chronicled than that of the prayer circle organized in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1829. In "Dux Christus" the following recital is given:

"*More than forty years* before the American Board sent its first laborer to Japan, while the Empire was absolutely closed against foreigners, and when almost nothing was known concerning its condition or its people, a company of godly women met regularly to labor and pray for that distant land. They laid aside their gifts for a mission more than a generation before it was begun. Many have wondered how it happened that such a deep interest in a country so entirely isolated from the civilized world should have been awakened in the minds of the members of the sewing circle. It is said that a curiously wrought Japanese basket on the table of a Christian merchant,—Hon. William Ropes,—at whose house they met, was the occasion of their choosing this particular object for their gifts and prayers. But how many have seen rare and beautiful articles from distant and pagan lands, and yet have not been moved to pray and toil for the peoples of those lands! These Christian hearts saw behind that basket the hands that made it, and though they knew so little about the dwellers in that mysterious land, they knew this much,—that they needed the Light of the Gospel.

"What though the doors were closed and barred, and the Japanese had put a price on the head of any one who should be suspected of harboring a Christian,—these women believed they were to be evangelized. Was not Japan one of the 'Uttermost Parts' of the earth which were given to Christ for a 'possession?' And so they brought their gifts and offered their prayers for the Japan mission when there was as yet not one ray of light except from God's word. It was the instinct of Christian Love that guided them; the same holy impulse, wiser than the wisdom of men, which led to the breaking of the alabaster box at the Saviour's feet.

"The association formed at Brookline during the years of its existence paid into the treasury of the American Board over six hundred dollars for Japan. Before the time had arrived when the money could be expended for the purpose for which it was given, it amounted, with the interest, to $4,104.23, which sum was set apart for the beginning of the mission.

"Were there not prayers as well as alms which came up for a memorial before God respecting this mission? There is something amazing about the opening of Japan and the progress of the Empire within the past fifteen years. The political and social changes are not more marvellous than are those of a religious character. Not only are the doors open, but there is to-day no theme of more popular interest than Christianity. How can all this sudden transformation be accounted for? No Christian can doubt that the hand of God is in it. May we not believe that he who, while governing nations, yet has respect unto the cries of his people, did remember the faith and prayers of those who, in the days of its darkness, pleaded for Japan?

"Christ when on earth wrought miracles *when he saw their faith.* Was not the faith of these women who prayed and gave for Japan as wonderful as that of the centurion, at which Christ marvelled? And have we not all seen a miracle happening in the land for which they prayed?"

THE LOCKED DOORS YIELD

The death-knell of Old Japan was sounded when, in 1853, Commodore Perry demanded, in the name of Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, a "treaty of friendship and commerce, especially for a mutual promise of humane treatment of shipwrecked persons, and for permission for American vessels to take coal and water at some of the Japanese ports." Unable to consummate anything, Perry sailed away, promising to

come again next year. This promise he redeemed, wisely wooing the coy seclusionists with convincing demonstrations of the superiority of Occidental civilization. He operated a few miles of telegraph and miniature railway; showed the power of electrical appliances; the usefulness of sewing machines, ploughs, locks, lamps, dictionaries, and other interesting things he had brought to help him in his bloodless victory. Griffis says:

"At the outdoor exhibitions of the little railway, thousands of people looked on with delight. The tiny locomotive and tender were only four or five feet high, but every part of the machinery was perfect. The passenger cars were hardly big enough to hold a child, but what the train lost in size it made up in speed, for the little engine, once started, moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This first train of cars in Japan was for passengers, not for freight; but in order to get a ride the Japanese commissioner had to sit on the roof, holding on to the edges as he swung round the circle, his loose robes streaming and flapping in the March wind. As for the telegraph, officers and people never tired of hearing the click of the armature and getting instantaneous messages in Japanese, Dutch, or Chinese; and these feats of the far-off writers acted like belladonna in enlarging the eyes, if not the pupils, of the delighted folk."

For the moment the cry of "Away with the hairy barbarian! We will have none of him!" was lost in the delightful admiration of these grown-up children. Harmless proofs of the terrible power of Perry's cannon were not omitted. His personal deportment, too, was a weighty factor in attaining the desired goal. His gentleness, kindness, and firmness,—having force yet not using it,—led a prominent Japanese to exclaim that he could not be a barbarian, or,—if he were,—better the Japanese, too, should be barbarians.

Townsend Harris, American Consul-General, also labored unceasingly from 1855 to 1860 and was, perhaps, the chief factor in the opening of Japan to the merchant and missionary. The little Empire, hoary with

the civilization of the Oriental world, began to go to school to the Occident. From Holland hurried engineers and men of science; the French guided in military and other matters; the "Swiss, the Scandinavian, and the Italian each brought in their gift-laden hands some new benefit to the Japanese." America was not slow to contribute her quota. Griffis says, "probably from four to five thousand foreigners, some of them very eminent, helped in the making of New Japan." Wallace Irwin puts it well in the following half-jesting lines:

"THE EDUCATION OF THE JAP

"'Hurray for the Jap!' says the militant Yankee,
When he reads the Mikado's brave deeds on the sea.
'I taught him to use them torpedo boats, thank'ee,
And he learned them there naval manoovers from me.'

"'Hooray mit der Yap!' says the German with unction;
'Such peautiful ti-tacs already haf he,
A pattle-shmoke var-lord in every function,
He fight like a Cherman—he learned dot from me.'

"'Salutez le Jap!' says the versatile Frenchman,
'He has ze eclat and ze courage—ma foi!
His dash would do honnair to Bonaparte's henchmen.
Who teach him zat skill militaire? c'est moi!'

"'Oh, take off the Japski!' says Russia in anguish,
'Such a brave little fiendvitch I never did see;
I'm sickski and soreski and painfully languish—
And the jokeski of this is, he learned it from me!'"

In later years Japanese have gone abroad for education and become capable leaders.

Americans like to recall the fact, as Clement says, that "the first treaty of friendship and amity was negotiated by Perry; that the first foreign flag raised officially in Japan was the Stars and Stripes, hoisted at Shimoda by Harris on September 4, 1856; that Harris was the first accredited diplomatic agent from a foreign country to

Japan; that he also had the honor of the first audience of a foreign representative with the Shogun, then supposed to be the Emperor; and that he negotiated the first treaty of trade and commerce." The Japanese now shout "Banzai" lustily for America. In a student contest when the school-folk were given an opportunity to vote on their favorite hero in history, Abraham Lincoln won the palm. It seems strange that the hatred of all foreigners in Perry's time was so intense that the terrible earthquake of 1855, in which two hundred thousand met their death, and the fire in Tokyo in 1856, in which one hundred thousand perished, were attributed to the presence of the foreigner or "hairy barbarian" and the consequent anger and revenge of the gods.

The present Emperor, Mutsuhito,[1] came to the throne in 1867. While from time immemorial the Emperors had lived in strict seclusion, regarded by the people as gods, and worshipped as such, Mutsuhito went abroad on great occasions. And on some not so great, too, for I remember his coming to Yokohama to attend the horse races; and we went to the station with throngs of curious people to see him alight from his car and enter his carriage. With him began the Meiji Era or "period of enlightenment." His advisers,—he was but sixteen years old,—certainly showed great vision and acumen in framing the "Charter Oath" in 1868. It promised a deliberative assembly; urged that the principles of so-

[1] H. I. M. Mutsuhito died in Tokyo at 1:30 on the morning of July 30, 1912. The funeral ceremonies were conducted on the 13th of September. Old and New Japan met on that day in the double suicide of Count and Countess Nogi. The great modern general, Count Marasuke Nogi, was the hero of the Russo-Japanese war. He took his life that he might, in accordance with ancient custom, accompany his superior to the spirit world. The Countess could not be separated from her lord, who would need her there.

cial and political economy be studied diligently by both superior and inferior classes; that every one in the community be assisted in carrying out his will for all good purposes, and that "all the old, absurd usages of former times be disregarded" and finally that "wisdom and ability should be sought in all quarters of the world for the purpose of firmly establishing the foundations of the Empire."

RARE FRIENDS

Not all Japanese acknowledge their debt to the missionaries. It is worthy of the late Prince Ito, than whom there is no more distinguished Japanese, that he has recognized their work in the following words: "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries exerted in right directions when Japan was first studying the outer world."

Standing beside a mammoth excavation in a great city and noting the intricate machinery necessary, and the Herculean toil that must be performed to construct a foundation capable of supporting the huge, sky-scraping, steel-ribbed structure to be reared upon it, one is impressed with the thought of the patient labor, underground, out of sight, that must be accomplished to insure success. It was necessary to literally honeycomb Hell Gate with dynamite tunnels before the fire wire could open a passage for the big ships.

Beginning with 1859, more than ten years of underground toil was necessary in Japan to lay the foundations for Protestant Christianity. The Japanese hated the missionaries, believing them to be the same as the religionists of the long ago, whose terrible persecution had left such an impression that when the subject of Christianity was broached, involuntarily the hand of the lis-

tener sought his throat, indicating that the topic was a dangerous one for conversation. The two-sworded Samurai was abroad in the land, not hesitating to test the quality of his blade upon the peasant; and so intensely did he hate the foreigner that the few missionaries were obliged to remain closely at home. It was almost impossible to get Japanese teachers for language study. The edicts against Christianity were still proclaimed in every public place by the notice-boards. Visible results were extremely meagre. During these years but six persons had the courage of their convictions and became Christians. Even the home constituency grew pessimistic and wondered if they might not have been premature in beginning the work. The shadow of the Civil War, too, rested depressingly upon the workers from America. However, the feeling of the missionaries was:

> "Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward."

Knowing that the preparatory work must be done, Bible translating was attempted and grammars and dictionary compiled. Prejudice, so very bitter, was gradually lessened, and a highway was being made for the King. It was a great privilege to know well some of these pioneer workers.

First, always, must stand Guido F. Verbeck, though chronologically he came a little later than a few others. Of him Griffis says, "His was the life of one willing to toil in the caissons unseen, as well as on the cables in view of all; to fight as a sailor in the turrets, not knowing how the battle went, as well as on deck or in the conning tower." Of himself, Dr. Verbeck said, "I like to work

silently." Such a man was most valuable, for the Japanese were very jealous of foreign influence. So, silently, Dr. Verbeck guided the sending abroad of the embassy that was instrumental, in 1873, in securing the withdrawal of the public notice-boards against Christianity that had been in all conspicuous places since the religious persecution in the early days. The removal of these marked an epoch in the progress of the Cause, and from this time the workers had a freedom before unknown to them. Quietly Verbeck took the initiative, with prominent Japanese, in establishing the Imperial University in Tokyo, and was one of the first instructors in the institution. For his valuable services as a teacher, he was decorated by the Emperor.

Dr. Verbeck was a good entertainer. He had some musical ability and a keen sense of humor. The following anecdote is told of him in Griffis' biography, "Verbeck of Japan":

"His humor was keen sometimes to the point of cutting. After he had been in Japan some thirty years, one day he walked the platform at a country station, waiting for a train. A kilted, bare-legged student eyed him for some time, then concluded he would patronize this innocent alien, and air his English. With that superb assurance which is the unfailing endowment of Japanese schoolboys, this eighteen-year-old colt swaggered near and shouted, 'When did you come to our country?' Dr. Verbeck adjusted his benevolent spectacles, and after a calm survey, responded in choice vernacular, 'A few years before you did, sir.' It is said that the student retired."

On an evangelistic tour Dr. Verbeck had an amusing experience which I heard him relate to a number of friends in his home. It was a summer day, very hot and dusty, and the doctor was exceedingly weary from travel. The dust had caused a painful irritation in one eye. Upon arriving at the appointed town he told the Japanese evangelist accompanying him that it would be

necessary for him to rest before speaking. Slipping into his pajamas he lay down on the *futon* (comforts), on the floor, and fell into a sound sleep. The little isolated village boasted no town hall, so the evening meeting was to be held in the inn in which Dr. Verbeck was stopping. He was presently aroused by confusion in his room and was astonished to find that the paper slides forming partitions between his own and adjoining rooms had been removed, thus throwing the whole floor into a commodious assembly place; that, moreover, a goodly audience was already seated, others were rapidly arriving, and, in fact, the "psychological moment" was at hand when he must begin his address. His Japanese helpers had been so solicitous for his comfort that they planned to let him sleep as long as possible, but now the eminent foreigner, on whose words the people would hang for hours, must take the floor. Good-humoredly adjusting the bandage across the invalid eye, the Doctor rose, clothed in his light flannel sleeping garments, and proceeded to hold the audience spellbound, as he so well knew how to do.

Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, of the Presbyterian Mission, were most efficient pioneers. They went to China in 1840, from New York City. After a few years they were compelled to return to America, because of Mrs. Hepburn's ill health. On their return they located in New York, where the Doctor soon had a successful and lucrative practice, which he relinquished, eleven years later, to go to Japan. Dr. Hepburn's knowledge of Chinese was most valuable in Japan, making possible his Japanese-English Dictionary, a colossal achievement, representing the labor of seven years. It is still used by every student of either language in Japan. Since they had arrived in Japan in 1859, the Hepburns were vet-

erans of almost a quarter of a century's experience when we met them. The Doctor's medical practice had done wonders in removing prejudice and alleviating suffering. Describing a scene in his dispensary, Griffis says:

"About two hundred men, women, children, and babies had come for medicine, advice, and healing. Such misery and wretchedness seemed appalling. There were gray-haired hags and hobbling beggars with bleared and reddened eyes, wrinkled and puckered faces, thin, streaming hair, open sores and foully dressed limbs. These showed the effect of long years of sin, of crime, of neglect, of ignorance, of pain, of agony, of hunger, of want, and of all that makes life miserable. Such foul skin eruptions, such hideousness of nameless diseases, that eat up the membranes and cartilages and bones, such ravages of smallpox and leprosy! Mothers, with pink-capped babies whose eyes had been corroded by the infectious plague, looked with pitiable gaze into the good man's face for a word of hope. The blind, the halt, the foul came for salve, powder, cleansing, surgery. It was a chamber of horrors into which the young Japanese had entered, and though brave as a lion, he sickened and almost fainted at the repulsive spectacle."

Dr. Hepburn did no medical work when we knew him. The Japanese had become so efficient in that field that foreign doctors were little in demand.

Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn were fascinating people, and their home was the centre of refinement and genial hospitality. There were many rare and exquisite things about them, beautiful works of art,—the gifts of grateful Japanese whom they had served. According to Japanese custom presents of greater or less value are made on every possible occasion. In the homes of many missionaries handsome things that excite unkind criticism and the accusation "extravagant," are very frequently accounted for in this way. For instance,—as Dr. Brown relates in "The Why and How of Foreign Missions,"—a friend presented Mrs. Hepburn with a fine turkey, a very expensive present in Yokohama. The same day a "globe-trotter" "happened in" with a letter

of introduction, and thinking to gratify a stranger far from home, Mrs. Hepburn invited him to dinner and served the bird. Immediately the report was sent home by this appreciative gentleman, and published in several papers, that "the most expensive meal he had eaten in his tour around the world was at the table of a foreign missionary!"

Mrs. Hepburn spoke very modestly of herself as having been a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." In fact, these pioneer women, serving largely in the humbler home sphere, accomplish a unique and Christ-like ministry. Mrs. Hepburn also made a valuable contribution to the work in her educational effort among women and children. Years ago she passed to her reward. The venerable Doctor,—heart-hungry for Japan,—awaited the call of the Master in New Jersey, and recently, at the age of ninety-six, "went Home."

Another friend among the pioneers was Mr. Goble, of the Baptists. He was a sailor in the Perry expedition, and later came to Japan as a Christian worker. He invented the *jinrikisha* for the comfort of his invalid wife. He gave the first translation of a portion of Scripture to the Japanese. It was the Gospel of Matthew, published in 1871. Dr. S. R. Brown, who, by the way, established the first college for women in the United States and the first Protestant school in China, had the New Testament, or portions of it, ready for print in 1867, when the manuscript was destroyed by fire.

But the friend closest to Mr. Garst was white-haired Dr. Nathan Brown, seventy-six years old, yet working every day with intense application. He was a distant relative of John Brown, the Abolitionist, was, of course, a cordial hater of slavery, and a thorough American, genial and delightful. Dr. Brown went to Burma as a

missionary in 1832. On the eve of his departure he wrote, "Next to a crown of glory, I choose a missionary's life on earth." He went later as a pioneer to Assam. Though teaching in these languages his principal work was translating. His daughter died in Assam when six years old. The natives, thinking gold had been buried with it, dug up the coffin, broke it open, and left the little form to the jackals! When a little son died, they laid his body away in their garden, carefully obliterating all traces of a burial.

Dr. Brown and Mr. Garst took many an evening walk those beautiful winter days. A brisk tramp around Mississippi Bay and a look at glorious snow-capped Mount Fuji made Dr. Brown feel as though he had lengthened his days, he said, and Mr. Garst, always fond of exercise, was especially exhilarated when with so congenial a companion. One rare delight and benefit of missionary life is the splendid companionships it affords. Dr. Brown died in 1886. His last words were, "God bless the Japanese!" They mark his tombstone in Yokohama.

To me, no home was more helpful than that of Mr. and Mrs. Loomis. As agent of the American Bible and Tract Society for many years, Mr. Loomis has done,—and continues to do,—splendid service, and it was especially valuable during the wars with China and Russia. Mrs. Loomis, efficient mother of six children, was much confined to her home that winter because of serious bronchial affection, and I was frequently with her. They have a daughter,—Miss Clara,—in school work in Yokohama.

Mrs. Pierson and Miss Crosby were pioneers in work for Eurasian children, having come to Japan in 1871. The word Eurasian means European-Asiatic. These

children usually have Japanese mothers and foreign fathers. Much sadness and desolation is wrought in the Far East by the ungodly lives of foreigners, and we saw enough of that to make our hearts ache. We were entertained in Miss Crosby's school, and saw the splendid work being done there. There were sixty-six girls in attendance, the majority of them boarding pupils. Part were Japanese. I shall never forget the joy with which I saw and heard these girls singing, playing the organ, and deporting themselves with a modest grace that was most winning. Elderly Mrs. Pierson was a wonderful worker, going out to do all that was possible in evangelistic work, and training a large number of Bible women. This home was headquarters for Christian foreigners Sunday evenings. Soldiers, sailors, missionaries, and business and community people were together for an hour's happy service in the spacious parlors.

Many other friends should be mentioned here, but they will come later in the story. They all meant very much to us,—strangers in a strange land,—listening constantly to a strange tongue. But surely all Christians owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to these pioneers who blazed the way long ago, translating the Bible, preparing dictionaries and other language helps, and removing prejudice, and not only by their work, but, most of all, by their godly lives, making possible the triumphs that have brought thousands to the feet of the Master.

The first Church of Christ was organized in 1872. This church of eleven members was born in prayer. For weeks previous to the organization foreigners had been holding prayer-meetings. The Book of the Acts of the Apostles was read and interpreted to the Japanese. "Soon a few of the Japanese took part in prayer. After a week or two the Japanese for the first time in their

history were on their knees in a Christian prayer-meeting, entreating God with great emotion, with the tears streaming down their faces, that He would give His Spirit to Japan as to the early Church and to the people around the Apostles. Captains of English and American warships were led to say: 'The prayers of these Japanese take the heart out of us.'"

This Church adopted the following creed: "Our Church does not belong to any sect whatever; it believes only in the name of Christ, in whom all are one; it believes that all who take the Bible as their guide, and who diligently study it, are the servants of Christ and our brethren. For this reason all believers on earth belong to the family of Christ in the bonds of brotherly love."

In 1873, the government edicts against Christianity, which had been posted in all conspicuous places, were removed. The same year the Gregorian calendar was adopted. Public opinion now slowly changed. Meetings were held in houses of Japanese Christians and friends of the cause. In 1876, Sunday became a legal holiday,—an innovation without religious significance save in its effects, which were most helpful, of course, to Christian work. In 1880, the New Testament translation was completed.

The second general conference of missionaries had been held in Osaka in the spring of 1883, six months before our arrival.

SIX MONTHS IN YOKOHAMA

Four weeks of busy study passed rapidly in the Temperance Hotel. Happily for us, a good house was vacated in the Methodist Mission. This we rented, and as

it was delightfully located on the Bluff,—the residence portion of Yokohama,—and large enough for the joint Smith-Garst families, it was joyfully agreed to be "just the thing." The rent of the house was fifty dollars American money a month. Living together meant quite a reduction in expense. There were eight rooms in the house. Without were broad verandas, and all was enclosed by a pleasant lawn, surrounded by a hedge. We found it to be the custom to have rooms for the servants that were removed ten feet or more from the house,—a very sensible idea,—for the smell of much of the Japanese food is not pleasant, and both women and men smoke. A tiny room by the front gate was for the shelter of the night watchman—a necessary appendage because of the great prevalence of thieves and the universal terror of fire. The watchman made a circuit of our own and neighboring properties every half hour during the night, vigorously striking together two sticks, which made a noise like minstrel bones.

As Mrs. Smith and I were eager to get a start in the language, we felt ourselves fortunate in securing the cook of the retiring Methodist family. There was one objection to the said cook,—he was single and we desired a married man. After a few days the cook informed us that he intended to marry, and shortly after this he introduced a tidy, rosy-faced country lassie, and we innocently believed her to be his bride. In a month or two, however, this concubine,—for so she was,—was returned to her home as "unsatisfactory," whereupon we dispensed with the services of Mr. Heathen Cook. The two had been costing us at the rate of $14.75 a month, and they "found" their own food and furnishings.

One morning, when I expressed dissatisfaction that breakfast was late, I was all but paralyzed with horror

when this cook swore at me in English. Strangely enough the Japanese has no "swear words" in his language. Is it because there are so many gods,—literally millions of them? The cook had heard the dreadful words from soldiers, sailors, and business men in the streets of Yokohama.

Some years later a story was told us by missionaries from India. A Hindu father brought his baby to the chapel for christening. When asked by the clergyman what he wished to name the little fellow, he said, "Tam Rascal." The clergyman asked if he was sure that was correct, for he had never heard such a name, and the Hindu innocently responded, "It's what my master calls me!" Certain sounds in English are difficult of pronunciation in the East. *L* is not sounded in Japanese, and *r* substituted. In Chinese *r* is a minus quantity and *l* takes its place. In the part of India where the above incident occurred, *d* was difficult to pronounce, and it is evident what the fellow wished to say. His British-army-officer master so commonly addressed the servant by this appellation that he had come to regard it as a term of endearment and wished to give it to his baby! Unfortunately much of such teaching is given the Oriental gratis, and when the liquor evil, prostitution, and kindred sins make their way from the Western world, surely it is time for us to be deeply concerned. Those who are continually talking on the threadbare theme "enough to do at home," should certainly meditate upon this phase of the subject. I doubt if his Satanic majesty ever uses that phrase. The Oriental is just as satisfactory material to him as the Occidental. Beyond question "The field is the World," and so long as these corrupting vices go to the "uttermost parts of the earth," it is incumbent on every lover of truth and

purity to hurry the good afar. Surely this is an unanswerable argument for foreign missions. We want "Old Glory" to symbolize the best that our civilization can produce.

We found furniture expensive. In the intervals between study hours we ransacked second-hand shops to secure bargains. What a Chinese puzzle the shops were, to be sure. Dirty, dilapidated furniture, pretty pictures, an elegant bit of upholstery, hand-painted china, anything, everything in one grand mêlée; and, threading our way in and out, we made our selections.

A few days were spent in Tokyo sight-seeing with Dr. Bennett. We visited the great temple in Asakusa ward, which is dedicated to the worship of "Kwannon," goddess of Mercy. Of this temple and other idolatrous features of Japan I wrote at this time in the "Christian Evangelist," of St. Louis:

"The sight-seer in Japan might feel constrained to exclaim with Jeremiah, 'It is a land of graven images and they are mad upon their idols!' And with Isaiah, 'Their land is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made; and the mean man boweth down and the great man humbleth himself.' Conspicuous in the majority of homes is the idol shelf with its more or less scrupulously arranged decorations of flowers, fruits, wines, and lighted tapers. Temples abound. As with Israel of old, the high places and the most beautiful nooks that nature has designed are consecrated to small temples and shrines. The second-hand shops are crowded with idols for sale. Shady lanes show grim processions of filthy images much defaced by the rubbing of thousands of diseased and maimed individuals seeking healing.

"Christian art has enriched the world with beautiful Madonnas, exquisite cherubs, and magnificent architecture. While there is much of beauty and magnificence in the great temples of Japan, it is certainly true of a large number,—as has been well said,—'the devil's coat-of-arms seems laid upon the productions of idolatry.' At some of the temple gates glare hideous images, demon-like monsters, designed apparently to 'out-devil the devil,' and thought to be very efficacious in keeping evil spirits from the place. With red eyes and hideous grin the impossible monster stares at one. Straw sandals ornament the

TEMPLE GAURD

BUDDHA

GODS OF HEALING

cage he occupies and indicate that some of the votaries of that temple god desire to have as muscular limbs as the gigantic image displays. Eager for 'luck,' the devotee chews paper into a wad and 'fires' it at the monster. It is considered a good omen if the wad sticks to the upper portion of the image, but woe betide the seeker for 'luck' if he strikes below the abdomen or fails to hit altogether. Beneath the temple eaves lurk representations of writhing serpents and heads of dogs and feline creatures with repellent features.

"The great Kwan-non,—goddess of Mercy,—counts her devotees by the million. Tradition tells us she was the daughter of a Chinese monarch. Because she refused to marry in accordance with her father's royal will, she was placed in a convent and ordered to be executed. The executioner's sword broke and she was smothered and sent to hell, which changed to heaven upon her arrival, much to the disgust of the reigning sovereign, who sent her unceremoniously back to earth on a lotus leaf. Her father became ill and she, without a thought of the unkind way in which he had treated her, nursed him back to life, feeding him with flesh cut from her arms. When an image of her was ordered made, the word 'complete' was misinterpreted 'thousand' and the idol was made with a multiplicity of arms and eyes, and so she is represented in the many images of her that grace (?) Japan. In one temple in Kyoto there are more than thirty-three thousand images of the goddess, over one thousand of them being more than life size. An average of a thousand worshippers bow daily at her feet in the temple of Asakusa in Tokyo. On special days these are multiplied by tens. Pope and peasant, king and knave, alike unite their entreaties for the healing of the sick. In the rear of the temple, within the sacred (?) precincts, are houses where 'wine, women, and song' regale the erstwhile worshipper who has left his religion at the temple door with his nickel and his mumbled prayer.

"Over seventy-five thousand priests serve in connection with the idolatrous worship of Japan, or, in round numbers, one to every two hundred and forty inhabitants; while there is one missionary to about sixty-two thousand of population. Ten thousand men are training for priests. Many priests are the sons of misguided women. These women, many of them, have, at the instigation of their parents, and to relieve them from paltry debt, yielded their bodies for commercial gain, believing filial piety requires this supreme sacrifice, and that it is pleasing to the gods. Such women occasionally have offspring. If the child is a girl, she probably follows her mother's example; if a boy, he is often sent to a temple, where he acts as a roustabout, studying the Buddhist code, and gradually developing into a priest. When men, these 'priests' are often seen in the evil haunts from whence they hailed. Places of a low moral character are adorned with the idol shelf. Here prayers are made regularly. Imagine 'family worship' in a house of ill fame

under the Christian régime! There seems nothing incongruous about idol worship in the most immoral surroundings.

"The delicate vegetarian would-be Theosophist expatiates upon the beauty of the Buddhist faith that prohibits the taking of life, and is usually blissfully ignorant of the fact that a Buddhist father would, without a pang, consign his daughter to slavery of the most loathsome nature, simply to liquidate a troublesome debt of five or ten dollars.

"Where the word 'sin' is mainly suggestive of insect killing or flesh eating; where the word 'holiness' pictures pilgrims visiting a shrine or a religious fanatic doing penance till some member of the body rots off or the mind is crazed; where the mention of God but produces mental images of myriads of idols,—the Christian worker has much to do in the way of preparing the soil in which to sow the Seed of the Kingdom."

With Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, of the Baptist Mission, we visited the great Chrysanthemum exhibit at the Dango-zaka (Dumpling Hill) Gardens, in Tokyo. Booths were erected in which figures dressed entirely in chrysanthemum garments were posed to represent famous incidents of mythological or historical nature. The faded flowers were replaced daily by fresh ones. From tiny blossom to large, showy flower, every color and variety imaginable were seen.

Another memorable event was a charming call upon the Japanese naval officer, Captain Uriu, now Vice-Admiral, and greatly honored because of achievements during the Russo-Japanese war. A graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and a Christian, Captain Uriu and our West-Pointer had much in common. Mrs. Uriu, graduate of Vassar and a lady of culture and refinement, was the personification of gracious hospitality. An elderly aunt took great pains to show us the involved tea ceremony, which is quite a different thing from the ordinary tea pouring for guests. Was there ever a nation that made so much of tea drinking as the Japanese? Chamberlain tells of the tea drinking of the long, long ago, when the priests of the Zen sect (Bud-

dhist) made use of the practice to keep them awake during their nightly devotions. In the Middle Ages a Buddhist abbot introduced a very much involved ceremony apparently to save an aristocratic debauchee from ruining himself with wine. This abbot wrote a tract entitled "The Salutary Influence of Tea Drinking" and gave rules for making and imbibing the beverage. The worship of ancestors to the beating of drums seems to have been a feature, and it is not plain when this religious phase gave way to the "luxurious" period of tea drinking. In this latter period the lords of creation "reclined on couches spread with tiger and leopard skins; the walls of the spacious apartments in which the guests assembled were hung, not only with Buddhist pictures, but with damask and brocade, with gold and silver vessels, and swords in splendid sheaths. Precious perfumes were burnt, rare fishes and strange birds were served up with sweetmeats and wines, and the point of the entertainment consisted in guessing where the material for each cup of tea had been produced, for as many brands as possible were brought in to serve as a puzzle." Much more is told, of the elaborate gifts presented the dancing girls, and the fortunes squandered in this trifling way. Think of Hideyoshi, sometimes called the Napoleon of Japan, giving probably the largest tea party on record. It lasted ten days. All lovers of tea in the Empire were called to this colossal function, and they must bring whatever of interesting bric-à-brac pertaining to tea drinking they possessed. A rule was established, too, that any failing to come up to the requirements must forever forfeit the right to drink tea. This was going on in Japan "in the autumn of 1587, when the Invincible Armada was being equipped for the ceremonies of war."

We learned at Captain Uriu's that there must be the utmost precision in the minutest detail of this most highly ceremonious of tea functions. The room must be exactly nine feet square and entered through a door three feet high. Everything is unalterably fixed by rule, from the arrangement of the flowers to the style of tea canister used; even the manner of receiving and imbibing the tea, the remarks to be made regarding the decorations, manner of serving, and every detail of the function being involved. As vessels used are valued in proportion to their age, the Urius were particularly proud of a certain cup which had been handed down from generation to generation and broken and mended times without number. In this cup the powdered tea was put, hot water was cooled and poured upon the tea from a bamboo dipper, and the tea then whipped to a froth with a bamboo whisk. A most careful training is necessary to come up to the requirements. Twentieth-century Japan will hardly make so much of these Oriental intricacies. Nevertheless, the informal tea service is everywhere in evidence. One must always have a sip when shopping or visiting.

We also visited the Museum at Ueno, the beautiful Shiba park, and other places of interest. We were always impressed with the petite in everything. It seemed hard to take the Japanese seriously. It was more like playing at housekeeping than anything else,—this living in dainty little houses with paper walls, the openings of which, being but five feet eight inches in height, would not admit most of our Western men unless they bent their heads. All household utensils are so tiny. I have wondered sometimes if the slavish attention to detail in matters of etiquette,—the spending of years in learning how to tie a sash, arrange flowers, pour tea, or

make one's exit properly from a room,—may not have peculiarly fitted the Japanese for the prosecution of a war, the base of which was far distant. It is well known that all the minute details of the conduct of the war with Russia were worked out with a marvellous precision that won the admiration of the Western world.

Sundays were delightfully busy, with the union English service in the morning, and a Japanese meeting with the Baptists in the afternoon. We listened attentively to the Japanese preacher and wrote down many words and phrases which our teachers helped us put together the next day, and so we added to our vocabulary. Mr. Smith and Mr. Garst also assisted Sunday afternoons in the conduct of a Bible class under the supervision of Mr. Bunting, an Englishman and devoted Christian. This was in the main non-Japanese. There is great need for such work in all port cities. An Englishman who had been living a most unworthy life was, with his Chinese wife, won to a faith in Christ and baptized in Mississippi Bay. Late Sunday afternoon we usually observed the Lord's Supper together in our own home, and the evenings were generally spent at Miss Crosby's in the service referred to before. Occasionally we had the great inspiration of meetings with Japanese, from which we gained much even though depending upon interpreters. It was a benediction to come in touch with consecrated Japanese workers, notably Mr. Okuno, pastor of the Church of Christ, and the late Mr. Sen Tsuda, a giant in Christian living. Mrs. Smith and I attended a large gathering of women in Tokyo. To see four hundred Christian women come reverently into the place of prayer, quietly seat themselves and bow for a few devotional moments; to note the illumined faces and catch even snatches of earnest, soulful expressions; to hear pas-

sionate prayers that eloquently betokened, by tone and manner, the earnestness we could not yet understand through the strange words; to see all worshipful to the last word of benediction,—even the sitting down again to engage in a few moments of silent prayer before dispersing. All this was a thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten experience. We longed for the time when we could more intelligently appreciate so rare an occasion.

The non-Japanese residents of Yokohama,—missionary and community people,—spent a couple of evenings very pleasantly during the winter in a literary and musical way. In the spring, shortly before we left for the north, we joined in a genuine, old-fashioned picnic to Tomioka, a little village on the bay near Yokohama. My powers of description fail me as I think of that happy day. Such singing! Such laughing over stale jokes! Such delicious luncheon! Such athletic and other stunts! The West-Pointer sang (?) in a way all his own,—accompanying himself on a broomstick,—the famous West Point ditty, "Nigger Jim." I recall it imperfectly:

"Oh, I'se de noted culud cadet
And from Dixie's land I come,
Where I used to hoe de cotton all de day—

. . . . .

"I'se kicked and cuffed and swore at,
And there ain't no help foh it,
And I marches in de reah rank by request!"

We demonstrated our right to belong to the missionary brigade, as the faculty for fun and a keen sense of humor are considered prime qualifications of the efficient missionary.

But through all the busy occupations of the day,—language study, household duties, visiting, careful and prayerful observation in this strange new school

of experience, relaxations, and merry-makings,—into every busy, happy moment obtruded the question, *"Where shall we locate?"* Evidently Yokohama was not the best place for permanent work, as there was an inferior class of Japanese there, and the presence of many foreigners occasioned distracting demands that interfered with the special language work which must be done to insure success. It was also not so good a school in which to learn the people.

IV

AWAY TO AKITA

INTO OLD JAPAN

WE soon found that the one hundred and forty-five missionaries working among the thirty-six million people of Japan were congested into the few "open" ports and "foreign concessions," as the eight cities, and portions of cities, were called that were free to foreign residents after the opening of Japan by Perry. In these "concessions" the foreigner could rent, buy, and sell, and do as he pleased. Elsewhere he must dwell, if at all, on a government passport, transacting all business through Japanese "go-between." Passports could be obtained on the ground of scientific research and of health. The government required certain service in the way of teaching English. The American Minister, General John A. Bingham, was happy to recommend us for passports. Mr. Poate, of the Baptist Mission, urged us to locate in the city of Akita,—then called Kubota,—a city of 36,000 population, in a district of 600,000 inhabitants, in which there was not a single resident Protestant Christian missionary. We considered the opening providential. Concerning the move President McLean says in "A Circuit of the Globe":

"It was a good thing in many ways that they went to Akita in the beginning of the work. Mr. Greathouse, American Consul-General to Japan, said that this was one of the causes of the

more general dispersion of missionaries over the Empire that took place from that time forward. It was a good thing for the workers themselves. The experience gained was invaluable. They were able to preach sooner than if they had remained in a large city where the audiences were more critical."

To face away to the untried, lonely life of the "interior" seemed just a shade heroic. It was quite a wrench to leave the foreign friends who had made Japan so home-like to us. At last, however, from friends speaking our own tongue, from comfortably constructed houses, from the patch of Western civilization fitting so strangely,—or not at all!—into the old garment of Buddhistic forms, from the little corner of "new" Japan, we turned to the north, to the real Old Japan, about which the world knew so very little in 1884. It was almost five years before we again saw Yokohama.

While some touring had been done by missionaries in the "interior," a plan to take up residence among the people and live in a Japanese house, especially on the bleak, snow-bound, wind-swept northwest coast, met with decided disapproval. Many of our newly found friends, who had been so kind to us, protested against our decision, and pronounced the enterprise most hazardous. The men might go and try it, but they were urged not to take their wives. The ladies were obstreperous. We felt that for the summer, at any rate, there was little risk, and if the experiment seemed not feasible, we could come back to civilization. Unfortunately the Doctor finally refused his permission for Mrs. Smith to go till certain treatment had been carried out, and little Elsie remained with her. A beautiful home was opened to them by Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, and leaving them in such tender care lessened somewhat the pain of parting.

There were but thirty-six miles of railroad in the Em-

pire,—eighteen between Yokohama and Tokyo, and the same number between Kobe and Kyoto. We were obliged to go by sea, sailing up the east coast, through the straits to the north and down the west coast to Tsuchizaki, the port of Akita. A friend in the Mitsu Bishi steamer office took us out to the *Suminoye Maru* in the company's steam launch, called "The Goose." As the question, "What does *Maru* mean?" is so often asked, I quote Chamberlain on the subject:

". . . The origin of the word is obscure. Maru means 'round,' but how came ships by so inappropriate a name? The first thing to note is that in former times ships had not the monopoly of the name. Swords, musical instruments of various kinds, pieces of armor, dogs, hawks, and the concentric sections of castles were called 'Maru' also. The probability is that two distinct words—*Maru* and *Maro*—have flowed into one and so got confused. To name the concentric section of a castle '*Maru*,' round, was but natural. The word *Maro*, on the other hand, is an archaic term of endearment. Hence its use in such ancient proper names as Tamura-Maro, a great general who subdued the Ainos; Abeno-Maro, an eminent Chinese scholar of the eighth century; Okina-Maro, a favorite dog of the Mikado Ichijo, and so on. The warrior's pet sword, the sportsman's favorite hawk, the oarsman's boat, would naturally come to be distinguished by the same half-personal name much as the English sailor or engineer calls his ship or locomotive 'she.' When the ancient word '*Maro*' ceased to be understood, it easily slid into the more familiar *Maru*, by the alteration of the final vowel, *o* and *u* being particularly apt to interchange in Japanese. Observe that Maru is used of merchant-vessels only. Men-of-war take *Kan* instead, as Maya Kan, Asama Kan. Kan is a Chinese word meaning 'war-vessel.'"

We sailed about sunset on a beautiful evening, May 27, 1884. The *Suminoye Maru* was a good steamer, under Japanese management. The captain was a Dane. The regular ticket included Japanese food, but for foreign fare an extra two dollars a day must be paid. Considering the three tickets and three days, we, with Mr. Smith, agreed that we would risk the Japanese fare. Of this feature of the trip Mr. Garst wrote:

"We had a fair lunch basket, which was the saving clause in the situation. They give only chopsticks with 'one fish ball,'—that is, with Japanese food. I was in great good humor at supper, and ate heartily, scraping and scratching things in as best I knew how, much to the delight of the waiter and Laura's disgust, her nose fairly turning a somersault over the back of her head! The sea was very calm. The next morning it was not much rougher, but mark the change in old 'Sidehooks.' [An Army nickname.] He looks as though his last friend had been buried in the sea, and his turn was about to come. He laughs not. He strains over the railing of the quarter-deck, much as he did when he smoked his 'first',—and last,—cigar. About this time he thought, 'Oh, my friends want to see me worse than I do them, if we ever meet again! That sea is an impassable barrier! Gradually the cloud with a leather lining broke away, and he resumed his chopsticks and rice, with slippery condiment, with some zeal. During most of this time his better half was faring somewhat better, though a little shaky and mentally exulting over the graceful (?) comedown of said 'Sidehooks.'"

Poor "Sidehooks" could not cheer himself with the following classical ditty:

"I am leaning o'er the rail,
I am feeling rather pale,
Am I fishing for a whale?
No, I'm not!

"I'm a missionary's daughter,
Casting bread upon the water,
In a way I hadn't oughter,
That's what!"

Captain Frahm took great interest in the unusual incident of missionaries going into the "interior" to live, and was most courteous. The last morning, as we lay at anchor in the Bay of Tsuchizaki, we were his guests at an excellent breakfast. Shortly after breakfast we were delighted to see Mr. Poate coming alongside in a *sampan*. He had preceded us, and exerted himself to find a suitable house. He was enthusiastic, for he had succeeded in renting a house at six dollars a month that would accommodate both families. As we could not occupy it till the next day, and the *Suminoye Maru* would

remain in port discharging cargo, Mr. Poate's advice was that I remain on board and so avoid the extreme annoyance of a Japanese inn, with its paper walls, and the gazing throng consumed with curiosity to see a foreign woman. Only one had ever been in town,—the gifted traveller and writer of books,—the late Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop; who, as Miss Bird, had, for a few days in 1880, visited Kubota, the old name for Akita. She describes the town in her book, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." I recalled Mr. Poate's advice a few years later, when, in our little home in Akita, a Japanese couple were united in marriage according to Christian custom. The neighbors crowded in to see how the ceremony was performed, and the next morning I counted one hundred and fifty punctures made in the paper slides by determined fingers! Somehow the people were going to get a peep!

Messrs. Poate, Smith, and Garst, accompanied by our cook and wife, left the *Suminoye Maru* by small boat, landed in Tsuchizaki, and proceeded by jinrikisha three miles to Akita. It had been very difficult to secure any household helpers willing to brave the severe northern climate, of which the Japanese in the south have a great dread. But Miss Crosby, in most neighborly fashion, found O'Fusa san and Ginzo san, her husband, for us, and they were really very important factors in the new enterprise. The next morning Mr. Garst returned to the ship to take me to the new home.

THE NEW HOME

If the hundreds of people who dropped everything to run and stare at the "foreign woman" thought me strange, I am sure I thought the same of them.

The straggling port village was safely passed. Then we traversed a long stretch of pleasant road, lined irregularly with houses. We caught a glimpse of the sea off to the right beyond the Omono River; at whose mouth heavy sandbars form a serious obstruction, and practically close the port to steamer traffic from October till April. To the left we passed Shōkonsha, the stately shrine where the spirits of the dead are worshipped. Then came rice fields stretching on either side, and from these we came into the *Eta* quarter. (E as in *they.)*

The Eta were the pariahs of Japan. Their origin is obscure. Perhaps they were the descendants of Korean prisoners. At any rate they had been a despised class, making their living by slaughtering animals and digging the graves of criminals. After the introduction of Buddhism from China in the seventh century, with its prohibition of the taking of animal life, these people were regarded with horror and disdain and denied the rights of human beings. In 1871, when feudalism was abolished, the legal distinction between them and others of the lower classes of society was removed. The odor of their degradation still clung to them, however, literally as well as figuratively, since they continued to trade in the skins of animals. The very fact that there had been such an outlawed class was demonstration of the need of Christianity, and we were deeply distressed as we rode through this suburb of Akita.

And now we came to the town proper, and an unusually attractive town it was,—the capital of the Ken, or Prefecture,—boasting an imposing police force, a provincial court, a normal school, and a hospital, established and maintained entirely by Japanese. Certain important manufactures are carried on, as silk of a particular striped

pattern, and confectionery, that is regarded highly throughout the Empire. There was much more appearance of business and alertness than is the case with the ordinary Japanese town. It had been a castle town in feudal times. Needless to say schools and hospital were pervaded with Western science, though no foreigners had ever lived in the town. Miss Bird said that she asked a teacher if they taught religion, and the reply was,—with undisguised contempt,—"We have no religion, and all our learned men know that religion is false." Such was the atmosphere we entered.[1]

We were delighted with our house. It stood on high ground, above the unsanitary city, and hard by the castle grounds, which were naturally beautiful, though all uncared for, and whose buildings were in miserable ruins. In this house had lived retainers of a daimyo. We entered the yard through massive wooden gates, which were always closed and barred at night. The house was sixty years old, low, unpainted, and shabby as to the exterior. On the roof were strips of bark in lieu of shingles, with cobblestones laid on freely to hold the bark down. After entering the house, we stood upon the earthen floor of the vestibule or "reception hall." Two steps above this was the well-polished board floor of the spacious hall, to the left of which,—true to Japanese fashion,—was the kitchen, and to the right the

[1] It is interesting to be able to state here that in January, 1912, Mr. Tokonami, Vice-Minister of Home Affairs, recently returned from a visit in Western lands, issued a call for a conference of religious leaders. His statement is too lengthy to transcribe in full. One sentence shows the remarkable change which is gradually taking possession of many prominent Japanese: "It is necessary that education and religion should go hand in hand to build up the basis of the national ethics, and it is therefore desirable that a scheme should be devised to bring education and religion into closer relations to enable them to promote the national welfare."

large room for Fusa and Ginzo. There were small bedrooms and studies for each family, and back of all,—as custom requires "in Japan,"—the commodious sitting-room and pleasant dining-room, opening upon a broad veranda from which we caught a view of rice fields stretching below, and away beyond, beautiful *Taiheizan,* Mount of Great Peace. Truly, as we recounted our blessings, we felt the benediction of Heaven upon us, and looking back to the day of our arrival in Japan, jotted in our diary, "So many blessings. Good, economical hotel, most cordial friends, good teachers, books unusually cheap, houses without looking for them, blessed in all purchases." Our hearts just thrilled as we thought, "Surely He careth for us." We felt, too, that Yokohama had been a mere stepping-stone, a school-day experience, and that now the hour had come when we were to begin the real work for which we had come.

Of course we were eager to "get settled," but how true the words of Kipling:

". . . It is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the Christian down.
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East.'"

However, things went our way to a remarkable extent, and Mr. Poate assured us that we were really to be congratulated on the rapidity with which we set the little home in order. I will not harrow the mind of the reader with a description of the cleaning of that dirty old house! It was almost as serious an experience for me as a sea voyage for Mr. Garst. Our goods were brought from the ship on pack-horses. The very sandy

road from Tsuchizaki, and the exceedingly narrow tires, made wheeled vehicles of little use for hauling heavy loads. Can you imagine an ungainly horse, with shaggy mane and tail, wearing monstrous straw shoes tied on with coarse straw rope, ambling awkwardly along, a barrel of china on one side, and a kitchen range on the other? Considerable skill was needed to preserve the equilibrium of the poor beast as the weights were carefully lowered to the ground. Another horse looked much like an animated "A" tent,—head and tail alone being visible, while two pairs of box bed-springs formed the sloping sides.

The people crowded mercilessly into the yard and upon the veranda. They were consumed with curiosity. As beds were set up, chairs and tables placed in the rooms, laundry and kitchen utensils adjusted, pictures hung, and the many, many books put in order on the shelves, their wonder grew. What a contrast to the Japanese house, bare of all furniture. The mats covering the floors in a Japanese house are about three by six feet in size and from one to three inches in thickness. These mats are made of rice straw and bark nicely woven together and covered with matting, held by an inch binding of dark blue cotton cloth. They take the place of upholstered furniture. The people sit upon them, trays are placed upon them in lieu of a dining-table, and comforters spread upon them constitute the Japanese bed; hence the necessity of removing the foot-gear before entering the room. All our furniture had to be protected by broad thin strips of wood to prevent marking these precious mats, and we agreed to wear as soft foot covering as possible in the house. And oh, how the fleas did abound in those mats! They were lifted and stood in "A" tent fashion in the yard, a thorough beating ad-

ministered, the floors flooded with a strong solution of carbolic acid, and, as we replaced the mats, we sprinkled a cheap gum camphor liberally between and under them. By this plan we reduced the flea nuisance somewhat, but the remedy had to be frequently repeated.

Fortunately Mr. Poate could stay over Sunday, and about eighty gathered in our home to hear him. Having been in the country a dozen years he was an adept in the use of the language, and was our wonder and delight, and,—I might almost add,—despair! Would we ever be able to talk as he did?

STRANGE PROBLEMS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

We found it advisable, in these early days, to assemble our audiences in our home. By removing the sliding panels that formed the partitions we could seat two hundred and fifty people on the mats. After a meeting, look out for fleas! The first thing was to disrobe and slay, not our "thousands," to be sure, but easily a dozen or two of the vicious little torments.

There was, however, a still worse pest. With the increasing warmth of the season came the mosquitoes. Merciless swarms could be distinctly heard in the rooms like the hum of bees! There is no possible way of screening a Japanese house. We brought from Yokohama bobbinet lace mosquito canopies, which were our one extravagance, one costing about seven dollars. Common mosquito netting was not to be found in Yokohama, and it would hardly have helped against the little fellows anyway. Japanese netting, with its dark green dye and red calico binding, was unthinkable, because of the peculiar odor of the dye.

Then the mould! And the moth! All woollen and silk

things, and leather as well, had to be carefully sealed in zinc-lined cases from April till October, or daily looked after with scrupulous care. It was necessary to wipe and sun books and shoes frequently. No cereal food was desirable during these months. Horrid hairy worms developed in them with marvellous rapidity in the warm, moist air. Raw fruits and vegetables could only be eaten with safety after the most careful cleaning in sterilized water, and even then with precaution. All milk and drinking water must be sterilized. The intelligent housekeeper will readily see how sorely we needed "help" when these burdens are considered in addition to the usual heavy routine of domestic life. Our laundry work was "Greek" to the untutored maid. The housewife "in Japan" waits till a goodly number of soiled garments have accumulated, then betakes herself to the river or a neighboring well, and, cheerily gossiping with other housewives similarly inclined, makes short work of her washing. The idea of a systematic wash-day and ironing and cleaning days was so absolutely foreign to these comfortable Orientals that I had hard work getting them into the grind. My examination of a maid before engaging her was to put a clothes stick into her hand, and, having placed the boiler on the range, see if the tiny creature could "fish" out the clothes. Cook and wife had never done laundry work; neither, by the way, could they make bread. Often did I recall, in those soul-trying days, what sweet, dainty Mrs. Hepburn had said about having been a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water." It would not have been bad if I could only have talked with ease, but with a pocket dictionary and a grammar at hand I struggled on. But if no other reward had ever come to me than my dear O'Ino san and O'Tetsu san, who have blessed so many homes, I would feel

amply repaid for all my effort. I only wish I had always been quite patient!

Young Mr. Kudo, son of the old gentleman who had taught us in Yokohama, became our language teacher and helper. A few Sundays after the memorable one with Mr. Poate, Mr. Garst went with him to Honjo, a fine village thirty miles down the coast. This was to be one of our out stations. Mr. Smith took charge of the services in our home, laboriously delivering a carefully conned speech in Japanese. A large audience was present. Oh, how that day did try my soul! The children behaved dreadfully, laughing and joking at our mistakes in the language, and investigating everything about the place with impertinent curiosity. And everyone wanted to sing in his own individual way, not having the least idea of time or tune. It was so hard to play the organ, and at the same time sing in the strange tongue, and there was no one to help me in this.

Fleas, mosquitoes, restless crowds of curious people, mould, trials in the language, scorn of the Truth we tried to bring,—does it sound like complaining? I do not mean to do so, but missionaries are intensely human, their very humanity often emphasized by the new environment. Two months later we were most happy in the coming of Mrs. Smith and Elsie. On July 30th the following report was made to our Board:

"Dear Brother McLean:

"The end of this month finds your Japan missionaries in Akita, Mrs. Smith and Elsie having arrived on the 29th inst. We are as much one in our ideas of the proper way to carry on the work as we are united in the household; we are harmonious in every way. During the month we have had meetings as follows: Preaching service and Sunday School every Lord's Day; Bible class for women Thursday afternoons and for men in the evening; services on the third Lord's Day at Honjo; six discourses at Oikata, eighteen miles from Honjo, where

some seventy families have abandoned the temple worship and desire to learn of Christianity. We are able to hold these meetings, since Kudo, our teacher, is also a good preacher. We take some part for the sake of practice in the language, and hope at the same time to do some good. The average attendance at all our meetings is about forty. Those who came out of curiosity are gradually dropping off. On the last day of the month there were seventy present at the women's Bible class. There is considerable interest in the men's Bible class. We have, since our arrival, sold about two hundred portions of Scripture, mostly Mark's and Luke's gospels. The Baptist translator very kindly furnished us all we wanted without cost, to be sold at cheap prices and the money sent to him. We have a goodly supply of tracts, some 'granted' to us, others purchased. These we sell at low prices, believing they will prepare the ground for work in the not far distant future.

"We are now in the midst of the heated term and cannot work very hard. On the 9th inst., our servants, husband and wife, were immersed. To-day our number was increased by the addition of two men, heads of families. One was formerly a Greek but the other one is from heathenism. We have strong hopes that they may be of great service in the Master's work here. We are not sure but the one from paganism is the first such convert among us. Are we correct? This place grows in favor with us constantly. We have not suffered any lack yet."

It was difficult to conduct meetings for women satisfactorily. We had no woman helper as yet. O'Fusa san did her best, but had not sufficient education to be efficient. The language used by women is very different from that used by men. Highly educated men often come down to the level of the women in their congregations, but in many instances they are not humble enough to do this, and the girls and women say, "I couldn't understand a word!" I had so little leisure for study during these strenuous housekeeping days. Mr. Garst was faithfulness itself in trying to explain the marvellous new truths to the untutored minds of the women who came to the house. He constantly helped in the meetings held for them.

On the fifth of August,—the anniversary of our ordination at Island Park,—Mr. Garst went to Tsuchizaki,

and spent the day selling Scriptures. As the portions cost but from a fraction of a cent to a couple of cents apiece, his returns,—two dollars,—certainly indicated success. The literature was more appreciated if sold for a trifle than when given away.

NEW FRIENDS AND BLESSINGS

Early in September we had the joy of a visit from our nearest foreign neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Gulick, of the American Board. They were stationed in Niigata, one hundred and seventy-five miles to the south of us. They had been for thirteen years in Japan, and we almost reverenced them because of their rich experience in the country and their facility in the language. It seemed superhuman! The largest public assembly place in the city was rented,—a shed-like theatre building,—and here fine meetings were held. The impression was good. A few months later, when we were in great grief and loneliness, these friends purposed to come again to us, but forebore at our request, for the overland journey was perilous in the winter, and at that time of the year there was no way to reach us by sea.

The first converts were mainly from the family prayer circle, which was widened by neighbors and friends, who,—hearing the organ and singing,—hurried over, and timidly pushing open a slide, asked permission to enter. Oh, what happy times those were!

In November (1884), we were made very happy by the conversion of Ino Funasaka, the first woman to become a Christian in Akita. O'Ino san has been a consistent Christian ever since. (A woman's name, if not more than two syllables, is prefixed by *O*, and the suffix

san is honorific, and dropped in familiar intercourse. Strictly speaking a married woman has little personal identity, and O'Ino san would properly be referred to as *"Funasaka san no Ino,"* or *Mr. Funasaka's Ino.)* Immediately upon her conversion, marked changes from heathenism were apparent in O'Ino san. Her beautiful even teeth were, in accordance with Japanese custom at that time, coal black. The bride of a few weeks must blacken her teeth and allow her eyebrows to be pulled out. Probably the idea is to make her unattractive to men. The preparation for blacking the teeth is made of saké,—the Japanese rice brandy,—iron filings, and gall nuts. It was soon removed from O'Ino's teeth, and the result was a great improvement in her appearance. But she faced severe criticism, reproach, and possible insult; for, though the Empress set a good example by allowing her teeth to be whitened, in backward, conservative Akita, a married woman with white teeth was under strong suspicion as probably immoral. This might be even more true when she was serving in the home of a foreigner. But pioneers in reforms must face many hard things. In many other little, suggestive ways, O'Ino san showed a new life. She immediately began to study, and during leisure times we often heard her soft voice laboriously spelling out portions of the New Testament.

With the approach of the hard winter season, we were given grave concern for our meetings, the Christians assuring us that we could not expect the people to come so far from town to attend them. A move into the city seemed necessary for the good of the work. Snow falls in Akita to a depth of from twenty inches to several feet. We secured a two-story house in the heart of town. It had sufficient accommodation for two families,

and fair audience room as well. The old saying, "Two moves equal a fire" was brought forcibly to our remembrance, for the morning we left the old house was a cold one, and the fires had been kindled dangerously hot. The little heating stoves, in the absence of chimneys, had only pipes through the roof on which lay the light, inflammable bark. The roof caught fire, but fortunately the blaze was discovered by the landlord, who lived in the same yard, and acting with all speed, he prevented serious consequences.

There was not a pane of glass in the old home, but with the dreary northern winter just ahead, we made preparation for light and sun by putting glass freely in the paper slides of the new house. The new location we found to be a noisy one, with a macaroni factory, of which we did not know when we rented, next door. The ceaseless heavy pounding was not very pleasant, but Mr. Smith optimistically suggested that we would become so accustomed to it that we would miss it were it to cease. Shows and theatres are advertised by means of a street crier who announces time, place, and programme, accompanying himself noisily on a drum. These fellows passed the house frequently and regaled us with their shouting.

But finally, settled and happy, with a band of a dozen Christians about us, and our knowledge of language and people rapidly growing, we entered our second year in Japan with no premonition of the great grief so near.

PRAYER AND POVERTY

Our prayer-meetings were a source of great inspiration to us. Dear old Grandmother Terakada came out

through bitter cold and storm, never missing a service. Her home influences were hard. A widow, with one son to support, she was surrounded by difficulties,—poverty, hard work, and no sympathy except from the little group of Christians. But oh, how she prayed! she sometimes said she *understood with her heart but not with her head.* "Heart understanding" is the mother of strong prayer, and she, with tears running down her cheeks, moved us deeply by her earnest petitions. Persecutions have not swerved her and through the long years she has been faithful. She has acted as nurse or overseer of children in Japanese families and been especially trusted because of her purity, truth, and sweetness of character. It is a strange, but an often noted fact, that no matter how deficient in mental training these Oriental converts may be, they are usually quick to pray and to tell of their new-found joy in Jesus.

Next to the low moral tone of the people about us, nothing so broke our hearts as the sight of distressing poverty everywhere. It was not at all an unusual thing to find a family existing,—it could not be called *living,* —on four dollars and a half a month. In one poor home we found a weaver whose wife was very ill with dropsy. Upon the poor comfort on the floor which constituted her bed, she sat by day and night, unwashed and uncared for, for there were neither conveniences nor an intelligent nurse to relieve her. There were ten in that family, little children and aged relatives, and no one able to earn wages but the one young man. One severe winter month, though he did his best on the loom in the living-room, he brought in only two dollars; and somehow the ten eked out an existence on that. Our very hearts were torn. What could we do? Every

case of sickness seemed to need a bank account of fifty dollars to make it possible to be of genuine service. And it was truly pitiful to see the eager thankfulness for any slight help given. I have had a coolie haul my five-gallon copper kettle full of boiling water a couple of miles in order to give a sufferer a bath, for I knew that if I went without water, soap, and towels, the invalid would beg off, hesitating to reveal the lack of comforts, and not wishing to incur the expense of heating water. The common people take their baths at the public bath-houses, where a flimsy curtain divides the side for women from that for men. The bather first washes from a foot tub, and then goes into a great vat of steaming hot water, many using the same bath.

One quart of milk,—and we called it skimmed milk, so poor was it,—cost us twelve cents. How impossible it was for the ordinary Japanese to supply such a delicacy for the sick, or for a tiny baby deprived of its natural nourishment. And so the wee ones are fed that which they cannot digest, and in the warm weather, when the children run about the streets with,—to borrow a Kipling phrase,—*"nothing much in front and rather less than 'alf of that behind,"*—the distended abdomen, shrunken ribs, and emaciated extremities tell of the various forms of malnutrition and bowel trouble so pitifully prevalent. Even if we had possessed ample means to meet these cases it would not have been wise to give indiscriminately, for there was too much danger of the people coming into the "New Way,"—the "Jesus Teaching,"—for "the loaves and fishes."

In one of my meetings for women, I saw a mother nurse three children in succession. The youngest was probably a year old, number two about three, and the eldest fully five years old. Needless to say, the poor

mother looked like a ghost. In commenting upon these wretched conditions when writing home, Mr. Garst said: "To be sure, one reason we are here is that they know as little, apparently, about their bodies as they do about their souls."

The next summer we began to keep cows and were never again without good milk in north Japan. The grass being very poor, it was a problem what to feed the cows. Fortunately beans were very cheap, and following suggestions of Routh in a book on infant feeding, we boiled these in large quantities, and mixing them with straw and bran, made a fine mash for the cows that brought a much improved quantity and quality of milk. Many a child and sick person was blessed by the nourishment sent out daily from our home.

In lieu of woollens, which would be too expensive for the ordinary Japanese, cotton wool is used as a wadding in winter garments. In the case of the extremely poor, the same garments must serve for night use as well as day, and one may imagine the odor is not the best. The fact that these wadded garments must be ripped apart and washed breadth by breadth, precludes their frequent laundering. Among the common people and poorer classes, men and women alike wore, over the cotton, wadded kimono, loose trousers, the crotch about at the knee; the baggy seat accommodating the bulky wadded garments. The trousers fitted close from the knee. A rear view of a pedestrian thus clothed was suggestive of a bear walking about on his hind legs. Coarse straw sandals were commonly worn, as the high wooden clogs, called *geta,* were unsafe on the snowy and icy roads.

The mercury in Akita does not go lower than seven degrees below zero, but because of the extreme moisture it seemed much colder than it would at the same tem-

perature in America. Then the only heat in a Japanese home is the handful of charcoal in the brazier. Over this the hands are warmed as one sits on the feet. Frequently a square wooden frame is placed over the brazier or fireplace in the kitchen floor, and a comfort thrown over the frame. This makes the *kotatsu*. The family draw round this strange hearth, pull the comfort over the knees, and toast their feet. In extreme weather the comforts may be spread about the fire and the feet left in the "toaster," during the sleeping hours.

Groups of women could be seen any sunny day, performing with their fingers the office of the fine-tooth comb. In bright, mild weather, we saw many babies sitting in the little foot tub on seaweed, while the mothers worked about the house or wee garden. If it was cold, or baby especially restless, the mother carried it "pick-a-back" as she worked.

THE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION

Our first New Year in Japan had been spent in Yokohama and was signalized by a heavy earthquake. The holiday season passed without unusual event in Akita. New Year is, however, *the* holiday in Japan. While the people take little notice of the date of births, everybody, from lowliest peasant to the Emperor himself, celebrates the "taking of a new year,"—the first of January,—and so New Year's day comes to be a sort of national birthday. The real significance of the festival is more the sun-feast idea, however,—a rejoicing over the return of spring. Most elaborate preparations are made and consequently, from the middle of December, it is next to impossible to get any kind of work contracted for, so busy is everybody getting ready for "O'Sho Gatsu"

(the august New Year). The mats must be taken from the floor and thoroughly beaten in the yard, or,—in the case of the very poor, where there is no yard,—in the street. Torn slides must be mended. The dust is carefully brushed from the ceiling, and the little border of plastered wall above the paper panels. Special foods are prepared, and each has a peculiar significance. For example, *mamé* means both beans, and health. Hence a preparation of beans is served, which is a unique way of wishing for yourself and your friends good health. The rice paste, *mochi,* is as much a feature of New Year's festivities as is turkey with cranberry sauce in America or plum pudding in England. The many decorations all have a meaning. At gateways, in the homes, and along the streets are to be seen waving bamboo, sprigs of plum blossoms, branches of pine, the crab, and the Chinese orange. The bamboo points to those who endure the storms of wintry experience and resume, when the stress is passed, a spring-like joy. The pine indicates character that never yields to the strains of adversity. The crab bespeaks a wish that life may endure till one is bent with age. The Chinese orange, called *dai-dai,* by a play on words conveys the hope that the family may endure "from generation to generation," as the word *dai* also means generation. The most terrible thought to a Japanese is the extinction of the family name, and adoption and concubinage perpetuate it in Japan when the blood line fails. Frequently the question is asked, "Why did not Washington adopt an heir?"

During these holiday times minstrels sing on the streets, thrumming banjo-like instruments called *samisen.* Men call from early morning till far into the night. They are dressed in their best attire. Ladies are

expected to call after the first day or two. In the warmer parts of the country "battledore and shuttlecock" is the order of the day. Everybody plays in the streets, and failure is marked by a streak of India ink across the face. A very motley assembly is the result by night. Children bounce balls. Kites are humming merrily through their tails that are covering bamboo whistles, and they look pretty indeed, as they sail the blue above. It is particularly interesting to note the mature men and women who take part in these merry-makings. Poverty at these times puts on a brave face, refusing to labor on these precious days, and boasting a fresh sprig of plum blossoms or a twig of pine in the recess in the best room.

Our circle of acquaintance was extremely limited as yet, and we were rejoiced when a banker and his wife called upon us that New Year's Day. They had lived in the south; where the new movements were better understood. They spoke English well and were a real comfort to us.

There were few homes where we were welcome. Prejudice was strong against the foreigner. The "Jesus Way" still stood, in the minds of the people, for the old-time persecution and the taboo of the government. One day Mr. Smith went to bathe a sick brother. He found himself by mistake in a strange entrance, and hastily apologizing, he politely withdrew. But the inmates felt that they had been polluted by the presence of the "Hairy Barbarian," as they called the foreigner very commonly, and immediately scattered ashes over the walk where Mr. Smith had passed. This was the ceremony for the removal of impurity after the taking away of a dead body!

We felt that there was such a great work to be done,

and we so needed an added force. We were praying that two single women might come to help. We were looking forward to the spring, when Dr. Macklin should join us. And when the wished-for young ladies should come, plans were laid looking toward a division of the families, forming two centres of influence, and making possible the multiplying of Sunday schools, women's meetings, and other efforts in religious work.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

As we worked and prayed a shadow was stealing upon us for which we were all unprepared. Though Mrs. Smith had not gained strength as we would have liked, she had assumed her share of household duties, and was making progress in her study of the language. She wished to win the women by knitting classes and was constantly making friends by her beautiful helpfulness. On the seventh of February she had a day of unusual pain and went to bed, never to be up and dressed again. For six weeks she suffered patiently. At times she read and sewed a little. Dr. Yoshida, president of the hospital, treated her, and was kind and hopeful. March 23d was a day of special anguish. About eleven o'clock the cry of a tiny daughter cheered the mother-heart, but almost immediately Mrs. Smith sank into unconsciousness, and at half-past ten that night passed quietly into the presence of the King. She was spared the pain of knowing that she was to leave husband and little daughters so desolate. Elsie, but eight years old, was brought into the room in her nightdress and held closely in her father's arms. With childish faith and sweet fearlessness of a future that she could not picture she said, "Don't cry, papa. God wants mamma to be an angel."

JOSEPHINE WOOD SMITH

Surely Mrs. Smith looked like one, so peaceful in death. Our two dear Christian sisters, O'Fusa san and O'Ino san, who had been so tender of her in life, bathed and partly dressed the body.

The night settled down upon us,—the lonely man in his study upstairs wrestling in prayer; the little child, —healthy, unafraid,—folded again in the arms of sleep. Surely we needed the message tossed aboard the *Oceanic* in the folded paper two and a half years before, *"The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."*

Possibly the reader may think that the prophecy of calamity made by friends when we entered the trying pioneer service in the north had been fulfilled, and that Mrs. Smith's life might have been spared had conditions been more favorable. To tell the truth, we were sorely troubled about this; but later learned through the family physician, who had tended her in Warren, Ohio, that she was in the incipient stages of Bright's disease when she left America, but that he believed she would live as long in Japan as elsewhere and hesitated to disappoint her and Mr. Smith in their cherished plans.

Immediately upon hearing of our great affliction friends were much exercised about us. Mr. Poate wired that they were starting at once to our relief. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick also wished to come, but assurance from us that we were doing nicely checked them, for it was a perilous journey in winter.

No one in Akita understood anything about our customs with our dead. Mr. Garst took the measurements for the coffin and superintended the making of it. It was brought to the house, and Japanese tailors lined it with white silk and covered it with black cloth.

On March 25th, while Mrs. Smith "lay in state" in

our little hall, many came to see the "foreign lady" who had left home and friends and come so far to bring a message to them. They bowed above her as she lay asleep, reverently, and with folded hands in the attitude of worship as they did with their own dead. We had dressed her in creamy nun's veiling trimmed with Spanish lace, and she was surrounded with lovely cherry blossoms, big, double, pale pink blooms, very different from our cherry blossoms in America.

Not a screw could be found in town, as foreign commodities were still scarce in that part of Japan. Padding the nails with great care, Mr. Garst nailed the cover of the coffin down. Young Kudo gave a Japanese address, and Mr. Garst spoke a few broken words in English. There was no one to lead in singing but myself, and we attempted "Asleep in Jesus," but it was a pitiful failure. As I write I can hear the sobs of those who loved her, and the chatter of the unthinking mob crowding the top of the high board fence that surrounded our yard. The Christians wished to bear her body to the grave, but they were too few for relays and the road was long and very bad. So she was borne forth on the shoulders of twelve coolies dressed neatly in dark blue livery. The curious, gazing people thronged the miles of slushy road to the Buddhist graveyard. Mrs. Smith's was the first missionary's grave in north Japan. She was first of the Disciples of Christ to give her life on the foreign field. The last letter she wrote to the "Missionary Tidings" pleaded for two young ladies to reinforce the two households that were to be formed, we had hoped, in the summer of 1885. For sixteen months after her going, there was no foreign woman within sixty miles of us, and then that prayer was answered in the person of Miss Kate V. Johnson,

who remains the senior member of our mission in point of service, and Miss Calla J. Harrison, who remained for years in Japan, has given large service among the Japanese in Los Angeles, and is now working with them in the Hawaiian Islands.

V

SORROW AND JOY STRANGELY MINGLED

DR. MACKLIN COMES

ON the day that Mrs. Smith was buried, Dr. Macklin wired us from Nagasaki that he had arrived safely and would hasten to us. It was a deep grief to have to reply that we were a broken household. After many days in Yokohama waiting for a steamer, the Doctor succeeded in reaching the port opposite Akita, and hurried overland on a pack-horse. He reached our home at midnight of April 16th. We were aroused from sleep by the loud pounding at the gates. With a faith greater than Rhoda's we sprang up, joyfully exclaiming "*The Doctor has come!*" We dressed hastily, and were soon chatting with this man, the first foreigner we had seen for months.

Three days later, at midnight of Sunday, frail little Josephine Estella Smith, scarce four weeks old, was taken to her mother; and Dr. Macklin and Mr. Garst helped robe the tiny form for the grave. At noon of the next day, April 20th, Hartzell Garst was born.

A month later Elsie wrote the following letter:

"DEAR AUNTIE LAYMAN:

"I was very glad to get your letter. I intended to write to you right away, but Mamma was sick, and I did not. My Mamma was sick a long time and then died, and now the baby is dead too. When I went out to breakfast the morning that Mamma died, I kissed her 'good-bye.' But we did not think

she would die, and so 'good-bye' was nearly the last word she said to me. We miss Mamma very much.

"I like December best of all months, for then comes my birthday and Christmas, and I get presents. I have to play with boys, because there are no nice girls near our house. One boy's name is Yakecha, which means 'baked tea'; another is named Kam, which means 'Iron Pot.' I have to talk Japanese because they do not understand English, and when I want to say 'I,' it is '*watakushi*,' my dog is '*inu*,' and my doll '*ningyo*.' The children are very dirty; they wear the same clothes all the time, except on a holiday. Sometimes their mothers wash their clothes in the cold river water without soap. Of course they can't be clean. The children do not know about the true God, or Jesus, or Christmas. When their parents go to the temples to worship the idols they take the children with them, so the children are taught to worship idols very young. When they get to the temple they pull a rope to let the idol know that some one is going to pray! The rope rings a little bell. The idol is made of stone or wood painted white or black. When we walk out we see idols made of stone on the sides of the street.

"We have some windows of white paper, and sometimes the boys poke their fingers through the paper and look in on us when we are eating. One time a man who saw us give thanks thought we bowed down to the caster, and he asked if that was our god. Sometimes we see a rope of straw tied around a tree; that means it is an idol tree and people worship it.

"Some wanted to get some money or new clothes if they would join the Church, but of course Papa and Mr. Garst would not give them any, if they did. Now I must close.

"Yours affectionately,

"Elsie Smith."

The first of June the Smith-Garst family moved into separate houses near each other. They were in much more sanitary and desirable surroundings. Dr. Macklin shared Mr. Smith's home. In the early summer kind friends brought Elsie to America to the care of relatives. Her father accompanied her to Yokohama and saw her aboard the vessel that carried her so far from him.

THE WEST-POINTER WRITES A LETTER

In the fall, while on an evangelistic trip, Mr. Garst wrote to his six-months-old son as follows:

"Hirozake, Lord's Day,
"Oct. 4th, 1885.

"Hartzell Garst, Akita, Akita Ken.

"My Beloved Son: It is with great pleasure that I take up this diamond-pointed pen to write to you, my diamond-toothed son. Before breakfast I wrote to your lovely Mamma. And now I must tell you about the breakfast. You may think it strange, but it was different from yours. I didn't have any Nestles, not a bit. Had some beef, nice *tofu* (bean curd), and nice flowers. Just think of a lubber like your dad eating flowers! There was some soup with weeds in it, and lots of rice. I finished up with a little marmalade. Wasn't that a fine breakfast, fit for a king? After a dinner fit for a king I start on this letter again. This morning I went out for a walk that I might meditate a little. Seeing some trees I started for them, for it is easier to think of God and His goodness among His works than in a crowded city. I found a castle and a very pretty one. There are many moats and forts around, all pretty well preserved. They stand as feudal monuments and it is a happy time that has no other use for them. Under the feudal system most men were almost, or quite, slaves, so it has gone down in some countries; yet there is much of it left in them.

"I walked amidst the beauty and recalled the thoughts of yesterday as I rode and looked out upon the beautiful mountains. I thought on the words, 'All things are yours and you are Christ's and Christ is God's.' What more could I want, I thought. I have all I need,—books and food for the mind, plenty of good food for the body, a loving wife and a son full of promise, plenty in this life and a strong hope for the life to come. Could I have more did I own all! If one had the whole world he could not use it. People would have to occupy it as they do now. No, my son, life does not consist in the abundance of things possessed, but in the *Character* one has. The best character is formed under discipline, so you must learn self-control. You must store up in yourself and lay up treasure in heaven, that you may fight the battle of life successfully, overcoming self (the flesh), the world, and the devil. It is wonderfully important to start right. I would that I could teach you right reasoning, that you might not waste time. I would that I might, most of all, set you the right example, but alas! age is creeping on and my faults, once soft and fresh, are hardening into habits,—becoming a fixed part of me. Thus there are many influences against you, but you start into the fight fairly well equipped. You are yet strong with the enthusiasm of young manhood—*five months, going on six!* You get many huggings which will doubtless develop your affections, a grand thing, for if you love much you will avoid sin for fear of hurting some one. *Sin always hurts.* Garfield said to himself, 'I must always be with Garfield, so it is important that he do right, for I do not want to be tied to bad company.' Remember, Harry, my boy, that wherever you go, you will have H. Garst,

Esq., as your companion, so do what you can to make him such a person as you enjoy.

"I went to the Methodist Lord's Day School. There were twenty-one present in all. I didn't think it came up to ours. The preacher wants me to preach to-night. I guess I will say something. Mr. Honda, the preacher here, is to go to the top of the mountain with me to-morrow. It will be a hard day's work. Mr. Honda wanted to know if we were not a new branch of the Church. I told him 'no,' that Peter and Paul belonged to the same. He had heard that we were a branch of the Baptists. And so it goes.

"10:50 P.M. Have returned from Church and spent a long time in talking about Jesus. I talked at the Church for the people, but there were not many out, only about twenty-five. As I must be off early in the morning if the weather is good, I must close. I suppose you are very happy with your Mamma. I don't blame you. Be good to her, for she was first good to you. I will now pray that God may keep you both unharmed and that He may bring us all to His home above to enjoy Him and each other forever."

Convinced that a medical missionary is a drawback to Christian work in Japan,—the Japanese having done so well in medical science that they cordially resent the intrusion of the medical missionary,—and anxious to utilize his equipment in gospel lines, Dr. Macklin asked our Board to let him open a mission in China,[1] where we as yet had no work. He left us in December. Glad as we were to see him start on so great an enterprise, we missed him sadly.

[1] Dr. Macklin established a successful mission in China, and has gained distinction as physician, evangelist, and translator. His translation of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is used as a textbook in Civil Service examinations. His complete translations of Green's "History of the English People," "Swiss Life in Town and Country," lives of Thomas Jefferson, Cromwell, Wycliffe, and others; "The Church of Christ," by a Layman; "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George; "The Theory of Human Progression," by Patrick E. Dove, and a large tract work have been used largely and are helping make the New China. He, with others, rendered a distinct service,—as reported in the "North China Daily News" (Peking), of Dec. 8, 1911,—in saving Nanking from destruction when the Imperialists surrendered the city to the Revolutionists.

In February, 1886, the coldest month of the year, Tashiro san came to ask Mr. Smith or Mr. Garst to return with him to Honjo and conduct a funeral service for a Christian woman. Ice and snow were everywhere. The road lay along the seashore and there was no way to go but to walk. A tramp of twenty-five miles under such circumstances was not inviting. Mr. Garst responded to the call. The ice on the streams was not thick enough to bear a man's weight. Tashiro san insisted that Mr. Garst must not wade these streams but cross them "pick-a-back" on his shoulders. Dear old Tashiro san! He is still doing faithful pastoral and evangelistic work. His face is homely and seamed with pockmarks, but his kindly eyes tell of a true heart.

FIRE, SMALLPOX, AND A LETTER

In April, 1886, a terrible fire laid waste the city of Akita. The haters of foreigners declared it originated in the house on the river bank which we had formerly occupied, and that it was a judgment of the gods against the "Jesus Way." As a matter of fact it started from an idol shelf,—the paper pendants catching in the lighted tapers. A terrific wind was blowing, and in a few hours the city was a desolation. It was impossible to get the fire-fighters to cut down the meanest shanty in the path of the flames that the ravages of the fire might be stopped. *"Itawashii!"* (precious) was their cry, in Akita dialect. That and *"shikata ga nai"* (no help for it) paralyzed all efforts to save the doomed city. As the fire was making straight in our direction and was but a few blocks away, we packed many things, believing that our homes would go. But in "the twinkling of an eye"

the wind changed and we were saved. This made a profound impression upon the Christians.

Morning dawned upon a desolate waste. A few godowns (fireproof storehouses) stood out gaunt against the sky. The entire business portion of the city was destroyed. Of course there was great grief for loved ones who had perished in the flames, and much suffering. We housed many in our school building and distributed quantities of food. Our good household helpers were happy, indeed, to prepare washboilers full of soup and distribute it steaming hot, with proper rice accompaniment, to the poor people huddled in straw shelters. This help in their time of need softened hard hearts, and broke down prejudice. It seemed to indicate that we were certainly among them for their good.

Mr. Smith was conducting, at this time, an active Sunday school in a part of town where Buddhist sentiment was strong and anti-foreign feeling rampant. He noted a most repulsive looking boy in his audience. The lad's head and face were covered with scabs; but scabby heads and faces were so distressingly common that, though smallpox had been prevalent during the winter, Mr. Smith was not suspicious. It was necessary to reprove the boy several times, however, for his bad behavior. He followed Mr. Smith into the street when the meeting was dismissed, insolently rubbing against him, apparently with malicious intent, but still Mr. Smith did not take in the situation. Some days later he became very ill. The Japanese physician thought it was typhoid fever. Dr. Doremus Scudder started from Niigata to our assistance, but we stopped him on the way with a wire that the trouble was smallpox. Mr. Smith was very ill, and suffered greatly. We, with a few Japanese friends who had had the disease, nursed

him day and night. There were no other cases. How grateful we were that our darling baby boy was protected. Shortly after his recovery Mr. Smith took a little outing to the northern island of Yezo, while we thoroughly renovated and fumigated his home and belongings.

Shortly after the fire Mr. Garst took an extended evangelistic tour. He wrote to his baby boy again:

"To Harry, My Beloved Son:

"Most every day I write to your sweet Mamma, so to-night I concluded to vary the program by writing to your sweet self. Last night about this time I felt quite badly, thinking that my weak stomach would ever prevent me from being a good worker. You don't know yet, but some day, my Boy, you'll know that 'there is no excellence without great labor'; and you may not think it, but your 'Dad-dad' aspires to excellence. But why should such a poor subject have such aspirations? That he may glorify his Maker and Saviour and fulfil the purpose of his creation.

"Well, I started on the stomach. To-day we took a lunch, as we had a hard climb, and though we ate a late breakfast, we had an early dinner that we might get off the sooner. Well, before dinner my stomach gave me trouble. I ate and it was gone. We climbed and climbed. My stomach began to trouble me. I ate a lunch and I was as happy as a lark. You see I have been exercising and my digestion is too good for the food. Maybe I will get along better after this by eating five times a day. This is a good deal about the stomach. My only excuse is, The 'Tum' is a big part of the man.

"To-day we came only five *ri* (a *ri* is nearly two and a half English miles), crossing a mountain range. Saw some fine scenery. The road is very good. When we reached the divide I picked some pretty blue flowers beside a snow drift. Magnolias were thick in the woods, as well as fine cherry blossoms and a great variety of flowers. All of these things make me wish you were along, but the thing that made me wish for you most was the snow. It was steep and we sat down and went scooting. You duffer, you ought to be only a suckling; on the contrary, you are a *big, rough boy,* and can take care of your Mamma. I just wish I could see you sit down on the big snow pile and take a slide! Then I imagined I heard you say to Mamma, 'Let me go to my Papa! I can go and find him, for Grandpa said the little bird that had a nest in the knothole in the back of the house came across the pathless country from Alabama every year and took up her abode in that hole. If

God guides the little bird every year to a certain place will he not much more guide me to *my Pop?'* Still I didn't see you coming. If you had, what would precious Mamma do? The flowers were beautiful, the creek laughed. Kudo and I were in fine spirits. I put a flower in each button-hole of my vest, had my pockets full and some beautiful magnolias in my hands. Their fragrance was just like vanilla. On the whole, it was about the happiest day of our trip, only we sold no Scriptures.

"Gave a copy of the Acts to the man at the top of the mountain with the hope that it might do some good. He said modestly he was a 'born fool' and couldn't learn to read. But maybe he will, for he seemed bright enough. If prosperity attend us, to-morrow we reach Morioka, seven *ri* distant. There we expect to spend a few days and hope to sell some Scriptures, and hear from home. There is no place like home. Heaven is man's true home, for there his Eternal Father dwells in glory. Let us wanderers strive to go home by the Way, the Life, and to lead many of our fellows there, too.

"You must take good care of Mamma, for she is the best Mamma we have and we don't want a better nor another. Remember your Papa prays continually that you may grow up to be a good man. Then you will be like the flowers we saw to-day,—yes, a long way better than they, for you will be the smell of a sweet savor even to the Lord Most High. Kiss and hug Mamma for me, and give my love to Brother Smith and *yoroshiku* (regards) to all the household and friends, and believe me,

"Your devoted father,
"CHARLES E. GARST."

RECRUITS AND A VACATION

In July our hearts were rejoiced by the arrival of Misses Harrison and Johnson. After we became better acquainted we had many a good laugh over the impression made, each upon the other, when they first came. I can easily believe that we,—to put it mildly,—looked antiquated, having been nearly three years in Japan without accessions to our wardrobes. And they? Well, I can't tell you how funny they did look to us in the tall hats in vogue in 1886! The young ladies were pronounced blondes, the first the Akita people had seen, and there were many discussions as to whether their

hair might be a new kind of gray hair; since the Japanese are invariably dark, with coal black hair,—save in rare instances where a taint of scrofula gives a reddish, dead look to the hair,—the vari-colored hair and eyes of the foreigner impresses them as most extraordinary.

The Garst family had had no vacation, nor had they heard an English sermon for two and a half years. As we greatly needed to have some dentistry done, we concluded to take a run of a month to Hakodate,—the chief port city of the island of Yezo. Mr. Smith had gone there for recuperation after his illness, and his reports were very alluring.

After the long isolation it was quite exciting to go aboard a good steamer, albeit a Japanese one,—made, however, in England. In the old hermit days, all seagoing vessels above fifty tons' burden were burned in the effort for seclusion, and from that time till the opening of Japan there was scarcely a vessel afloat worthy the name. Happily such ideas have had their day. The Japanese, we found, were largely ashamed of these things, and eager for improvement and Western civilization.

Our good O'Ino san accompanied us. Little Hartzell, sixteen months old, had met no foreigners, but to the great delight of his doting parents shook hands with the captain as though such a thing were a matter of everyday occurrence. Both captain and purser were foreigners. For many years after Japan was thrown open to the world all important positions were filled by foreigners, especially positions which entailed the handling of large sums of money. Townsend Harris said that the Japanese were "a nation of thieves and liars." And indeed this was so nearly true that it paid the government to hire foreigners at large salaries. Mr. Harris

would not say that now, for the absence of graft during the conduct of great wars proves the growing integrity of the nation. There was a reason for all this laxness, as Dr. Gulick well shows in his "Evolution of the Japanese." It was a relic of feudalism and by no means the heinous thing in the eyes of the Oriental that such moral digression is in the estimation of a Westerner.

It was delightful to be once more in a well-built house, to greet foreigners, sit in a cosy church and hear good English sermons, and be present in prayer-meetings attended by a goodly number of English-speaking people. We were entertained in a Methodist home, and most royally treated.

The United States battleship *Omaha,* was lying in port, and several visits aboard her gave us great pleasure. The captain suggested that it would be a most unique thing if we would have our baby christened on her. We did not, however, follow his suggestion.

Reverend and Mrs. H. C. Carpenter, formerly of Burma, India (Baptist), arrived while we were in Hakodate, and it was intensely interesting to meet them and hear their history.

VI

THE WORK EXTENDING

A NEW MISSION IN NORTH JAPAN

MR. AND MRS. CARPENTER were nearly sixty years old. They had been for twenty-five years in India. His health failing, they came home, hoping to restore it. For five years the physicians thought each year that "next year" he might go back. Finally, however, they gave it as their opinion that he would never be able to live in the Indian climate. One would think, after so long a service, they would have felt at liberty to rest, but no. They began to look about the big world to see if there was another people, unevangelized, who in any way resembled the Karens of Burma among whom they had worked. They found, they thought, in the Ainu,—the aborigines of Japan,—what they sought.

The Ainu worship the bear; they are drunken and dirty, scarcely ever bathing; they are a hairy race, having fine, soft beards, and they are affectionate and kindly. These people have been gradually crowded north till the seventeen thousand of them still left are confined to the northern island of Yezo, or the Hokkaido, as the Japanese more commonly call it. It is said that there are twice as many women as men among them. Some Ainu tales are very quaint. Professor Chamberlain gives us one as follows:

"WHY DOGS CANNOT SPEAK

"Formerly dogs could speak. Now they cannot. The reason is that a dog, belonging to a certain man a long time ago, inveigled his master into the forest under the pretext of showing him game, and there caused him to be devoured by a bear. Then the dog went home to his master's widow and lied to her, saying, 'My master has been killed by a bear. But when he was dying he commanded me to tell you to marry me in his stead.' The widow knew that the dog was lying. But he kept on urging her to marry him. So at last, in her grief and rage, she threw a handful of dust into his mouth. This made him unable to speak any more, and therefore no dogs can speak, even to this present day."

In writing about Mr. Carpenter and his wife Mr. Garst said:

"Mr. Carpenter is known as the author of 'Self-Support in Missions,' also 'Mission Economics,' and tracts on kindred subjects. Had he remained in Burma he would have died. Now they are trying to exemplify their teaching by becoming self-supporting missionaries. It is not their idea, however, that missionaries should bear their own expenses, but that the native Churches should carry their own burdens. As I was with Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter nearly three weeks, I learned to know and love them. They love the cause of the Lord Jesus above all else, and are large-hearted, fat-souled Christians. Knowing the man, I am inclined to believe his writings will be worthy of closest study by those who desire to see the Lord's cause prosper on heathen fields. Mr. Carpenter heard J. H. Garrison before the Baptist Ministerial Association of Boston, liked his address extremely well, and seems to think highly of 'Our Position,' a copy of which I have given him. I earnestly commend this mission to the prayers of the brethren everywhere."

Remembering favors received from the Baptists, Mr. Garst gladly offered his services to help Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter in their cherished plan of locating at Nemuro, a thriving town located at the most eastern point of this northern island of Yezo. There was a voyage of three hundred miles from Hakodate. The sea was rough both going and coming. Indeed they encountered a typhoon

on their way there, and had to lie in the harbor rocking at anchor, waiting for some hours for the sea to become smooth enough to make it possible to land.

The people of Nemuro welcomed the company most enthusiastically. A foreign-built house was speedily rented. Nemuro is chiefly a Japanese town, but Mr. Carpenter's thought was to get some knowledge of the Ainu language and evangelize out from there, later choosing a good point where they might live among the Ainu. Mr. Garst spoke several times to good and attentive audiences,—a sort of seed-sowing work. He wrote from Nemuro:

"The island of Yezo is being gradually developed. The Japanese haven't the energy to open up a country like that seen at home. They dislike to leave their homes and most of all they dread the cold. Their diet is so light that they find it next to impossible to endure much cold. Dread seems to be the lot of most of the people. They dread the cold of winter with its accompanying smallpox; the summer with its heat and cholera; the night with its mystery and evil spirits; the day with hunger and hard work, all in turn are borne because there is no escape. The best they can think of is extinction! Heaven is too good to believe. Christ has brought life and immortality to light, and now many Japanese are rejoicing in the hope of the life to come."

On Mr. Garst's return to Hakodate he found his baby boy seriously ill. His life was mercifully spared.

We greatly regretted a longer absence from Akita than the month we had planned, but the child's illness first, and then the difficulty of getting a steamer, delayed us. However, cholera raged that summer, and all public meetings were prohibited. Two hundred thousand people died with the dread disease. The rude fires hardly died down upon the hills; and it was a common thing to meet a stretcher borne by hurrying feet, rushing a patient to the pest-house. How the Ninety-first Psalm,—

the Missionary's Psalm I call it,—stands out at such a time. "Surely He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the arrow that flieth by day, nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. *A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.* . . . For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." Thank God for such a word!

At length there was a chance to sail for Akita. We were driven by a terrific typhoon when without the land-locked harbor of Hakodate, and for seven hours battled with the elements, in a vessel that was hardly seaworthy, as it demonstrated by going to the bottom on its next trip. The captain finally gave up and headed about. We were driven back to Hakodate in three hours. Reaching the quiet waters of the beautiful harbor we "cast anchor and wished for the day!" After about twenty-four hours' waiting we made a second attempt, which was successful; and in a few days were back in our beloved Akita. We were warmly welcomed by our co-laborers and the Japanese, who gave us a public reception in the school building.

We had been anxious about the young ladies, but they had covered themselves with glory, and lost no weight, though having had to "keep-house" in the strange tongue. Of course they profited by some of the well-trained help the years had produced.

RECRUITS AND AN EVANGELISTIC TRIP

About this time we were again made glad by the arrival of two more workers,—Mr. and Mrs. Staniland, of London, England,—members of the training class of

W. T. Moore. They, too, were publicly received in the most cordial manner. Mrs. Staniland had been so very ill coming out that the ship's physician doubted if she would live to pass through the Red Sea.

Mr. Garst immediately took advantage of the beautiful autumn weather to do some itinerating. One of the letters written on this trip reads as follows:

"The last of October I went to Honjo to preach. There is now a faithful little band there. I arrived in the midst of a local festival which engrossed the attention of the people. They were too busy partaking of the spirits of King Alcohol to listen to the words of the Holy Spirit. At first audiences were very small, only eight or ten. Some came every night. Preaching would last an hour, and another hour was spent in conversation. Since the average man knows nothing of historical Buddhism, they made a very poor showing when we asked them to give us reasons why we should become Buddhists. After a few days the meetings numbered twenty. I was anything but satisfied, so cast about in my mind how to get the people to listen. Finally we rented the theatre, a large, shed-like building, and put up posters all over the town, inviting the people to come to a 'Great Lecture Meeting' (*Daienzetsu Kwai*). All religions were to be represented for comparison. We arranged the program so as to have the best part of the evening, and so as to confute misrepresentations, if there were any. The meetings continued for three evenings from six to eleven o'clock. The time occupied by the speakers was 7:30 to 10:30, each speaker to have twenty minutes. The meetings were very orderly and went entirely to our satisfaction. The ancient Shintoist was there. (*Shin* means *gods*, and *to*,—pronounced as toe in English,—*way;* hence, the '*way of the gods.*') It is the original religion of Japan. According to it, there was a time when there were only gods, no men; then there were seven generations of demi-gods, the last couple of these being the progenitors of the Mikado, who on this account is called '*Tenshi*' (*ten*, heaven, *shi*, son,—*Son of Heaven*). Not understanding the Shintoist I asked what he was saying. The Japanese I asked said he could not understand either. Others cried 'fool' and 'strong-headed man' in English. Most of the speakers spoke favorably of Christianity. Those who did not could not agree on anything. Most of the people were convinced that Christianity was a religion not to be despised. The first night there were about three hundred present, and considering that the majority of the people had to stand all the time, it was very encouraging. One of the four most noted Buddhist priests in Japan was in town. Some of the believers were afraid

we could not stand before him. I told them we had so much truth, I did not think he would be dangerous, as he would have only twenty minutes, and we would have opportunity to answer him. He didn't come!

"The second meeting was better yet,—perhaps three hundred and fifty people present. Three of the Honjo brethren are very good speakers. They bore themselves nobly. One priest came in. He seemed a little nervous. When the audience saw his shaven head they were much pleased. His theme was, '*If not, well!*' (*Nakereba yoi*). He said the only trouble with Buddhism was it had lost its virtue. Properly followed it would lead them to paradise. He didn't know much about Jesus, or American Christianity, but he was afraid of the Greeks, this fear being the secret of his text. '*If they didn't steal the country, well.*'

"The third evening was about the same. A doctor gave the audience a short lecture on hygiene. I followed him and told them the soul was more important than the body. After this the 'Great Lecture Meetings' were continued for four days. The audiences numbered from forty to fifty. Much good resulted. Many were almost persuaded. The saints are much strengthened, saying it will now be much easier to work. Public opinion has been against Christianity. It is changing. There were wrestling matches just out of town. One brother and myself went out, selling one dollar's worth of Scriptures and tracts, price,—from two mills for the cheapest tract, to two cents for a Gospel. Afterward a priest came to our meeting, and bought a New Testament at forty cents. I asked him to talk to us, but he declined.

"This is Thanksgiving Day. All the believers meet at three o'clock to render thanks to the Giver of all that we enjoy. We pray for America. With all her faults, she is the grandest nation on the face of the earth. May it be her blessed privilege to take the lead of all in giving the Gospel to 'every creature.'"

It was now time to hasten preparations for the bleak northern winter. A wind-break was put up on the windward side of the house. Bamboo poles as tall as the house were firmly planted, and heavy, coarse matting tied across them. This made a very considerable protection from the wind, which blew fiercely during the coldest weather and was bitterly felt in the frail houses. The slides that formed the walls of our house were treated to a second layer of paper. We pasted the slides together and into the grooves, except here and

there where one was left to use as a door and for ventilation.

With our enlarged force and a constantly growing Japanese constituency of most friendly temper, the prospects were very bright. We were deeply thankful to the loving Father who had continued to care for us.

CHANGES

In January, 1887, Mr. Smith left for America on a short furlough. Because of the necessary distribution of forces it happened that we were never again associated together in the same place.

In February we received the news of Mr. Carpenter's death in Nemuro,—the northernmost outpost of Christian pickets. He suffered but a few days. It was winter and impossible for steamers to put into the harbor, and the land side was practically locked as well, so no foreign friends could go to Mrs. Carpenter in her grief. She, with their Japanese friends, followed Mr. Carpenter to the grave and she returned to take up her lonely duties. Mrs. Carpenter said that when Mr. Carpenter was dying these words were brought to her mind—"Fear not, I will help thee—I will hold thy right hand——" The words were not wholly familiar but she believed that they were from God. She searched but failed to find a quotation that was similar. Later she found these words in Isaiah 41:13. As clearly was it spoken to her as though by a friend at her side. And indeed was it not so? Surely the Friend of friends was comforting her in that sad hour.

Mr. Carpenter's brother,—a successful hardware merchant in Indiana,—sold out his interests, and came to Japan at his own expense to carry on, if possible, his

brother's work. When the exigencies of his business concerns were such that he feared his competency was imperilled, he returned to Indiana, sending a substitute to Nemuro. Shortly after his return to America, Mr. Carpenter was drowned in Lake Superior.

Early in the spring of 1887 a tentative Church organization was effected in Akita. In this way we threw responsibility upon the Japanese Christians in a way we could not otherwise have done.

In April a great blessing came to us in the person of Gretchen, a little sister for Hartzell. Mr. Garst nicknamed her "Dutchey." She defied all the proprieties and arrived on the first day of the month and on Friday. Our good Japanese physician was slow in answering the call to preside at her advent. After sending a messenger four different times with urgent messages, Mr. Garst, very anxious that all should go well, jumped into the shaft of our own jinrikisha and dashed out determined to bring the prize. He met the Doctor coming at a rapid pace, *ni nin piki* (with two men on his jinrikisha). Mr. Garst's solicitude was another testimony of his care for his wife, and a lesson to the people.

In the early summer we greatly regretted the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Staniland for Yokohama. There they continued for years in most useful independent service. They supplied a "felt want" in a well appointed home for comers and goers, and also published, in English, a magazine furnishing helpful information regarding missionary work. They aided, too, in many important ways, in Christian work among the English-speaking people of the city. This was a happy change for them, for the severe experience on the journey out from England had greatly weakened Mrs. Stani-

land; and the rugged northern work, the severe winters and poor houses, put upon her too heavy a burden. Mr. Staniland was handicapped in learning the Japanese language by a defect in his hearing, so the English work was at once more agreeable and fruitful. Dr. Moore's class in London also sent four splendid workers to China in the early days. These were Messrs. Saw, Hearndon, Arnold, and Hunt. The first two sleep in Chinese soil, Mr. Arnold died in England, having returned very ill, and Mr. Hunt still toils valiantly in rapidly changing China. .

The year 1887 passed without special incident further than I have mentioned. We were all busy in the daily grind,—language study, English teaching, evangelism, and visiting, with the usual stress times because of sickness or struggle in the little Church.

In the spring of 1888, Mr. Smith returned with recruits,—his wife,—Candace Lhamon Smith, so well and favorably known among the Disciples,—and Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, of Lexington, Kentucky. "Little Elsie," larger grown, accompanied her father. I had reason to hope that my mother and sister would come also, for a visit.

The telegram announcing the arrival of Mr. Smith's party in Yokohama came during a Bible class hour. The sharp call, "*Dempo!*" (telegram) at the door, a call for which my ears had been straining all the day, put me in such a tremble that I could hardly reach the messenger. Opening the envelope quickly I read, "*Shichi nin buji ni chakushita.*" (Seven have arrived safely). This told me that my very own had come! Turning back to my dear women I was deeply moved to find that they had already bowed in prayer and when O'Tatsu san, my helper, poured forth one of her soul-

HOUSE IN WHICH GRETCHEN WAS BORN

A JAPANESE INTERIOR

thrilling heart cries of thanksgiving and petition our happy tears mingled, and the fellowship of joy seemed almost too deep for words. Oh, how I wish some of these prayers could be heard and understood in America! How they would cement the ties between Occident and Orient, and cause us here to *understand* that God made of *one blood* all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth. Is not the one blood finally the cleansing blood of Calvary? Is there any other force that will unify the race but the Gospel, that knows neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female?

Five years had passed since we had seen a relative. Immediately after closing the Bible class I hurried to the telegraph office to wire Mr. Smith and party our joyful welcome. It seemed as though my feet hardly touched the earth! In a few days Mr. Garst, Hartzell, and I went a day's journey in our 'riki, to meet the party. Returning, we found,—a mile or two from town,—a large company of Christians who were eager to receive Mr. Smith back to the work. The arrival of so many foreigners at once was a great event, and the long train of jinrikishas attracted much attention as we came into town. People flocked into the street to gaze long and wonderingly after us. Enthusiasm ran high. A public reception was tendered the newcomers.

In a few days the great theatre shed that had done duty on previous occasions was rented, and we had a big meeting. The town was billed. In fear and trembling I made my maiden speech in Japanese before a large mixed audience. The billboards announced me as "Mr. Garst's Laura," or,—to put it as they did,—*Garusuto* (Garst) *san* (Mr.) *no* (possessive) *Rora*

(Laura). That was all the identity a married woman had in those days in Japan; and an unmarried woman, if past sixteen, was not worth considering. Mrs. Smith made a fine speech, which was interpreted. The people were amazed to see women upon the platform.

VII

JAPANESE CUSTOMS

VISITING

WE had now been in Akita four years, and conditions were greatly changed for the better. While, upon our arrival, we had been regarded with suspicion, our language teachers and O'Ino san soon invited us to visit their families, and we rapidly won an entrance into many homes. Mrs. Smith's death made tender many hearts. Our coöperation with the sufferers during the fire experience, too, was appreciated. We were embarrassed with the numerous calls upon us, and could not enter all the homes that were eager to greet us.

Visiting in Japan is attended with many difficulties. To always take off the shoes before entering a Japanese home, is inconvenient and tedious. Of course, it is absolutely necessary, for stepping with shod feet upon the mats that serve at once as chairs, tables, and beds, would be as discourteous as using our upholstered furniture in the same way. The salutations, so very involved, tried our patience. "Turk fashion" would be a "picnic" compared with the Japanese style of sitting,—"folded up like a pocket-knife,"—as we used to say. Woe betide rheumatic knees when one must double up, bringing thigh and calf together,—knees touching,—and sit on the upturned balls and heels of one's feet! Occasionally a chair was proudly produced, but we did not care to

take turns in sitting in it, nor did we like to get off the level of our audience. The few moments on our heels were occupied mainly in salutations,—supposedly touching our foreheads to the mats in that neat little triangle formed by the tips of index fingers and thumbs meeting as we spread our open palms downward before us on the mats,—supposedly, observe, for we were not supple enough to be a success at the business. After a short time in this bone and muscle racking posture, our host invariably urged us to "make yourselves easy," which meant permission to "sit sideways," and was a great relief.

Leisureliness is, I admit, overdone in the Orient, but I hope they will not, in their desire for "Western civilization," adopt the mad rush that is shortening the years and sadly reducing the real value of life in the Occident.

I have stood on a street corner in north Japan in midwinter, snow everywhere, and waited,—with outward patience,—while a punctilious stickler for form unwound the comforter or muffler from his neck, removed hat and spectacles,—placing the latter in the bosom of his gown and managing to dispose of the others in a manner to leave his hands free,—then, with palms spread against the upper thigh, and moving toward the knees, he sucked in his breath very audibly, and bowing low, made elaborate apologies for not having called in a long time. As nearly as possible I imitated his etiquette, only I didn't happen to wear glasses, and, of course, kept on my hood; and I didn't suck in my breath either, but I did bow very low, and assured my friend that I alone was at fault, which was very "Japanesy." Another bow by my vis-à-vis, and solicitous inquiries about my "honorable household," member by member, multiplying bows accordingly. Then, of course, I asked after his "hon-

orable family" with appropriate accompaniment of bows, whereupon he would refer to his "fool of a wife," and his "dirty children." If I had have happened to own a dog, he would have been asked about as the "honorable" *inu*. These honorifics, and as someone has cleverly called them, *"humilifics,"* are the despair of the language student. We used them to some extent, hardly going so far, however, as to speak of our "dirty children."

When we chafe at some of these national peculiarities, it will be good for us to try to see ourselves as others see us, and ponder the Japanese repugnance to kissing, for instance. This is evidenced by the following, which is one of Miss Johnson's treasures of "English as she is Japped."

"KISS

(*Essay by a Japanese*)

"The wind of occidental civilization swept all over to country and young men were indulging in their manners day by day. When they meet together they shake hands; they begin their shaking with 'Good-morning.' They put roses on their bosoms as if presents from young ladies. That is right. I do not say that it is bad or foolish. But there is one thing which is awful dangerous! That is 'Kiss;' what is called English. What is 'Kiss'? Kiss is a salute by pressing the lips firmly together and use when express a strong sympathy. Now let me tell you the reason of it. First, it is physically dangerous. Toothache, consumption of lungs, and other diceases transfer by certain means to other persons. Kiss is the best interposition amongst the certain means in transferring such diceases. Take a person who has dicease in her lungs, for instance, and I kiss her. Her dicease may transfer to me and I may become a sick person. This is the first disadvantage. Second, it does not seem fair to Japanese. When I see persons kiss I always feel disagreeable. Therefore, all Japanese feel disagreeable. I am very sure in such reasons, I dare say. It is very bad to introduce this custom into our country. You'd better not do so."

"FEAR NOT, I AM WITH THEE"

We were always very welcome in the home of Mrs. Akiyama. She was a widow, the mother of five children, and the only support of an aged mother. It is not strange, considering the moral standards in Japan, that one daughter,—thinking to escape the pitiful struggle,—had yielded to the temptation of becoming "mistress" of an official in a distant town. She was called to Akita by her mother's illness, and,—I was interested to note,—seemed to be regarded with a shade of disapproval by her lady friends, though at the same time they envied her the beautiful gowns and freer use of money. The mother had been ill a long time. One Sunday a messenger had called us from the Communion Service as she was thought to be dying. Remedies that we used revived her.

But a few days later, as we entered her room, we found her very weak, though we hardly thought her so near "the brink" as she proved to be. She had been a Christian for several months. She asked for a song. She brightened visibly as we settled ourselves upon the mats, yet her greeting was very feeble. She chose the song, "There is a gate that stands ajar," and insisted upon trying to sing it with us. We propped her up, and she tremblingly adjusted her spectacles,—clumsy things, with heavy tortoise-shell frames. Her poor eyes were dimmed by approaching death. She called for a second pair of glasses, and put them on over the first. Then, though she still could not see the words, she joined in the chorus,—"For me! For me!"—quaveringly, falteringly, not at all in tune except with her loving, trustful heart. It seemed almost that a glimmer of the "radiance from the Cross afar" fell about the

patient sufferer, who was already feeling the first ripples of the "river of Death." We read from the Revelation and caught a glimpse of the Eternal City that our dear sister was so soon to enter, there was a prayer, and we bade her "good-bye," thinking that it might be for the last time. An hour later a messenger hurried to our home to tell us Mrs. Akiyama was at rest.

The funeral services were conducted in our school chapel, and since it was the first Christian funeral in Akita, attracted a great deal of attention. The Akiyama family, reduced in circumstances, were heart-broken that they could not do the things they would like to have done for their loved one. The girls wept as they told of the pretty dresses they once had, and now they could not get one for mother in her last sleep. Simple white garments were furnished by the Church, also a neat cedar coffin, prettily lined and trimmed. These gifts, with the flowers, the beautiful, comforting hymns, the loving fellowship, the blessed Bible words, the great Hope held out,—all contributed to the good impression the "Jesus Way" was beginning to make.

At another home the mother of one of our Christian young men greeted us cordially. She always made us feel at home.

"It is cold to-day. Just put your slippers over your shoes," she urged. We accepted the suggestion, happy that we would not have to put ice-cold shoes on at the termination of our call. The shopping-bag yielded the knit slippers which we drew on over our shoes. This we would only risk in the homes in which we were on very friendly footing. Tea was immediately poured into the dainty cups, though we insisted that we had little time, and would prefer, if our hostess so pleased, that she would spare herself the trouble of serving, and give at-

tention to the instructive talk we had planned, the Scripture lesson, and the prayer. But we could not hurry these things. Forms must be observed in Japan though one were dying.

Mrs. Kawai had made up her mind to be a Christian. In talking the matter over with Miss Harrison she had exclaimed, "What shall I do with these?" and she pointed to the tablets for the dead on the family god shelf. On these the Buddhist priest writes the posthumous name of the dead.

"The idols are no longer anything to me, but these, *these!*" and the tears rolled down her cheeks,—"I have been taught from childhood that in these reside the spirits of my loved dead. What shall I do? I cannot burn them!" Then we realized how sacred are the beliefs so strange to us, and how tenderly they must be met. Mrs. Kawai was advised to bury these tablets, the burden rolled from her heart, and she became a Christian. She has had much to try her through the years, in a home with a non-Christian husband.

We were shown to a second-story room,—a tiny nook, —where the beloved son had his study. A second story is uncommon in an ordinary Japanese home, and is usually limited to one room which is reached by a ladder-like stairway, difficult to climb. This room is used as a study and regarded with special respect. A glorious view over rice fields and hills, away to the Mount of Peace, greeted us as we entered the room. The dear son was the mother's special pride. He was one of our earliest converts. He had been a wayward boy, and had hard battles to fight. He was rather insubordinate in our English school work. Years after, as he looked into Mr. Garst's face in death, he wept bitterly,—and it is not a common thing for a Japanese to weep,—and said again and

again, "I made him much trouble! He was so patient we wondered if he were god or man." This young man married a good Christian woman and has several bright children. His eldest daughter is in our school for girls in Tokyo.

LITTLE MISS WISDOM

O'Chiye san—*chiye* means wisdom—was a grown niece of O'Ino san's, and she became my language teacher. She was a school teacher and finely educated, for a woman, in those days in north Japan. She was the eldest of a large family of girls. The name of the youngest daughter revealed, whenever it was spoken, the fact that she was a disappointment. Boys count, of course, in the Orient. This custom of branding, as it were, by a peculiar name, the girl that came instead of the desired boy, may have been peculiar to Akita; I do not remember it elsewhere in Japan. It was certainly very cruel.

When the time came for the little school teacher to be married, it was done after the manner of marriages in homes where there are only girls. A son was adopted, and he became the husband of the eldest daughter, taking her family name. In this case he did not seem to be of much account and my little friend practically carried the burden of the family. She received a good salary,—about eight dollars a month,—and turned all but about fifty cents of it over to her father. He was "*go-inkyo,*" which means "dwelling in retirement."[1] A man past middle life was supposed to retire from business, it being considered "barbarous that a man should go on

[1] New Japan is outlawing this inhuman "go-inkyo" custom.

toiling and striving when past the time of life at which he is fitted to do good work." If there is property, the "go-inkyo" transferred it to his heirs. Henceforth he was supported by them and gave himself to pleasure. "Go,"—the chess of Japan,—and other pastimes occupied him, while the younger generation did not think of resenting the added burden put upon them. In this case the "go-inkyo" was insolvent, and the adopted husband-son incapable. Hence the strain upon the brave little school teacher.

As we studied through the New Testament together O'Chiye san responded to the beautiful life of Jesus and the chaste teachings of the Epistles.

"I want to be a Christian," she said, "but I must know just what it all implies before I come into the Church." So she burned the midnight oil; so busy was she all day that there was no leisure for study.

On one occasion her father came into her room at two o'clock in the morning—"What, studying at this time of night, and with no fire——" he exclaimed.

"I'd go to sleep, father, if I had a fire," was the cheery reply.

Fortunately he did not ask what she was studying. It was well that she did not have to tell him that the New Testament and Martin's "Evidences of Christianity" were fascinating her. He would not have approved. He was an ardent Buddhist, and besides, coming into the "Jesus Way" might mean loss of government position.

At last, in the springtime, came the glad day when she wished to be baptized. Very quietly, almost secretly, we wended our way to the secluded little stream beneath budding leaves and flowering trees. It cost for her to take such a step. It might mean financial ruin. Dressed

in white, she stepped into the stream and was buried in the beautiful ordinance. As I threw a wrap about her she said, a sweet light in her eyes,—"*Yo yo ando itashimashita*" (At last I have peace). She used a strange mixture of Akita and Tokyo dialect.

Peace! Who in the world does not long for it! Every year thousands of pilgrims climb the sacred mountains of Japan "seeking peace." They, too, wear white robes. They return footsore and weary and their white gowns are travel-stained. Their faces often show the marks of dissipation, for there are questionable resorts on the mountain-side. They do not tell, on their return, of "peace" that they have found. But they do come from the baptismal service with a peace which the world cannot give, neither, thank God, can it take it away!

The dear Aunt Ino often came to O'Chiye's home when we visited there. At a memorable New Year's time they made great preparation for our reception. Several braziers were placed in the best room, and plenty of charcoal glowed in the ashes. The slides were carefully closed, for O'Ino san feared we would miss our cosy heating stove. The strong odor of the charcoal frightened us. The gas is very poisonous. The French suicide places a pan of burning charcoal under the bed, and lies down to sleep not again to waken in this world.

The little schoolmistress was now the mother of a fine boy but a few days old. Great was the rejoicing in her honor. She was pallid and weak, but custom required that she be about in the capacity of a servant; so she brought in the tea, which her father poured, this being the elegant thing for him to do. We had learned to do effective work with the chopsticks, and ate with

much relish the *mochi,* or rice paste, served with a delicious sauce.

DEATH

Once again we visited this home when the dear old grandmother lay cold in death. She had lived seventy-six years and was evidently greatly honored for her kindly deeds. Children and neighbors mourned her sincerely. According to Shinto custom, her coffin was long,—about like ours. The Buddhists bury in square receptacles, the body in a sitting posture, the head bent forward to the knees as in prayer. One may be a Shintoist, Buddhist, and Confucianist at one and the same time, without confusion or incongruity in Japan. Some even try to teach that Christianity may be followed in addition. The Shintoist worships his ancestors, the Imperial line, and Nature. Add to this some wholesome Confucian doctrine as to morals, and the idols of Buddhism, a Buddhist funeral when you die, and a grave in a Buddhist cemetery,—this should not hinder the acceptance of Christianity,—that would be but to add another god. So, many people think about it.

Mrs. Funasaka's body was robed in white. By its side was a staff, and at the feet a bundle of coin, called *rin,* strung on straw rope, which was passed through a hole in the middle of the coin. The copper coin has about the value of a twentieth of a cent. There was also in the coffin a pair of *waraji,*—the coarse straw sandals worn by pilgrims and pedestrians.

"Why do you put these things in the coffin?" we asked.

"These," was the reply, "are to help her in her journey of millions of miles in the unseen world."

The staff would soon be broken if the path were mountainous, the sandals would not last a day over a rough road, and the few fractions of a cent would hardly keep one from starvation a few days.

Oh, the poles of difference between this and "I am the Resurrection and the Life." *"In my Father's house are many mansions,—I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there you may be also."* "Oh, death, where is thy sting, where, grave, thy victory!" "And God Himself shall be with them and be their God; and He shall wipe every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more; and there shall be night no more; and they shall need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord shall give them light!"

And then the comfort from the beautiful hymns we sing: "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep"; "My faith looks up to Thee"; "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me"; "Abide with me"; and scores of others equally helpful.

A wooden staff, a pair of sandals, and a few mills! Oh, the pathos of it! And we can send them, if we will, such strong comfort in their darkness and need. But we are slow and late, and *"a million a month are dying in China."*

TWO LESSONS

Shortly after the arrival of my mother and sister, we were invited to one of the most beautiful homes in Akita. The dainty upper room or guest parlor was prepared for our reception, that we might enjoy the beautiful outlook from the open slides. Sweetmeats and tea were served immediately. These always come before the "honorable feast," or *"Gochiso,"*—honorable, because it

is "raised up to you," not because of intrinsic worth, for it is spoken of very deprecatingly by the hostess as a "very rude affair." The young lady daughter in this home had become dear to us and we were happy indeed when later she became a Christian.

An elegant repast was served. I recall the chestnuts, boiled and mashed, and served with a delicious sauce; the steamed custard, with bits of mushroom, seaweed, and other things in it; the fish, broiled a beautiful brown, with a toothsome dressing on it, and other dishes of which Mr. Garst and I had become very fond. Very interesting indeed was the elderly, white-haired guest from the far-away land. Age seldom comes in the Orient without very visible breaking. Old people are so often bent and decrepit from lack of nutrition. Hence my mother, Mrs. DeLany,—very tall, and unusually erect,—was talked of much as a "*taiso rippana O'Baa-san,*" a "very elegant grandmother." Of course many questions were asked us about our customs, and we in turn learned much of Japanese usage. The least incident suggested a text that brought out Christian instruction. We could tell of our custom of "saying grace" at meals, and of having family worship. A calendar brought out impressive facts about the Christian religion. We were glad to talk of our social and family and national life.

My Bible woman, O'Tatsu san, came in her everyday clothes. I had thought it would probably be something of an "affair," knowing how well off the family was, and we had worn our best. I noticed that O'Tatsu san was ill at ease. The next day in our Bible class she gave a most impressive talk of the man who had not the wedding garment. She described the experience of the previous day when she had gone to our friends unpre-

pared for so fine a function. The other guests, she explained, were nicely dressed. If this was embarrassing, what would it be at the Last Day, if she had not the ceremonial garment? What would she feel then before the One who had given *Himself* for us? The Japanese are exceedingly clever about drawing out lessons from common experiences in this way.

One of our Christians came, one day, asking that one of the ladies from our mission call upon a young woman who was dying, and in great distress. She had been sold, a year before, by her father, to a life of shame. From the father's point of view this was entirely legitimate and the easiest way to rid himself of a troublesome debt. And what of the point of view of the daughter? She had been taught from childhood that Filial Piety was a far more excellent virtue than Personal Chastity. To do, unquestioningly, the father's will, was acceptable service to the gods; for Filial Piety is the sheet anchor of Japanese character.

Miss Harrison visited the poor girl and found her painfully anxious. Did not the same code that commended the utmost sacrifice in response to a parent's dictum also say that there was no hope of salvation for an unchaste woman? At the request of the sufferer a Buddhist priest had been summoned, but his only message to her anguished soul was, "Don't think!" Not think, and going out into the darkness with this blight upon her soul! Peace seemed to steal into her heart as Miss Harrison talked to her lovingly of One who said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," and "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden!"

Surely He who said, "I will not quench the smoking

flax or break the bruised reed," had some vision of compensation and redemption for a life so utterly misled.

It is well to remember that in the Orient impurity is often the outgrowth of some religious cult,—done as a religious act.

VIII

A CHANGE OF BASE

LEAVING AKITA

WITH our increased force of workers it was thought possible to open a new station. We chose Tsurugaoka (Land of the Stork), a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, eighty miles south of Akita, in the district of Shonai.

We had been four years in Akita. The intense hatred of foreigners had given place to a growing friendliness, it was difficult to respond to the many invitations to visit the Japanese, and they came very freely to our home. Many days it was necessary for one household helper to devote her time to bringing in tea to be poured for guests.

While discussing plans for leaving, a friend, Miss Hatai,—teacher in the Normal School,—asked:

"How will you go to the harbor?"

"Probably by jinrikisha," I replied.

"I should think you might float down in boats on the river of tears," she remarked,—herself somewhat tearful.

This seemed more than just a pretty speech as we stood on the beach, a circle of loving workers, singing and praying together, while the tears would not be kept back. But they were tears of thankfulness and joy, in spite of the pain of parting, for the work had been blessed, and the possibility of spreading out into unoccupied territory thrilled our hearts.

Half-way to the port, Tsuchizaki, we met an old woman who had been a Christian for some time. She was totally blind, and so very poor that she could not afford the fifteen cents that it cost to ride. With a bamboo pole in her hand she groped her way along. She told us that she had been on the way since three o'clock in the morning. Grandmother Kawamura had hated the "Jesus Way," and when a member of her family became a Christian she vigorously opposed him. We were eager to create a better environment for him, and planned little kindly offices, hoping to remove her bitter prejudice. We frequently carried her a pot of baked beans, saying, "We thought you would like to try the foreigners' cold weather food, Grandmother." After a few calls she began to invite us in. Then she came to the Bible classes, and presently asked that one might be held in her house that the neighbor women might hear the new teaching. One glad day she turned to us her sightless and most unsightly eyes,—for they were sadly disfigured,—and said to Mr. Garst:

"I know from what you say that there is a place of light in the presence of the Most High. If there is any way of getting there I would like to go. Winter is coming and I will be cold and hungry, and I'd like to go to the place of Light."

A very material view to take of salvation through Christ, say you? Surely she showed her faith by her earnest spirit, for she breasted the fierce northern winds and snows, and came to the Bible classes in such poor clothes, and, listening,—all untutored as she was,—to the texts, she learned many of them by rote. Her favorite text was, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

A few years ago this old sister sent me her dying message, "Tell Mrs. Garst I am going to the place of Light," she said. Thank God for a Gospel that gives peace and joy to the lowly, and hope and light to the blind. The Carpenter of Nazareth had a message for this poor hapless one even as for the dainty school teacher, and in after years the Member of Parliament.

Farewell, dear Akita, our First Love. My wedding ring is buried on your beach.

The first work the Juniors of our Church did was to build a chapel in Akita in memory of Josephine Smith.

THE TRIP TO TSURUGAOKA

A little river steamer occasionally carried freight between Tsuchizaki and Sakata, a port a few miles from Tsurugaoka. We chartered this boat and so saved the Board about two hundred dollars.

Imagine us, if you can, loaded, "bag and baggage," upon this tiny craft, "forty feet short and twelve feet narrow," as Dickens would have said. The stern was almost level with the water. The proverbial unlucky number was aboard,—Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, Mrs. and Miss DeLany, Mr. and Mrs. Garst, and little Hartzell and Gretchen, and five Japanese. The convert from the Greeks, Mr. Matsuda, accompanied us as language teacher, and his wife came to help me in the work among the women. Our faithful cook, O'Kie san, with her husband and son completed the number. By the way, it was a very radical departure to train a woman for a cook. Almost invariably we found the trained cooks used by foreigners in the south were men. We felt it was genuine mission work to emphasize the fact that women have brains and ability,

and that this part of domestic life is essentially their province. The fine bread, biscuit, and, in fact, everything served on our table, were considered remarkable by Japanese guests when it was known that a woman's genius produced it. Frequently the cook must be called in to tell how the dish that especially appealed was made.

But to proceed on our trip. The Lord takes care of fools and children, they say. Most fortunately for us, there were children in our party! The engineer was steersman as well, and when he was seized with a desire to smoke a pipe or two, we sometimes swung alarmingly near shore. But the sea was as smooth as a millpond, and we were happily landed and our cargo of goods discharged at the desired port. (The little steamer went down on the next trip, and all were lost.) We spent the night in Sakata in a Japanese inn, and the next day accomplished the remainder of the trip to Tsurugaoka.

Tsurugaoka is also a castle town and a very pretty place, with pleasant castle grounds and beautiful views of snow-capped mountains. The town was a stronghold of Buddhism. We found anti-foreign feeling very pronounced and it was several days before we could secure any kind of a house. The people said we spoiled a Japanese house by wearing shoes, and by using heavy furniture and stoves. We, however, promised if anything went wrong because of our peculiar customs, we would "stand good" for all damages. Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass secured a place more easily than we because there were but two in their family. Finally we found a very shabby house, which we soon transformed inside, but the outside was hopeless. The roof was of thatch. The eaves were so low that even when glass was substituted for paper in the sliding walls, the light was very

poor. A large skylight was cut in the roof and the defect was remedied. The kitchen, true to Japanese custom, was in the front of the house, and suited nicely for dining- and living-room. It was a large barnlike apartment, in which the rafters showed black with the creosote of ages. We put in a ceiling of lath and paper. The four paper walls that extended from ceiling to skylight, were beautifully decorated by Matsuda san, who was an artist. Birds, cherry blossoms, wistaria vines, and,—at Mr. Garst's especial request,—two very lifelike monkeys climbing a tree, adorned these spaces. The sunlight streamed upon our dining table from the skylight, and the transformation of the dark old room was complete.

The house was exceedingly musty and had a villainous smell,—a combination of broiled salt fish and sauerkraut; for the Japanese *daikon* pickle smells much like sauerkraut. We fumigated with sulphur and then found it necessary to sleep several nights with the *amado* (raín-doors) out, in order to get our breath.

The pitiless swarms of mosquitoes made it desirable to avoid lighting the lamps, so we sat in the summer twilight and retired early. One midnight I was roused by a strong odor of sulphur. I thought surely the matches on my bedside candle could not smell so strong. While considering the matter my blood was curdled by a piercing shriek from the adjoining bedroom, occupied by my mother and sister. Mr. Garst rushed to their assistance, armed with a towel rack,—the only thing he could lay hands on in the excitement. He afterward said that had he been obliged to stab Mr. Burglar with that weapon, it would have made a terrible hole! The fellow had made his escape, however, bearing with him two valuable travelling bags with their contents. These

bags were found the next morning in a neighbor's yard. They had been gashed open with a rough tool, as the thief had not understood the combination of the foreign lock. Of course they were empty. The chief detective of the Ken (prefecture) came to ferret out the matter and restore, if possible, the lost treasure. He was exceedingly polite, but mildly suggested that we sleep with the *amado* closed at night, as they could hardly consider themselves responsible again for losses incurred as the result of such recklessness.

The thief was discovered in a few days, playing cards in a low resort. He was bedecked with some of the belongings of "the foreigners," and was perfectly self-possessed. He said that he had watched from a neighboring cornfield for several nights, and he noted the fact that my mother went regularly, before retiring, to a cupboard in the wall, where she stooped low and performed some task. She was winding her watch. He made up his mind that there were valuables there. But he thought, too, that there must surely be some "infernal machine" in the house or we would not dare to sleep with everything open. So when he entered the house, at every step he said to himself "*Ima! Ima!*" (Now! Now!); thinking the death-trap would spring!

The stolen property was all restored except a college club pin or two and a little loose change.

A WELCOME VISITOR

The problem of renting a house suitable for services was a difficult one, and we did what was much better,—secured a ninety-nine year lease of a lot in a good location, and erected a neat chapel costing three hundred dollars. Here Matsuda san and his wife lived. We

planned an energetic succession of meetings. On a hot day in July I returned from a meeting for women and children to find a jinrikisha at our gate; and the two runners showed, by their vigorous mopping of face and form with the ever-present *tenugui* (towel) of the Japanese riki man, that they had been running fast and hard. Within the house I discerned, through the parted lattice, the form of a foreign man. Isolated as we had been for so long a time, the sight made me hurry into the house, where I came face to face with Dr. Macklin of Nanking, China. It was two and a half years since he had left us in Akita.

We were immediately concerned for the comfort of our guest, who was in poor health from malaria. Our house was intolerably stuffy in the close, moist summer air, the old mats on the floors abounded in fleas which were excellent examples of perpetual motion, flies swarmed about us, and last, but by no means least, there were mosquitoes by the million! Because of the heat, our meetings were very small and we concluded a short stay at the seashore, a few miles distant, would rejuvenate us, and also give an opportunity to evangelize where people had never had a chance to hear the Gospel. Mr. Garst found a little hamlet, Yu-no-hama (Hot Spring Beach), which was backed by hills that seemed to balk the mosquitoes, and fronted on the Sea of Japan. Here he secured rooms in an inn at seven cents a day apiece, and we carried our own provisions and some home comforts, including mosquito nets and flea bags. The latter were large sheets sewed into bags, with seams well felled. Into these we crawled at night, drew up the draw-string around the top,—having liberally sprinkled insect powder about head and shoulders,—and so we rested well. We had had but one outing in

five years, and as we climbed the ascent from which we were to descend to the beach, the prospect of a week's merrymaking and the pleasure Dr. Macklin brought us, combined to lift our spirits; and as we caught sight of the sea, and sniffed the exhilarating breeze, the tonic began to do its work. As we neared the inn, successive flights of stone steps made the jinrikishas impractical. I must have walked rather heedlessly in my joy, for I turned an ankle cruelly. Dr. Macklin forbade my putting the injured member to the ground. Coolies were called and I was carried to the inn, and so began my vacation. Letter writing and reading were my portion while the others bathed and swam and walked. My sister helped to make the Doctor's stay a success. It was very natural that a beautiful romance should have worked itself out in that quiet corner of north Japan, and that my sister's whole view of the life that is worth while should have changed. Years after I found among her papers the following poem by Annie E. Lyddon. I think it was the language of her heart that summer of 1888.

"AWAKENING

"From days of pleasure and gilded ease,
She turned away with a noble scorn;
For what is the flickering candle light,
To one who can see the rose of dawn!

"She set her heart with a high intent,
To search and to find life's hidden gold;
Treasures of wisdom and faith and love,
Which the soul of man may have and hold.

"'I would reap,' she said, 'in the fields of time,
A harvest that shall not fade or die!
I would spend my all in this heavenly quest,
And win new spoils for my Lord on high!

"'For life is brief, and the flying years
Pass away as a tale that is told;
And those who labor for earthly dross,
Must lose forever the heavenly gold!'"

Like most such resorts in Japan, Yu-no-hama was a moral cesspool. At all hours of the day and night men and women could be seen bathing promiscuously, and far into the night they passed to and fro along the narrow village street, almost unclothed; while the air was filled with the noise of coarse laughter and ribald jest. We held a few meetings and taught a number of gospel songs. Women came from immoral houses to O'Ino san, begging piteously that she intercede on their behalf to help them out of their life of shame and misery. Perhaps it was because of similar work in some quiet nook of the Sunrise Kingdom that Mr. Hagin experienced the following, which he related some years later in the "Intelligencer":

"A man was industriously passing from shrine to shrine, with bared head. By clapping of hands he aroused many a god and offered up most devout worship. Suddenly from a group of little girls at play in the temple's groves, a little child's voice sang out 'Bringing in the Sheaves.' These notes came chiming out at the same time the man was clapping his hands to gods which hear not and see not. This place was so far removed and has so rarely been visited by messengers of salvation, that the song, which somehow had found lodgment in the heart of the child, aroused within me the most pleasing sensation of victory. The walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the trumpets, and the spoil became the Lord's. So a little girl, singing the songs of Zion under the very shadow of a mighty temple, means that some day that temple shall fall and that the souls who worshipped there will say, 'Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob.'"

A FIRE

After ten days of relaxation we went back to Tsurugaoka heartened for our task, and Dr. Macklin returned to Nanking.

As the cooler weather came on, the meetings were well attended. The conversion of a second-hand dealer made some stir in the town. Hoshina san had been drunken and cruel to his wife and daughter and the neighbors knew well of his unkind treatment of them. He became sober and kindly and it was agreed that a religion that could so transform a life was worth while looking into. The wife and daughter also became Christians. Another man with wife and daughter joined the circle, and the daughter afterward studied nursing in Tokyo and became chief assistant to one of Japan's famous surgeons. The sick in the hospital asked particularly that if possible she might be their nurse, for she was *"different."*

It was impossible to live through the winter in the cold climate without stoves. In fear and trembling Mr. Garst planned the putting of stone chimneys through the thatched roof. He was too busy to give personal attention to the execution of his directions, and the workmanship was very defective, as we found to our discomfort and great loss.

In December, Dr. Macklin came again,—this time to claim his promised bride. While he was with us we welcomed an important addition to the mission in the person of tiny little Grace Snodgrass, the first foreign baby to arrive in this, "the Land of the Stork!"

Two days after Christmas, on a bitter cold morning, as we rose from breakfast we discovered that a square foot of our flimsy paper ceiling was on fire.

The cry "*Kwaji!*" "*Kwaji!*" (fire! fire!) rang out, and immediately all was commotion.

"To the skylight," shouted some one, seizing the axe and mounting the steep roof. A few vigorous blows smashed glass and framework, and opened the way for a few pails of water which it was thought would put an end to the trouble. On the contrary, the moment the air struck the smouldering mass of thatch it burst into flame with almost explosive force.

"Let's get out," shouted Dr. Macklin.

It was the first morning I had been to breakfast for seven weeks, for I had been very ill. I grabbed some silver in my dress skirt, tucked my bedroom slippers in my pocket and pulled on my shoes. O'Mio san had Hartzell on her back and Gretchen in her arms, for they were both too softly shod to go out in the snow, and together we rushed for the street. In less time than it takes me to tell this not a room in the house was safe, for the frail domicile, with its paper walls and ceilings and thatched roof, was a veritable tinder-box. At the gate we met a lordly-looking official in high-collared ulster and derby. Rest assured he had never carried a burden for a woman. I thrust Gretchen into his arms and implored him in my floweriest Japanese, to carry her to the next house. Strange to say, he acquiesced, though none too graciously. These neighbors had never deigned recognition, being of "the straitest sect" of the Buddhists. They eagerly opened their doors to us, however, and shivering, we crouched over the brazier, trying to warm our hands while our teeth chattered, and we watched the smoke pouring from the roof of our little home as though from the funnel of an ocean steamer.

"Will they save my horse?" asked Hartzell with trembling lips. The wooden horse was a Christmas gift

from a Japanese friend. It was burned, but the friend very kindly gave the little lad another and larger one.

Mother and sister fled to the little cottage home of Mr. Snodgrass, several blocks away. In accordance with Japanese custom after a fire, presents immediately began to pour in. I recall a chicken, a bundle of ten saucers, a bolt of dress goods, and sundry other things, but strangely enough, two bottles of beer. Mr. Garst, of course, declined the latter with profuse apologies, delivering a temperance lecture on the spot to the text, "We would consider the beer a greater calamity than the fire!"

But our books, wedding presents, all the home-like things that could not be replaced in Japan, were gone! The last vestige of Mr. Garst's Army career,—full dress uniform, sword, helmet, and West Point diploma,—all went up in smoke. Beautiful silk quilts that had been sent by my mother as presents from churches,—one of them from Des Moines Central,—went with the rest. Fortunately two handsome flags had not been returned from the chapel where they had been used in Christmas decorations, and so were saved. One was an immense American flag sent us by the Church at Dayton, Ohio, and the other a Japanese flag which we had made to match it in size. We received many beautiful presents when we left Akita. Of trays alone there were twenty-five,—two of them very large and of elegant lacquer,—presents from Bible classes. Our English and Japanese Bibles,—made especially dear because of our use of them in the work in Akita,—we could hardly feel reconciled to lose. O'Ino san's farewell gift was a tiny lace pin made of exquisitely delicate silver wire, curiously twisted. She said it was made from one of her wedding hairpins.

"I had nothing rich or beautiful to give you, but you and *Danna* (the master of the house) saved our baby boy by the milk you sent us every day and every day *(mainichi, mainichi)*, for so long, and we want to give this as a token,—just a very little sign,—of our deep gratitude," and the tears were falling before she reached the end of the tender speech.

But we were deeply sensible of wonderful blessings. The evening before the Christians had come to our home for prayer-meeting, for because of illness I could not go to the chapel. It was a cold, stormy night, and the fire had been roaring hot. Why did not the blaze smoulder after we had retired and break out in the middle of the night? The *amado* were frozen in, and only here and there an exit, and inevitably there would have been loss of life. And so, when mother almost fell into Mr. Garst's arms sobbing, he said, so brightly, "Why cry for the chaff, mother, when the wheat is all saved!"

Kentucky hospitality was freely urged upon us by Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, but their home was very small, and so the neat little chapel next door was arranged, by means of screens, to accommodate us till a house could be rented.

Mrs. Moore of Sendai, (Dutch Reformed Mission), hurried a box of toys and good things across the mountains that Hartzell and Gretchen might be comforted for the loss of Christmas treasures.

Large advertising pictures that were sent us from Chicago by Miss Jessie Trunkey,—now Mrs. Edwin Layton, who has served in our missions in both Africa and China,—were almost our only pictures for several years.

True to our promise to reimburse our landlord for loss that might come to him because of our peculiar

customs, we paid him for the burned house, the enormous sum of ninety dollars, as much, probably, as the poor old shack was worth.

AN UNUSUAL WEDDING

The next thing of absorbing interest was the departure for Tokyo of the wedding party. The marriage of Dr. Macklin and Miss DeLany was an international affair,—the bride-elect being an American and the groom a Canadian and so under the British flag. Mr. Garst and the dear mother were to accompany the young people, and as we were now homeless, and I not at all well, it was thought that wisdom pointed to a winter in Yokohama. On mature deliberation, however, we decided we would not give the Buddhists a chance to exult. They were already saying that the fire was a judgment of the gods, and they would have been hilarious had the judgment apparently gone so far as to drive us out of town. So Hartzell, Gretchen, and I watched the sleds swing out of town, and tried to make ourselves believe we did not want to take the long trip over the snow-covered mountains. When Mr. Garst returned with mother, we settled under another thatched roof and the winter passed without particular incident in daily plodding, work, study, meetings, social gatherings, and quiet home life.

My health continued to be very poor and in the spring, in response to the advice of Dr. Scudder, we went to him for treatment, in Niigata, a port south of us. The grandfather of young Dr. Scudder, while practising medicine in New York in 1819, idly scanned the pages of a tract on Medical Missions, as he awaited the arrival of a patient. Deeply impressed with the calls to foreign work, he

consulted with his wife and they were soon on their way to Ceylon, and later became missionaries in India. Mrs. Scudder gave thirty years of service to India, and her husband thirty-six years. Seven sons and two daughters were given them, and from this progeny thirty descendants have given their lives to mission work in India, aggregating five hundred and twenty-nine years of service. Henry Martyn Scudder and his wife, unable longer to endure the climate of India, were, with their children,—Dr. Doremus and Miss Katie,—in Japan. It was a rare privilege to be associated with this consecrated household. The elder doctor was deeply impressed with the peculiar strain of mission work in Japan. One thing that he particularly emphasized, contrasting it with conditions in India, was the etiquette of calling. In India, the caller expects to be notified when time comes to leave, and awaits the pleasure of his host. In Japan, though the skies were falling, one must waive everything, and, with sermon-making, letter-writing, language-study, and what-not pressing, must be all politeness to his guest for any length of time, at any hour of the day or night. This alone, Dr. Scudder considered a very weighty reason in favor of nervous breakdowns in Japan.

The elder Mrs. Scudder never needed a hymnbook, she had compiled one and seemed to know all the hymns by heart. With folded hands and closed eyes, she joined in the worshipful singing; and her saintly face was a beautiful study in faith and peace. We never wearied of hearing her tell of the months of ocean travel that were necessary when they first went to India. "The only light in the cabin was from a window about a foot square in the deck floor above, and as my husband paced back and forth his feet frequently covered it, and

the gloom below was more dense than ever," she said. On one of their voyages, fire broke out, and they were saved only by the perfect discipline of English soldiers aboard. These men, in double columns, facing each other, passed full buckets of water up and empty ones down without showing a tremor. The most potent force in saving the ship, however, was the courage of one man, who knew where gunpowder was stored. He had to go through the fire to reach it, and was pitifully burned; but succeeded in throwing the explosive into the sea. She told of the splendid deportment of their children when they roused them from sleep and told them that they must dress and prepare to take to the lifeboats. Our stay in Niigata was most helpful and we returned to Tsurugaoka with renewed energy and determination for the work.

In the fall of 1889, my mother left for Nanking in the care of Mr. Garst for the jinrikisha part of the trip. Sendai was our nearest railroad point. Mother was thrown violently from her jinrikisha, and her arm severely injured. Though Mr. Garst's passport did not allow him to go further than within several hours' ride of Sendai, he resolved to defy the authorities and continue with mother till he could hand her over safely to friends in Sendai. It was a great proof of Japanese regard for elderly people that,—upon a courteous setting forth of the circumstances by Mr. Garst,—he was allowed to proceed without interference. The authorities would not permit him to sleep in Sendai, however, and he was obliged to return at once, in the night, to the limit recognized by his passport.

THE STORY OF NAOE SAN

Another change came in the fall of 1889, when Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass left for work in Tokyo, and Miss Johnson came to Tsurugaoka from Akita.

The winter of '89 and '90 noted fair progress. The *Fujin Kwai* (Women's Club) invited us to their meetings, and gladly welcomed talks on hygiene, care of children, cooking, and all domestic matters. This increased our acquaintance. It also indicated a happy advance, for the women were all but one non-Christian. Prejudice was surely lessening.

We had three Sunday schools in different parts of the town. One of these we held in the back-room of a wayside shop. Everybody sat on his heels on the mats in Japanese fashion. The room was always so crowded that there was barely standing room for the teachers. Many an older sister must bring baby on her back or stay at home. When baby grew restless, sister stood in the midst and swayed gently from side to side, making a sort of cradle of herself to quiet the little one. Several of the young nursemaids might be doing this at one time, but we went calmly on, singing and teaching.

One cold winter day there came into this school a wretched little waif. She was ragged and dirty. Her hair certainly had been strange to a comb for months. Vermin crept in the tangled mass of filth. I asked her where she lived and she drew back in terror. Even the Japanese could not approach her. She seemed like a little wild creature. We paid no more attention to her, for we were afraid that we might frighten her away.

Miss Johnson looked up the case immediately after adjournment of the school. She found that the child's

mother had died six years before when Naoe was but two years old. The father, crippled and delicate, eked out an existence for the two by beating up old matted cotton. In the loft-like room that made their poor "home" could be heard the "twang, twang" of his cotton flail, and he managed to get together probably fifty or sixty cents a month. He consented to Miss Johnson's taking the little daughter to her home. No barber would touch the filthy mat of hair, so Miss Johnson, with one of the girls that she had been training, took the child into the backyard, cut off the vermin-filled mop, and wrapping her in a blanket, carried her,—kicking and screaming every step of the way,—to the bath. She declared that she had not been in a bath for six years, and she knew they were going to kill her!

Miss Johnson had a weary struggle with the naughty little thing. She stole and lied and was generally demoralized. In despair Miss Johnson was tempted to give up the fight, fearing that Naoe's influence would be harmful to other children in her home. Mr. Garst encouraged her, urging that the child needed the care more than any of the others.

A society of ladies in Philadelphia had written, asking Miss Johnson to take a child into her home and rear her for a worker, and saying that they would pay the bill. Miss Johnson wrote them of this wayward, needy one, and intimated that they would probably not care to put their money into so unpromising a proposition, but they answered "Go ahead and do what you can for her." So, to make a long story short, prayer, loving help from the other girls of the household, and many other elements contributing,—Miss Johnson's unremitting discipline being the chief human factor, however,—combined to transform this all but demoniacal

little creature. She grew into capable, reliable womanhood, and was a trusted helper in Miss Johnson's home and work.

When planning for her furlough to America several years ago, Miss Johnson said to Naoe:

"What will you do while I am away?"

"If I could just have a tiny shop by the roadside, I could bake bread and make jellies and jams as you have taught me to do, and sell these things, and support my father and myself," was the answer.

So the little shop was fitted out, and Miss Johnson left for Yokohama. While awaiting her steamer there, she received a letter from Naoe, enclosing a money-order for two yen,—one dollar American money,—and saying that, as Ivory soap had been forgotten when they were fitting up the little shop, would Miss Johnson kindly send her two yens' worth, for she "could not live without Ivory soap!" The soap was sent.

While "resting" in the homeland, Miss Johnson told here and there the story of her work. In Carthage, Ohio, she related the history of the transformed life of Naoe, and she noticed unusual interest in the audience. After dismissal the minister, who had known Miss Johnson from childhood, said, "Well, Katie, you were pretty cute to bring your story of the Ivory soap here."

"Why, I did not mean to be 'cute,'" replied Miss Johnson. "I was just telling you an incident of my work."

"Well," said the minister, "my deacons and elders are manufacturers of the Ivory soap, and they think the best story they ever heard from the foreign field is of a little unwashed 'heathen' who hadn't had a bath for six years, and who, when she had received Christian

training for a few years, could not live without their soap."

The next day a draft for ten dollars came from one of these men with the request that it be sent to the young woman in Japan who thought so much of their soap and who was trying so bravely to support her father.

Now, ten dollars gold,—twenty yen,—was a considerable sum for a poor Japanese girl. It had not been Miss Johnson's custom to give much money to the girls, but rather to provide for their needs herself. But remembering the stress under which Naoe was laboring. in the new enterprise, she decided to send it all at once. As soon as possible the answer came; Naoe thanked her dear "*Sensei*" (teacher), and through her the kind benefactor, and she said that the money came on the very day that her father died, and she had not known what to do to meet the expenses of his funeral.

Naoe is married and the mother of five children. She has helped her husband to pay for their little home in Sapporo, capital city of the northern island of Yezo. Miss Johnson has visited her there. She has kept her children in school and Sunday school. In the spring of 1911 she left the four older children with their father and an "Auntie" and brought the baby the long journey of about seven hundred miles to Tokyo to visit Miss Johnson and thank her for her kindness.

IX

CONFLICT OF TRUTH WITH ERROR

IDOLATRY

THE old castle enclosure which was just across the road from our home in Tsurugaoka, made a delightful playground for our little ones. One day when O'Yoshi, one of our household helpers, was with them there under the great trees, she excused herself and stepped to the shrine of Inari,—god of Rice,—whose servants are the foxes. She pulled the bell by means of the straw rope, clapped her hands, and bowed in prayer. It was the first time that Hartzell had seen a member of our family worship an idol. When Yoshi had finished he danced around in high glee and shouted, "*Sha! sha! Mata yatte mire! Mata yatte mire!*" (Hear! hear! Try it again! Try it again!)

In answer to Yoshi's expression of surprise he said, "Your gods have ears, but they cannot hear. They have eyes, but they cannot see. I would not worship such a thing for a god!" O'Yoshi came home very thoughtful. She said she could never worship there again. She soon became a Christian. Mr. Hagin wrote, in 1903, "The path to this fox-god shrine is still well worn. The fox-god still holds thousands in terror. But the little child has given him a mortal thrust, and some day he will topple and fall."

On the occasion of special feasts we could hear the

bell at Inari from three in the morning till midnight. We noted the beautiful apparel of many women who came to worship, and were told that they were women of doubtful character, who came there to ask of the fox-god cunning to help them ply their trade.

On visiting Tsurugaoka in after years, Mr. Hagin wrote again:

"On the Lord's Day a longing possessed me to find a retreat alone with God, away from the idolatry and heat of the city. Two miles away Mount Kimbu lifted its beautiful head of green, and methought, there is a retreat and thither I will flee. I was soon walking up its sides in shade never dispelled by the sun. But flee from idolatry in Japan? Impossible! I had struck into the very heart of one of the resorts of Baal. On either side of my path were idols, graves, and temples. A temple crowned the summit. I walked up stone pavements laid by priests, and I drank from God's clear, cold streams that they had consecrated to heathen rites. For a moment discouragement and dismay seized me. I thought, Oh, will the gospel ever pierce such strongholds? Then it came to me, these are but proofs that the Japanese are religious. They know no better. These are the evidences that their hearts are reaching out after God. When we bring them the true they will throw away the false. They will some day bow in loving adoration to the living Christ, as they now bow in superstition and fear to their gods, cold and heartless. Because, in blindness, they have placed their idols and temples in the most commanding and beautiful sites, are they subject to a greater condemnation than those who know the Great Commission, yet neglect to spread its blessings and herald its glad tidings?"

Mr. Garst once climbed the sacred "Moon" mountain near Tsurugaoka. Nearing the summit, where he and his Christians spent the night in order that they might see the glorious sunrise, he looked away across the Sea of Japan as the sun sank from sight. All were spellbound at the sight. Another company, non-Christian, were likewise moved by the beauty of the scene, but to them there was no thought of a Creator. One of them drew from his belt a brush and an ink-horn, wrote on a narrow wooden tablet, in Chinese characters,

"To the god of the western view," and placed the tablet firmly in the earth. Succeeding idolaters ascending the mountain would stop and worship at the hastily improvised shrine. A god was practically coined on the spot.

Riding through the streets of Tokyo one day a few years later, my jinrikisha man stopped with a jerk and called my attention to a tree from which the bark had been stripped by lightning.

"See where the Thunder-god clawed down the other night!" he exclaimed in wide-eyed horror.

Again, one will see the village streets fill in the early morning as people come out to worship the sun.

After all is it so surprising that human beings who have not a divine revelation should stand in awe of the terrifying manifestations of Nature? Little Japan, swept by typhoons, rocked by earthquakes, deluged by tidal waves! it is hardly strange that her poor people seek to win by offerings and prayers the favor of what appeals to them as superhuman.

A LETTER

The winter of 1889 was darkened in north Japan by a partial famine due to a failure of the rice crop. From one hundred homes in Tsurugaoka there was no "flow of white water," which meant there was no rice washed in these homes. The substitute food was roots, herbs, and *tofu kasu,* the refuse of the bean curd, and wholly devoid of nourishment. The *tofu kasu* was an intestinal irritant, and dysentery and kindred maladies were prevalent. There was scarcely a time during these years that a physician, if asked what diseases were about, would not say, among others, "typhus." Little

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wonder at this, for the people were so crowded that they emerged from the close-shut houses pallid and thin when spring opened. We often said we would rather not take outdoor exercise than be obliged to meet so many people who bore the marks of great physical suffering and deprivation.

Mr. Garst wrote to a Christian Endeavor Society in Chicago:

"While you are all interested in Japan, we are interested in Chicago. . . . There are about twenty-five in the Church here. There is a great deal of work in taking a man from the service of a dumb idol and getting him to look up and say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' The Japanese are changing rapidly.

"I have seen big idols of straw, twenty feet high, with great wooden swords, the fingers being made of twisted rope. These idols are supposed to keep off disease.

"Our first effort is to teach something about God, then Christ and the Bible. Or, if one believes the existence of God, we teach him that the Bible is God's revelation. Each person is handled according to the light he has. We must, very rapidly, in any line of reasoning, get to the Bible and Christ. There we are safe. We make no attempt to defend sectarianism, the opium traffic, the African liquor trade and such things,—nor Roman Catholicism.

"At times we have four or five hundred out to meetings in the theatre buildings, the only places we can rent in the big towns. Ordinarily the Japanese do not go to meeting regularly till they are about ready to become Christians.

"The Japanese are peculiar in their dress, houses, and food. The laborers wear almost no clothes when at work. There is no special fit to their clothes, they are long and loose, and fastened with a long sash at the waist. Houses are made with no walls, but have two sets of slides, the outer ones partly covered with paper, the inner ones wholly so. The houses are cold and draughty. For instance, to-night it is very cold and windy. My little boy, five and a half years old, says he is afraid the house will blow down. I told him the house was all right. Besides, he had prayed to Jesus to 'Keep me safe till morning light.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'and I will ask Jesus to spank the wind!'

"The Japanese live on rice and radishes mostly. Their food is very poor, which is one reason the people are so small and weak. There is very little play for the children and very little society for the grown people. The happy homes, with father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and the happiness that comes from the Bible, are little seen here. Children are very often given

away to other people to rear. The mother doesn't count for much. The duties of women are,—obedience to parents, to the husband, and, after the death of the husband, to the son. Woman is supposed to be 'seen and not heard,' to work and not play, to obey and not murmur. Still, the Japanese women are the freest of any women in the East. Children here are allowed to do about as they please, and become very wilful. The Japanese are a mild and polite people. We live right with them. We have no foreign neighbors nearer than one hundred miles! We will probably see none but Japanese for the next six or eight months.

"A missionary's life is very happy,—not for the fun there is in it, but because the aim is right,—to do good, to do one's duty to his Saviour and to God. What one *does* makes up his *life*. He who spends his life trifling is only a trifler.

"I hope your society may take a good look at a map and consider the hundreds of millions with no gospel, and the hundreds of thousands with one, and the command to 'go into all the world and preach the gospel.' Then consider the fewness of the workers sent out, though the whole world is open for the reception of the truth. An unfaithful Church is the cause of heathenism to-day. I am thankful there is an indication of a change in this respect.

"May your noble band work till they bring every thought into captivity to Christ."

HONORED GUESTS

In the spring of 1890, Mr. Garst attended the great Missionary Conference of China's workers, held in Shanghai. During his absence Mrs. Smith came to us from Akita with her sick baby, little Uriel, who was suffering, apparently dying, from malnutrition. The weary journey of one hundred miles in a jinrikisha brought abundant compensation, for the change and the excellent milk that we had,—thanks to Mr. Garst's practical turn and energy,—wrought wonders, and the invalid was taken back home in fair condition.

E. T. Williams and family, of Nanking, spent some weeks with us during the summer. Mr. Williams had been a member of our Foreign Board, and entered heartily into the discussion of a change in our mission

policy. For years Mr. Garst had urged opening a work in Tokyo, the centre of political, social, and literary influence in the Empire. When in America, five thousand miles away, Mr. Williams had not favored this plan of work, but personal observation of conditions soon impressed him with its saneness. In the fall, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Misses Johnson and Harrison moved to Tokyo.

The serious ill-health of Mrs. Williams,—*née* Carrie Loos, daughter of the late Charles Louis Loos, of Lexington, Kentucky,—was the cause of their brief sojourn in Japan. It was a joy, indeed, to have these two splendid people and their bright boys, Edward and Loos, with us at "Hot Spring Beach." Mrs. Williams was a mine of good-fellowship and her jolly stories and enthusiastic response to every phase of our camp life, whenever she was at all free from pain, made her the very centre of interest in our little circle. Hartzell and Gretchen had never enjoyed the companionship of foreign playmates, and Edward and Loos had been shut behind high walls in Nanking, so the freedom of a seashore retreat, despite the drawbacks that are unavoidable in a Japanese resort, was a delight to them. What with frolics in the sea and on the sandy beach, and wonderful expeditions among the rocks, the days were one long picnic. But most charming of all were the evenings on the beach when we sang hymns and college songs, and the four children paraded about with lighted Japanese lanterns. Mother was there, too, with Mrs. Macklin, who had left us a year and a half before, and wee baby Theodore, chubby and jolly. Dr. Macklin remained in Nanking till the close of the summer, when he came for his family. Though Mrs. Williams was strengthened by the change, the disease that was sapping her life was not

controlled, and a year later she went to America for an operation. Every night on ship and train on the long homeward journey,—made more trying because she suffered constantly,—she sang "Lead, Kindly Light." In Cincinnati, the night before her operation, she wrote the beautiful letter that endeared her anew to her host of friends:

"To My Dear Little Edward and Loos:

"My Darling Boys: As I expect to-morrow to go through an operation that may possibly terminate fatally, I feel that I must leave you a message of loving counsel.

"Oh, my dear, dear children, how I love you, and how my heart goes out to you, being left motherless so young. But my loving heavenly Father is your Father, too, and He has never left me nor forsaken me all my lifetime, and I have perfect faith that He will watch over you, too, and guide you all your life long. I have prayed most earnestly that it should be so, and I know it will be.

"Your dear Papa loves you more than you can know. He is not only very good, but very wise, so you must tell him everything,—all your little sorrows, and your great ones,—and if he has to go away and leave you, be sure to write to him every week, as soon as you learn to write, and before that get some one else to write for you. Your Aunt, Lou Campbell, will probably be your mother after I am gone, and she and Uncle John love you very much, and you will love them, I know, and obey them in everything, and try to please them; for it is very kind of them to take care of you, and I know that God will bless them for it. God has given you such good grandmas and grandpas, and uncles and aunts, and they all love you, and I hope you will always listen to their advice and be kind and respectful to them. But remember that, after all, your heavenly Father is your best friend, and so is the dear Jesus, whom I have taught you to love. Oh, my dear children, I want you to learn to love Jesus more and more every day and to try to be like Him, and then you will grow up to be good men and useful to the world, and when you die you will come to meet and see Mamma again in heaven, and then we will never be parted any more.

"I have prayed to God too, that you, my two dear little boys, will love one another, and be kind to one another and help each other. If you hurt each other, even accidentally, be sure to ask each other's forgiveness. Never forget to pray morning or night; tell Jesus everything, and He will be with you, and comfort you; and when you can, I want you to read your Bible every day. As you grow older I hope you will be a great help

and Greek Churches, are no longer in the rising, but have become bread, and cannot, we believe, be transformed here.

"Since the customs of all countries differ, different religious shades are inevitable. In Christianity there is the German type, the American, the English, and the French style. Are they not all different? In the evangelization of our country, we earnestly hope that different styles and sectarian seeds may not be mixed with the leaven of Christianity.

"Though leaven has the power of raising bread, yet after it is baked the *leaven cannot raise other flour.* We do not want the bread in which the raising power of the yeast is spent. We want the *yeast itself.*

"What is to make of our country an Oriental Christian Empire, and display therein the glory of the Lord, is not Methodism, nor Episcopalianism; nor is it the German style, nor the American style of Christianity. After the yeast of Christianity has leavened the Orientals and they become one kind of bread, it may, possibly, be inferior to the Caucasian product, and for aught we know, its flavor may be below it. Still we have one request to make of foreign missionaries and native evangelists, —let the spreading of different national styles and sectarianism be stopped, and care be taken to disseminate the pure Gospel.

"Every one may think the religion in which he was born the best, but people not born in the fold, nor dyed in sectarianism, such as our native evangelists, can easily discriminate between the good and the bad, and for them to exercise care to have a pure Gospel from the Living Oracles, ought, we believe. to be very easy."

SOMETHING ABOUT BUDDHISM

The native faiths were particularly alert during the prevalence of the anti-foreign wave of sentiment. In 1889 more than a ripple of enthusiasm was stirred in Buddhist circles by the appearance of Colonel Olcott's star on the horizon. Referring to this "Apostle of Buddhism," the late Dr. Knox wrote in the "Missionary Review of the World," June, 1889:

"The Buddhists are credited with following Christian example in all their propaganda. They have tried lectures, girls' schools, newspapers, young men's associations, etc., all without success. Copies are seldom of great worth. Now they have gone a step further and have imported a missionary from America, Colonel Olcott. He is the man to whom Madame Blavatsky referred

in the letters printed several years since, first in India. His connection with that acute adventuress does not seem to have quenched his love for the occult. We shall see what becomes of his mission in Japan. He was welcomed to-day, March 1st, in Yokohama by a throng of priests. If he can improve these men in wit or morals his mission will not have been in vain. He has ample field for missionary work."

With regard to the same matter Mr. Garst wrote to the "Christian Commonwealth," published in London, England, by W. T. Moore.

"THE BUDDHIST CRAZE

"To the Editor:

"Sir: In your issue of September 1st there was a very discriminating article on the Buddhist craze and your remarks on Japan were also very much to the point.

"Having had over six years' experience in Japan I would like to add a few remarks to yours on the same subject. There was an interesting article in a Japanese paper called the 'Christian' on the arrival of Colonel Olcott. The priests came in flocks to meet him at the station and hailed him as a great deliverer, upon which fact the 'Christian' congratulates them on having received a saviour at last. Buddhism, having ruled in Japan for a thousand years, had produced no Saviour, but here comes the only foreign believer, who is the Great Buddha himself.

"Buddhism is dead in Japan, and the priests are in despair, which is the reason they grasp at a single straw like the Colonel. Here where we are located, far in the interior, through which part of the country foreigners seldom pass, the people have practically deserted the faith of their fathers; in hundreds of villages where a Christian sermon has never been heard, the priests go about preaching on such such texts as 'We will destroy Jesus.' They are afraid the people will become Christians without hearing the doctrine!

"There are in the city about twenty Christians. After consulting together, it was thought best to start a 'ragged school.' The priests heard of it, and it created great excitement in their ranks. Though there are 20,000 nominal Buddhists here, and hundreds of priests, they were frightened into a union (a big scare!) of all the sects, to found a like school. The priests are trying to do a little because the Christian leaven acts on them as an irritant. They do not love the people, but they hate Christianity.

"Most of the priests were put into the temples when mere lads, and were mostly waifs and 'strays' whose care, being a perplexing problem, was solved by the temples. They learn by rote. It is mere ritual. . . . The priests are notoriously

bad. The statistical tables show the priests to be the most numerous sufferers from syphilis, so I was informed only a few days since by a Japanese.

"To use a 'Commonwealth' generalization, the Japanese people know nothing about the facts of Buddhism, care nothing for its commands, and rejoice not in its promises. If those three items were eliminated from Christianity would not the infidels say we could have the rest and welcome?

"The Colonel when here gave us no glimpse of the wonderful Indian philosophy about which we hear, but the real thing is never put into our ears nor before our eyes. His principal stock of eloquence was abuse of Christianity.

"I can confidently inform your readers that they need not be uneasy about Japan. All she needs is the missionary, and she will be won for Christ. It rejoices our hearts to know the 'Commonwealth' is working for the Gospel in all lands.

"Yours for the 'faith once for all delivered to the saints,'

"CHARLES E. GARST.

"*Tsurugaoka, Japan, November 7th,* 1889."

BUDDHIST PRIESTS

The following letter, too, was written by Mr. Garst about this time:

"Lately two interesting characters have been brought to the Saviour in Tsurugaoka. One of them is a man of forty-two years of age who was for many years a Buddhist priest, though of late years he has been teaching school. The other is a young man of eighteen who has been a student priest for the past three years, during which time he has frequently appeared in the rôle of a critic of Christianity. He appears a young man of extraordinary ability and a good public speaker.

"The conversion of these two, it appears, has created quite a consternation among the Buddhists. Among them there are eight sects. In view of the common danger,—extermination,—with which they are threatened, they desire to put a stop to the progress of Christianity, to do which it is necessary for them to show a united front. The program is not very perfect yet, but it is rumored that they are to unite in building a large Buddhist school, and a delegation of priests is to wait on the converted priest and ask him to return to his allegiance; offering him at the same time a chair in the new school at a comfortable salary. A united Buddhism can do considerable. *What could not a united Christianity do?*"

Many guests sat at our table in Akita and Tsurugaoka who had never handled knife or fork or spoon, and

knew absolutely nothing of table etiquette. A Buddhist priest, upon Mr. Garst's urgent invitation, remained to supper one evening. I thought he would decline meat, for it is tabooed by orthodox Buddhists. However, he seemed anxious to sample the *seiyo ryori* (Western cookery), and laid aside all prejudice for the moment. He ate heartily of meat, though I had hastily stirred up an omelet that he might have a substitute, and he sipped his tea with a resounding suction that betokened regard for good Japanese form. Hartzell found it hard to keep his face straight, and when the priest deliberately buttered a half-slice of bread and doubling it over placed all in his mouth at once, the little fellow clapped his napkin over his mouth and disappeared under the table, working his way out of the room under cover of the maid. Finally the priest asked if he might have some *saké* (rice brandy), as he feared he could not get through the meal without it. He was surprised to hear that we did not use liquor and that there was none in the house. He then requested the privilege of smoking, which,—because of his "hardness of heart,"—we allowed, much to our own discomfort. Curious to know what he would say, I asked him if he was married, and he replied in a perfectly straightforward manner, free from embarrassment, that he was not, but that he had three concubines! He seemed highly pleased with his entertainment, ate as though half-starved, and thanked us profusely before leaving, saying "the worms in my belly will be astonished at the honorable feast of Western cooking."

This priest could truly be said to be "representative," though I am glad to say there are rare exceptions,—a few being earnest and worthy men, who are eager for

the reform of their faith and the elevation of their people.

A LONELY WINTER'S WORK

During this stress time of pronounced opposition from the Japanese, Mr. Garst had the additional trial of being without my coöperation in the work, for I was physically "out of commission" during the winter of '90 and '91. This was the more trying because he depended on me for musical help,—singing being a most important factor in successful meetings, and Mr. Garst absolutely lacking in this regard.

Through the use of an Edison's Mimeograph, much economical and most educative work was done in the way of writing and distributing tracts. Mr. Garst used thin, tough rice paper, the size of foolscap. Many valuable little studies were scattered broadcast, and frequently outlines of the evening study were presented to the audience at the close of a meeting. The average Japanese man is five feet four inches in height, giving Mr. Garst the advantage of about nine inches. On the street when people pressed about him impatiently and even boisterously, in their eagerness to receive a leaflet, Mr. Garst would good-humoredly stretch his hand up, putting the coveted treasure far beyond their reach and say, "If you will just be patient you shall each have one." This always greatly amused and won the admiration of the crowd. During this winter many articles, in both Japanese and English, appeared above his signature in magazines and newspapers.

The "Poverty Column" of the "Christian Commonwealth" was calling attention to the agitation of Henry George, the great apostle of the Singletax. Mr. Garst took up the study of the movement at this time,—study-

ing "The Theory of Human Progression," by Dove, "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, and becoming enthusiastic over what he saw would, if put into practice, revolutionize social conditions. A few notes on poverty in Japan may impress the reader with the inevitableness of the missionary's burden in this regard. These notes are taken from Clement's "Handbook of Modern Japan," appendix, p. 345. Incidentally, this quotation shows the increase in living expense in Japan in a decade; and,—it might be added,—it continues to rise.

"Calculated monthly expenditure of a family of six members —a married couple, a parent, two children, and one servant— living with strict economy.

	1889 *yen* [1]	1899 *yen*
House rent (a house containing the furnished rooms of 6, 4½, and 2 mats, respectively)	2.50	5.00
Cleaned rice (at the rate of 2 *sho* per day)	4.50	7.00
Soy	.45	.75
Salt and *miso*	.40	.70
Oils (3 *sho* of kerosene and 5 *go* of vegetable oil)	.45	.69
Sugar	.60	.90
Milk (1 *go* per day) (less than ½ pt.)	.90	1.10
Newspapers (only one)	.25	.35
School expenses for 2 children	.80	.90
Stationery expenditure (for the children)	.60	.90
Hair dressing	.34	.69
Price of bath (every other day for the family)	.90	1.50
Vegetables	.90	1.50
Fish food (9 messes for the family)	1.08	1.80
Beef (6 messes for the family, about 2-3 of one pound)	.60	1.20
Tsukudani and other auxiliary foods (6 messes)	.24	.42
Tea	.40	.50
Fuel	1.00	1.80
Total	17.21	28.20
Security money for rent	7.00	15.00

These include necessaries, but if other petty expenses are taken into calculation, a family of 6 members, as mentioned above, will require a monthly income of at least 35 *yen* on which to maintain themselves decently."

[1] A yen equals fifty cents.

On p. 355 of the same book interesting facts may be gathered as to the wealth of Japan.

"There are only two men in Japan who pay an income tax on over 250,000 *yen*. There are only thirteen men in the whole country who pay on 39,000 *yen*, being in the proportion of 4 persons to every 100,000 inhabitants; only 67 who pay on 24,000 *yen*, being in the proportion of 2 persons to every 10,000 inhabitants; 96 persons who pay on 17,000 *yen*, being in the proportion of 2.8 persons to every 10,000 inhabitants; those who pay on 11,000 *yen* number 140, being in the proportion of 4 persons to 10,000. Out of every 1,000 inhabitants there are only 7 persons who make 2,700 *yen* a year.

"Thus it is seen that, when compared with the French and the English, the Japanese are extremely poor."

The following information with respect to "Condition of Our Farmers" is taken from a recent copy of "The Japan Times." Of the entire population of Japan, 60 per cent. live by farming. Peasant proprietors owning a little more than one acre form 46.68 per cent. The price of arable land of less than one acre is, in legal assessment value, 225 *yen*. The real salable value is four or five times that, or from 900 to 1,125 *yen*. The ordinary income from farming is 6 per cent. It is difficult to realize 10 per cent. It is so difficult to pay taxes that there were recently nearly half a million delinquents, 50,000 cases of property attachment, and nearly 10,000 forcible ejections.

Clement tells us ("Handbook of Modern Japan," p. 26):

". . . Ordinary mechanics earn an average of 50 *sen* a day, and the most skilful seldom get more than double that amount; carpenters earn from 50 to 80 *sen* a day; street car drivers and conductors receive 10 to 12 *yen* per month, and other workmen of the common people about the same. Even an official who receives 1,000 *yen* per year is considered to have a snug income. It will be inferred from this that the cost of living is proportionately cheaper, whether for provisions, for shelter, or for clothes, and the wants,—the absolute necessities of the

people,—are few and simple. Literally true it is, that a Japanese man 'wants but little here below nor wants that little long.' With rice, barley, sweet potatoes, other vegetables, fish, eggs, tea, and even sweetmeats in abundance and very cheap, a Japanese can subsist on little and be contented and happy enough with that, or even less than that. But, unfortunately, the new civilization of the West has carried into Japan the itch for gold and the desire for more numerous and more expensive luxuries, and has increased the cost of living without increasing proportionately the amount of income or wages."

A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN

Sunday schools for the children were a very important part of our work. Frequently they affiliated with day schools for the poorer children, whose parents could not afford to send them to the public school. Though the government made these nominally free, they really required a small fee, and the expense of better clothing and of books was an obstacle. The children, of course, appealed strongly as the most promising soil for culture, and we were anxious to inoculate them with anti-idol virus, knowing that the returns would be certain later on. Oh, these little people! So many of them! Among the poor, yards are little known; so the children infest the temple courts, or spread matting on the roadside and "play house," or have a game of "fox and geese," "prisoner's base," "blind-man's buff," "tag," "pussy wants a corner," or their equivalents;—pedestrians, jinrikisha men, and traffic good-naturedly turning aside for the frolic. In winter they slide on their iron-bound wooden clogs down the snowy grades, their limbs innocent of underclothing, kimono flapping in the cruel wind, and often exposing ankles and shins badly chapped by exposure to the winter weather.

We made much of Christmas. It has come to be a great day all over Japan. Even the Buddhist priests,

realizing the need of counter attractions, have instituted a birthday for Shaka, as the Japanese call the Great Buddha. On this last Christmas in north Japan, Mr. Garst acted the part of Santa Claus as a special attraction. He was quite magnificently rigged up. A great coat was handsomely ermined with cotton bands, and richly draped with cardinal folds that flashed with diamond dust; his buckskin leggings were dotted with cotton snow, and, overtopping all, was a towering peaked hat, white and glistening. The long snowy white beard lent its part to the seven days' wonder. A fine programme had been rendered much to the credit of the children, and then the eight-foot apparition stalked into the chapel. At first the children were terrified, but quickly recognizing the voice of their kindly friend and teacher, "*Garusuto Sama,*" they became hilarious. Still further to reassure and delight them, Mr. Garst grabbed oranges from the tree and passed them rapidly to right and left. But the tree was all alight with candles, and the fire caught the cotton ermine bands about his wrists,

> "An' set his white fur belt afire—
> An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an' higher
> Wite up his old white beard an' th'oat!"

and mounting to the tall hat, enveloped the dear head and face in flame. It was a frightful moment. Preserving perfect presence of mind, realizing that the short Japanese could never reach his towering height, he lay flat down on the floor and the friends who loved him so devotedly, tore off their *haori* (outer kimono-like coat) and wrapped and stamped out the horror. But he was so pitifully burned! For weeks the poor nose, wrists, and ears were painful reminders of a most gracious deliverance.

A LETTER

In January of 1891, Mr. Garst wrote as follows:

"On the northwest coast of Japan there is a beautiful plain enclosed by two grand mountains, one on the north, and one on the east. The sea lies to the west. This district is called Shonai, and has a population of about three hundred thousand people. We are located in the centre (Tsurugaoka) of this population and consider it our 'diocese.'

"For Japan, the people are very backward. They live in the past. Just across the road from our house stands the remains of the old castle, now given over to the crows, while the two-sworded *samurai* (knightly soldiers) have gone to work to make an honest living like the rest of their fellow mortals.

"The scenery is beautiful, the mountains become perfectly covered with snow. The one by the sea is a cone and stands as a beacon to the sailor; the other,—appropriately called Mount Moon,—is very beautiful.

"How do the people try to pacify the restless human heart? Their religions are Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintoism; the last the original religion of Japan. These religions can be understood generally in a few words. The Buddhist worships idols; the Confucianist gets his prophesies from the cracks on a turtle's back after burning it with fire, and the Shintoist worships the mountains. Certainly it is time some one were here to tell them of the true God and of a gracious Saviour.

"With three preaching places, meetings for women, and the Sunday Schools and two day schools with Japanese teachers, we are pretty busy. We live in a Japanese house, made mostly of paper, and it has a thatched roof. We have taken the liberty of putting a skylight in it. We have a number of Japanese friends, yet differences of customs keep us apart a great deal.

"Our two little Japanese children, Hartzell and 'Dutchey,' make the home very happy for us. They are both growing rapidly. Harry says he is like George Washington, 'can't tell a lie,—"Dutchey" did it!' 'Dutchey' was once praying for her mother and said, 'God bless our sweet little Mamma and make her well.'

"After eight years in Japan, which we would like to multiply, we expect to return home, getting there in October. We love the mission work and believe every bit of time spent in it, or every bit of money will bring a big dividend at the Bank of Heaven. A mighty work is being done throughout Asia by the missions and the world will soon see it. What is life for? 'To do the will of God.' The will of God is that all men should hear the Gospel. It must be preached. The Japanese are ready for it and we shall hasten to give it to them."

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS

The time for our furlough was approaching, and before we leave the work in these pioneer fields, I want to emphasize a few things. First of all, let me mention the deep significance of missionary homes. The magic word *home,* that means so much to us, must be ocularly demonstrated in non-Christian lands. The Japanese language has no word for *home.* The English word is being largely adopted. It cannot be translated. I once heard a Japanese who had been in America several years, tell an audience in Japan that what he considered the most remarkable of anything he saw in America was the *Christian home.*

The sight of a family around a table at meals was impressive to the Japanese. With them, the wife serves the family and later eats alone.

Several months after we came to live in Akita a banker said to Mr. Garst: "I wish you would ask your wife to call on my wife and invite her into her Bible classes. I would like my wife to learn to preside in our home as your wife presides in yours, to care for the children as your wife cares for yours, and to treat me as your wife treats you——" The lady responded happily to the invitation, and after a few weeks of association with us she said to me one day, in her timid little Japanese way: "I wish you would ask your husband to call on my husband and invite him into his Bible classes. I would like to have my husband learn to treat me as your husband treats you, to have a care for the children as your husband has for yours——" It was a wonder to the people in Akita to see a man have a thought for his wife when she was not in good health, and take his share of responsibility in case of the sick-

ness of children, and during times of special household burden.

The sight of Mr. Garst and myself walking side-by-side on the street was quite equal to a circus, I am sure. The Japanese wife walked two or three feet behind her husband, and if there were any burdens to carry, she enjoyed the happy privilege of carrying them. Clatter, clatter came the wooden clogs after us, rattling over the bridges, and we recalled the little ditty:

"'I'll go a ravin' maniac,' sez she,
And she went very bad!"

When we had a double jinrikisha made to order that we might ride out together, putting two and even three coolies to work pulling it, it was a source of great amusement to the people. Of course it would cause no remark now. When the Emperor, upon the occasion of the promulgation of the Constitution, February, 1889, rode through the streets of Tokyo with the Empress seated beside him, a new day dawned for Japanese womanhood. Before that great day the Empress had always ridden, with her ladies of honor, several carriages back in the procession.

The Missionary Baby is a power for good. He breaks the ice and establishes cordial relationships as no other member of the household possibly could. The dignity of his little lordship makes a deep impression on the Japanese parent. The little bed in which he rests so healthfully, alone; the systematic feeding, exercising, and sleeping; the discipline with regard to unwholesome articles of diet; these phases of child culture were utterly strange during these early years. The first time I slapped Hartzell's hands because of wilfulness, O'Ino san took him out of my lap before I knew

what she intended to do. But she lived to see the benefit of requiring obedience from even a baby.

A map of the world on our wall attracted much attention. Very often the question was asked, "Where is Japan?" When the location of the little Island Empire was pointed out, amazement knew no bounds.

"THAT DAI NIPPON?" (Great Japan). Just that little spot in one corner? When we explained that the size of a country did not necessarily determine the boundaries of its influence, or its greatness, that Great Britain,—one of the foremost world powers,—was scarcely so large as Japan, the humiliated listener was somewhat comforted.

We were often asked the question, too, "Was Jesus born in America?" or, "Was Jesus a 'Western World' man?" That Jesus was, humanly speaking, an Oriental, was a new and attractive thought to many. A calendar opened up a whole vista of teaching possibilities as to the rightful position of Christianity in the world. Strange as a fairy tale, to hosts of people with whom we had to do, was the deep significance of the change from the old way of computing time.

Photographs of monuments and cemeteries were also wonderfully helpful; for there was more than a vague impression that, in our disapproval of ancestor worship, we were unmindful of our dead. Explanations of the sacredness of "God's Acre" in the Occident was an eye-opener. The report of a great funeral in America, as General Grant's for instance, helped us to make an impression for good.

Occasionally we were surprised when a caller presented a box of sweetmeats, and with profound obeisance, asked to be made "a member of the Jesus Church." Considering the fact that no change of life is required

from a Buddhist, that a handing in of the card at a temple is sufficient to enroll one as a "member," this was not really to be wondered at, but from our point of view it was certainly startling.

MORE FRAGMENTS

A certain young man came constantly to Mr. Garst's study and seemed to be intensely interested in Christianity. We wondered why he did not take a definite step toward entering the Church. He finally revealed the drawback. He told us that his father was a devout Buddhist, that he was past eighty years of age and likely to die any time. He,—the eldest son,—would be very greatly embarrassed if, at the time of the father's death, he were himself not a Buddhist. All cemeteries at that time were in the hands of Buddhist priests, and it was recognized as the religion to "die by." *"Suffer me first to go* and *bury my father."*

I am happy to record our gratitude to the Japanese physicians, who very kindly attended us in Akita and Tsurugaoka. The Japanese medical profession follows the German school, and the physicians are excellent diagnosticians. They are especially satisfactory in the treatment of children. Old Dr. Sato, of Tsurugaoka, was very much up-to-date in medical science, but in every other way quite a stickler for the customs of Old Japan. Instead of taking a chair at the bedside of the patient, he always, with profuse apologies and grave dignity, mounted the bed and sat, Japanese fashion, on his heels, during the entire visit.

Professor Clement says:

"It is in the domain of science that the Japanese have achieved, perhaps, their greatest intellectual successes. Their

work in original investigation is always painstaking and in many cases it has attained an international reputation. The names of Dr. Kitasato, associated with the famous Dr. Koch in his researches, and Dr. Aoyama, the hero of the pest in China, are well known; and now comes Dr. Ishigami, who claims to have discovered the germ of smallpox."

In 1894, a couple of years later than the time of which I am writing, there were in the empire 597 hospitals, 42,551 physicians, 33,921 nurses and midwives, 2,869 pharmacists, 16,106 druggists, and excellent schools of pharmacy and medicine.

Our last summer in Tsurugaoka was marked by excessive moisture. For twenty-one days we did not see the sun once, with the exception of a single hour, when, believing that the weather had at last cleared, we rushed the bedding, clothing, and books out for an airing, yes, and even the slides forming the partitions of the house; for everything was in a hopelessly mouldy condition. But no sooner was the yard filled than the heavens resumed their weeping aspect, and everything had to be brought in again.

It was during this trying period that our baby Morrison put in an appearance. His underclothing had to be placed in the oven to be perfectly free from dampness, for even a rack around the kitchen range served only to dry clothing on the side next the fire. The air was saturated with moisture. In spite of every precaution the wee one was very ill, but was mercifully spared to us, and grew to be an unusually hearty child. Upon the advent of this royal little guest Mr. Garst wrote to the home friends:

"The boy has some colic, but it does not discourage him; his appetite keeps up just the same. He has some hair,—brown and very fine. His complexion seems very red, yet no one would

take him to be an Indian. His head is shaped much like General Grant's; his chest reminds one of the pictures of Bismarck; his nose gives promise of being like that of the Duke of Wellington. Having been born of 'poor but honest parents,' he has the most common qualification for making his mark. His fond grandmother leaves him neither day nor night. We hope to take him to America, arriving at 'Frisco about October 20th. This possibly is too much about one whose only claim to distinction is that '*he is so very young.*' To us he is of delicious flavor and *e-nor-mous* size."

Having been eight years on the field,—most of the time in the heart of Japan,—with never more than a few, and for many months at a time with no foreign associates, worn out and in need of recuperation, we left Tsurugaoka in September, 1891. Our dear people, many of them, according to a pleasant custom, went a few miles with us. Before we separated we had a service of prayer. At last, with many good wishes, they bade us farewell, hoping that we would have a safe and pleasant journey, and return to them in health, having seen our loved ones. We hurried preparations in Yokohama, and sailed on the *Empress of India* for Vancouver.

X

BACK TO THE HOMELAND

FURLOUGH PROBLEMS

TO speak of a missionary's home-coming as a "vacation" is a misnomer. Some one has said it is called a "furlough" because they "come *fur* and live *low*." Until recently the missionary was on half or three-quarters pay while away from his field, and then this definition fitted the case well. As salaries are not princely at best, this wrought great hardship. On the field the demands on one's pocketbook are heavy. The same rescue work, temperance work, and all philanthropies are to be supported as at home, and those cooperating are as yet comparatively few. Missionary homes are in many instances miniature asylums for the unfortunate, or training schools for the young, and only eternity will disclose the unselfish giving of men and women who, though on slender financial footing themselves, cannot turn away the *life* that knocks at their door, *sometimes starved physically, always so mentally and spiritually*. And, because one can but respond to these calls, the wardrobe goes unreplenished, so that between garments unfit for use and those sadly out-of-date, the missionary usually arrives at home looking rather antiquated in dress. Perhaps he is judged as having no taste in these matters. A friend, of the Congregational mission in Japan, told me of an experience in

America. She was called to a Massachusetts seminary for women, to make an address. It was her Alma Mater, and as the train drew near, her heart beat fast. An old-time college friend met her at a station a few miles out, and as they conversed rapidly, asked her what she would wear in the evening, when she spoke.

"Oh, this skirt," the missionary answered brightly, "and a waist I have in my grip,—not a new one, but it will do very well."

Whereupon, to her utter astonishment, the friend remarked that she thought missionaries made grave mistakes in so ignoring their personal appearance.

"The impression upon the young ladies would be much better if you appeared in a stylish gown, modish hat, and dainty gloves. Young ladies are so critical about these things, you know!"

This was as a match to powder, and the brave little woman poured forth an indignant protest. Indeed! How gladly would she appear in "modish" gown and "stylish hat"! Hungry for concerts and lectures and the thousand advantages of the homeland, they had returned from the field all eagerness, only to find that they were not on "full pay" while "on furlough." Her husband was kept constantly on the tramp to teach Christians in America the "needs" of the work,—these who, without especial urging, should respond because the *evangelization of the world is part of the programme of Jesus.*

"Our children *must* have advantages, household help is quite out of the question, and really, I am too tired to sew at night,—that is,—more than for the children and to keep up the mending. Modish gown! Oh, my dear, how I have longed for one!"

I have heard a legend to the effect that a "*lady*" is

known by her perfectly fitting gloves and shoes and her dainty handkerchiefs. *It is not true!* The woman with shabby dress and neglected accessories, if denying herself that loved ones may have educational advantages, does not lack refinement before high heaven. Thank God, *He* does not see as men do, but looks rather on the heart than the outward appearance.

A Baptist friend told me of their slender income while "on furlough." Only eighty dollars a month, I think it was, and rents were very high in Denver. As it would not pay to buy furniture for one short year they hired, and the rental for house and furnishings, with the heating, took two-thirds of their income.

"How we lived I do not know. I had to do everything, laundry, cleaning, and what not, even to carrying our coal from the basement."

"And where was Mr. J. that he did not carry the coal?"

"Oh, he was travelling among the churches, telling the people how inhumanly the Japanese treat their wives!" she replied roguishly.

Happily the days of reduced "furlough" salaries is past. Let us hope that just on before is the happy good time when the returned missionary will be given leisure for graduate work and the replenishing,—physical, mental, and spiritual,—that he so needs before another term of service where he must be constantly giving out, with very little possibility of taking in that which increases his efficiency.

OUR NATIVE LAND

Mr. Garst had taught the children that they were American citizens, born under the Stars and Stripes;

for Japan was not admitted to the family of nations till 1899, and all the years we lived there we were amenable only to United States Consular authorities.

The *Empress* brought us into port at Vancouver, but this was "America" and "home" to the children. As we sighted land Hartzell waved his cap and shouted lustily, "I've seen my native land at last! I've seen my native land at last!" with a pretty brogue of broad *a's,* for he spoke Japanese better than English. Dear little man! We little thought he would soon see his real Native Land; for he was of a truth a citizen of the Heavenly Kingdom, and journeying thither faster than we dreamed.

There was the long overland journey, and the Union Station in St. Paul, where Mr. Garst was so busy with the luggage that I must be responsible for the children. Hartzell, now past six, was a good helper, but four-year-old "Dutchey" clung to my skirts, and three-months-old baby Morrison was in my arms. The cabmen shouted and locomotive bells clanged, and the contrast between this and sleepy north Japan was almost too much for me, and for the moment I thought I would be glad to be back. Dear relatives met us that night in Chicago. They "spotted" us away across the tracks as they waited at the gates.

"We knew it was our missionaries," they exclaimed joyfully; and people stared mildly and smiled when Hartzell whispered audibly, as we entered the hotel bus and rumbled away, "Mamma, is this the *freight cah?"*

Mr. Garst was called by wire to the Allegheny City convention, where he was given ten minutes to tell of the development of New Japan and our eight years' of

work there; while a committee of one stood by, watch in hand, to see that he did not "exceed his apportionment"!

Then, for months, Mr. Garst was busy touring among the churches. Twenty-one years ago there were churches that did not welcome a "foreign missionary." Happily that day is now forever past. One elder said he was sorry that he had failed to get word to "Brother Garst" that they did not want any missionary talking there. He offered Mr. Garst a fifty-cent piece and said, "You can go to the hotel and get your dinner." Mr. Garst declined the fifty cents and said he would pay for his dinner,—he told me it would have choked him to have eaten anything that man paid for! He left the town on the first train he could get.

But this was in marked contrast with the welcome largely accorded him. Some of the churches decorated with flowers and flags, and had special music as for a festal occasion. No one can realize how the great services "at home" thrill one who has been long away from the sound of an English sermon and the fine home music.

There were amusing experiences, too. One good soul asked if Buddha was dead. Recalling the bronze and stone images we had seen of him we thought he was rather dead.

The missionary mother, true to her calling, remained in charge of home interests. Our children seemed healthy, but were perhaps a little below normal because of long residence in unsanitary environments. At any rate they proved good soil for germs, and twice we brought scarlet fever into homes of loved ones. During the first case Mr. Garst was with me; and his brother,

Warren,[1] our host, moved to protect his children, leaving us in possession of the pretty home, with fruit and fuel in the basement, and the maid to help us! When all danger of another case was thought to be past, we went two doors away to visit the brother Edward, and there baby Morrison came down. Mr. Garst was absent, with fifty dates scheduled ahead. But the little one recovered, though he was very sick, and the contagion did not spread,—which was a matter for devout thankfulness.

When the sick were restored and a happy reunited family gathered about the library table one evening, some one came in singing, "Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea!"

"Who is McGinty?" I asked innocently.

My sister dropped her sewing, and looked at me in blank amazement.

"Well, we surely know now that you have been 'beyond the beyond,' as Edward says, if you've never heard of McGinty!"

When we visited Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, Mr. Garst's former captain said laughingly, as he showed us over their beautiful "quarters":

"Don't you wish you were back in the service?"

We could truly say we never had wished so for a moment in spite of our poor equipment, the shabby native houses that had sheltered us, and every drawback we had had to meet. To be breasting, with all our might,

[1] Warren Garst served as senator in the Iowa General Assembly from 1894 to 1906, or through successive sessions 25 to 31. He was chairman of the Appropriation Committee during five sessions. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1906 and was Governor from November 25th to December 31st, 1908. He championed, and continues to champion, the Progressive cause in Iowa, and is active in the cause of education.

the tide of evil, and doing what we could for the "Uttermost Parts," we felt to be a high privilege.

LETTERS OF THE WEST-POINTER

During the long weeks that Mr. Garst was away from us, his daily letters brought us cheer.

To Hartzell he wrote:

"I want to tell you how to be a great and good man. Jesus said, 'He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.' Just try to help everybody as much as you can. If you can help Mamma get the kindling, do it. If you can help 'Dutchey' find her skates, do it. Just watch and see what you can do for people and you will love them, and they will love you, and you will all be very happy.

"Yesterday J. Gould, a man who had a great deal of money, died; but he could not take his money with him; but all the good things done leave their effect in the heart and can be taken everywhere."

Again he wrote:

"My Darling Boy: It has been a long time since Papa left home, and I am afraid it will be a long time before he gets back. But he is glad you are at school learning to read and write and that you are at home to help Mamma. I just keep counting the days till Mamma will be out of quarantine. . . . I see lots of birdies about the yards. The Robin Redbreast is there. I wonder if Ada Belle,—God bless her,—can tell why it jumps three times and stops. The other day I saw a Yellow-hammer, yellow on the breast and under the wings, with a long hard bill that it uses to bore holes in trees for worms, and a white spot at the tail, on top; and a Bluebird was after him, just making him skip,—didn't want him around the house. This morning I saw a sparrow building a little house just under the eaves of a man's house in a snug little corner, and on another street I saw where some one had tied a jug with a hole in the side up in the tree for a bird to build a nest in. Wasn't that cute? In the yard where I am now there is a mamma horse with a little baby horse which just goes skipping around the yard.

"The birdies will be very happy when the little birdies come out of the eggs, and they will fly around and catch worms for them, just like we take care of our baby,—only we feed him milk. Isn't he sly, though? Be a good boy. Pray for your

Papa that he may come home safely. Always be good to Ada Belle, and walk straight, and be polite to your teachers.

"From your father who loves you,
"PAPA."

"HARTZELL, 'DUTCHEY,' AND MORRISON:

"PRECIOUS THREE: I think it will be Christmas day when you get this letter and you will all be very happy, not so much because Santa Claus brings you things as because it is the day Jesus was born and laid in a manger. Jesus was a little baby like ours. Wasn't that cute? If Jesus had not come from heaven we would not be as happy as we are, because He told us about heaven and the many mansions there,—the happy Home in the Presence of God, our heavenly Father. Then again, we would not have such happy homes on the earth were it not for Jesus and the Bible. Let us all remember that we owe everything we have to Jesus, and try to be good so we can go where He is. . . . I am so glad that you are doing so well at school. It is nice to study books and learn about all kinds of things. . . . After a while you will want to study about the sea, about the mountains, and about the stars. The way to get ready is to study your little books, learn to read and write and to do the problems in Arithmetic, and then you can study everything."

He speaks of reading the 107th Psalm and says, "it seemed almost as though it was written for us."

"HIS ANGELIC MAJESTY, MY CELESTIAL BOY:

"DEAR MORRISON: Since I left home I have written to a number of people, but this is my first letter to you. 'Things ought not so to be,' but, it being human to err and divine to forgive, I crave your indulgence. While the evil days come not and you retain the heavenly innocence, I like to be with you and see, as it were, a beam of light from the heavenly radiance. Well was it said that men must be converted and become like little children to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

"'Children are a gift from God,' said the Psalmist. That is true. 'Every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of Lights.'

"'Thy children shall be as olive branches about thy table.'

"My darling Boy! You are to me as the apple of my eye. I often think what the world may have in store for you. My power cannot protect you. I cannot guide you, but the Lord can. There is much in the world of which we are in doubt, but we know it is a good thing to serve and be true to God.

"Solomon tried to find the way of happiness in this world,

but he concluded all was vanity. Job was a righteous man, but suffered. He could not explain the mysteries of human life. If we are true, we shall 'know as we are known.' Don't get excited. God has ages upon ages in His almanac. After a few billions of years we will know more than we do now. . . . Be very good and kind to your Mamma. She is the greatest blessing you have in this world. To you one of her tears should be worth a peck of diamonds. Never grieve a mother's love. It is too sacred to be lightly prized. Love and be loved by Brother and Sister and make joy and peace reign in the family, for it is the type of heaven. Do not get angry, but if you do, count two hundred, wait a week, and then speak,—in love,—and probably all will be well.

"I hope you are happy in the love of your Grandfather, your Aunts, your Uncles, your Cousins. Make the most of them. Do not say anything that would cause you grief were you to stand by their graves.

"Now, my son, my delight, my treasure, I must bid you good-bye. I can only commend you and all whom I love, to God, and to the Word of His grace which is able to build you up and give you an *inheritance* among the sanctified.

"May the Lord bless my darlings, the priceless four.

"Your doting father,

"CHARLES E. GARST."

AT NASHVILLE

Several returned missionaries were present at our National Convention, which convened at Nashville in the autumn of 1892. The sessions were held in a church that was unfavorable to the use of instrumental music in divine service, and opposed to organized missionary work. To us unsophisticated Orientals, the handsome scenery painted in the rear of the pulpit,—intended no doubt to represent the banks of the river Jordan, and designed, probably, to make a fitting background to the baptistery,—and various other elaborate appointments about the building, seemed in striking contrast to the simplicity of the Apostolic Church, toward the restoration of whose practices this congregation of good people seemed to be striving. As we regarded the crimson upholstery of the cushioned pews, Mr. Garst remarked,

with mild sarcasm, "I suppose these are exactly like those Peter sat on when he went fishing!"

A. M. Atkinson, of most sacred memory, presented each missionary household represented with a beautiful United States flag. It fell to Mr. Garst to accept these on behalf of the recipients, and he said there was no banner more sacredly dear to us than this, "*save the bloodstained banner of the Cross.*"

The missionaries were called upon for songs in the languages of their different fields. All responded except Mr. Garst, who was not a singer. The audience called him out and would not take "no" for an answer. Not to be outdone by the other missionaries, Mr. Garst stepped to the front of the platform and said that he only sang to the babies, and that their favorite lullaby was a song of our dear Japanese northland, Akita.

"'Oh, Rabbit, oh, Rabbit!
Why are your ears so long?'
'Oh, I want to hear the children over there,
And I want to hear the children over here,
And that's why my ears are so long!'

and he droned sleepily the Japanese:

"'Usagi, Usagi!
Naze mimiwa nagai zo?'
'Achi no kodomo kikitai zo,
Kochi no kodoma kikitai zo,
Sore de mimi wa nagai zo!'"

The audience was vociferous in its applause, and Mr. Garst was the only one of the singers to receive mention in the minutes.

SHADOWS

A year at "*home*" vanished as a dream. We eagerly planned a second tour in the land of our adoption, which

was even dearer to us than ever, as we contrasted its darkness and need with the light and glorious advantages of favored America,—just as the crippled, invalid child is a shade more precious than the one in robust health.

It was found necessary for Mr. Garst to submit to a rather severe course of surgery. His convalescence was retarded by an attack of la grippe. Before his strength returned Hartzell was taken ill with typhoid fever. We were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Azbill, of Indianapolis, having been called to that city for special addresses. For eight long weeks we nursed our darling. From the time that it became evident we must give him up, the refrain, *"A million a month are dying in China!"* rang ceaselessly in our ears. What if his dear little body must soon lie in the dark grave, and we must turn our faces toward the far distant home without him,—and oh, the blessed joy he had been to us in our isolation,—what would a separation such as this be,—with the "Everlasting Arms" beneath, and "I am the Resurrection and the Life" as a sure anchor to our anguished hearts,—what would this be, when compared with the darkness and death we had beheld with our own eyes beyond seas?

And when the end came, how delicately every want was anticipated! There was the beautiful white casket and the dainty, creamy sailor suit, with its delicate blue pipings, that would have been so to his taste in life; for he loved to sing "Pull for the shore, sailor," and had called for the song repeatedly while ill. There were the four lads to bear him, the exquisite music, the flowers, the sympathetic director, who so carefully avoided everything that would pain. Comforting words were spoken by D. R. Lucas, and then heads were uncovered and voices hushed as the little burden was carried to

the white hearse. Think of the contrast between this and Josephine Wood Smith's death and burial in Akita, eight years before.

Hartzell's going could only mean for us a reconsecration, a greater longing to do our part, that the Knowledge of the Glorious Gospel might cover the earth.

XI

RETURN TO MIKADO-LAND

OUTWARD BOUND

ONE fewer in the little family circle than when we came home, we turned our faces back to the loved work. "Dutchey" was so lonely without the companionship of Hartzell, her comrade of the years, and she hid her face in my skirts as the friends waved farewell from the wharf in San Francisco and sobbed: "Oh, I don't like those handkerchiefs!"

Poor little one! She could not understand or express the emotions that flooded her childish heart as we swung away from the pier and headed toward the Golden Gate.

Strictly speaking there was no second-cabin accommodation on Pacific steamers twenty years ago. There was European and Asiatic steerage, the former being preferable, but by no means desirable. A peculiar situation caused us to go out second-class, or, properly speaking, European steerage, and "thereby hangs a tale." Through a mistake at the office in Cincinnati, a month's salary was sent ahead to Tokyo, and we were embarrassed for funds. It was very desirable that Mr. Garst take out a bicycle, which would be a great help in the immense city of Tokyo, with its two million population spread over many miles of ground, and little in the way of street-car facilities. We were provided with

passage money for first-class accommodations, and struck upon this plan of going European steerage rather than wire for money,—using our surplus passage money for the necessary purchases. The Board was the ultimate gainer, for we rendered our accounts accordingly.

When we went down to look over the steamer and engage our cabins the first officer was very gracious.

"Certainly," he assured us, "that will be all right. We will give you one of the cabins used by the under officers, and the food will be practically the same."

We found the cabin in a very airy location, and as fresh air is the chief desideratum, we thought we could endure the lack of comfortable furnishings.

"By the way," asked the officer, as we were about to take our leave, "did you ever know a man who left the United States Army and went as a missionary? I think he worked in the northern part of Japan, where no foreigners had ever lived."

"I think this is your man," I said, nodding toward Mr. Garst.

"And was your maiden name DeLany?" was the quick reply.

"And pray, who are you?" I exclaimed with a laugh.

"I took your mother and sister over, five years ago. Where is your sister now?" A pleasant conversation followed and we parted, to meet again the day of sailing. But on that day the first officer was very much engrossed, and we were not noticed. We stowed ourselves away with as stout hearts as we could summon. When meal-time came, to our great surprise, we were served in our cabin,—a tray of coarse victuals being placed on the washstand. To eat in one's cabin, unless too ill to hold one's head up,—when food would not be taken at all,—is unthinkable, and we demurred. A

hanging shelf was adjusted, next day, against the guards facing our cabin, and a roller towel laid on it in lieu of a tablecloth! The heavy food of the crew was our portion! Fortunately we had a good basket of fruit and plenty of fresh air, and so survived a rather trying experience.

After a few days out, Mr. First Officer seemed to remember us, and came up on deck and chatted very volubly. He hoped we were comfortable. We registered no complaint.

"The day we sailed, I was handed a letter for you, Mr. Garst. Across the end was written the name 'Perry Garst, U. S. N.' Is Captain Garst of the Navy a relative of yours?"

"He is my brother," said Mr. Garst.

"Your brother!" It happened that Captain Garst had been much and favorably in the public eye, as Judge Advocate of a couple of conspicuous Naval courts. And so a lively conversation followed, during which our friend recalled the episode of the Army officer in northern Japan.

"How does it happen that you folk are travelling in this disguise?" he ejaculated. We stated the circumstances.

"Well, well! Our chief in the office is the son of a West-Pointer, and would have done anything in the world for you." Summoning the captain, he rehearsed the situation. The captain was all solicitude. We must come at once "up higher" and occupy the cabin next the captain. We thanked the gentlemen and said that we were doing very well. When they withdrew Mr. Garst said, "What shall we do?"

"Do?" I exclaimed. *"Stay where we are!* What is good enough for me as a missionary's wife is good

enough for me as an ex-Army officer's wife!" And we stayed!

In reporting the occurrence to the Board Mr. Garst wrote:

"So long as I was thought to be a missionary there was little concern for my comfort or that of my family; but when I was known to have been educated as a professional murderer, the best on the ship was not quite good enough for us! So much for popular human standards!"

A distinguished Presbyterian missionary, travelling first-class, had cause to enter a good-humored complaint, about this time, because of very poor service at the children's table. Standing near, during the next meal, to see that the trouble was righted, he overheard an officer remark in a swaggering tone that "these missionaries are getting rather uppish, asking so much when they travel at reduced rates."

"Excuse me," said the Presbyterian Doctor, "there seems to be some misunderstanding. I did not know that the steamer companies gave reduced rates to missionaries as a matter of charity. I supposed it a matter of business, as with Army or Navy people. There are so many missionaries travelling, I thought you considered it to your advantage to make a rate."

There was no further difficulty about the service.

Such experiences would hardly be met with now, for in two decades the status of missionary work has altogether changed, thanks, in part at least, to the Laymen's Missionary Movement; and the missionary is everywhere recognized as a world power for good and treated as such.

AT HOME IN TOKYO

As we neared the shores of Japan it was a happy thing to feel that we were coming back home, and to know that there were both Japanese and foreign friends to welcome us.

On the evening of September 6, 1893, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohama. Almost immediately Mr. Stevens came aboard and greeted us most cordially. Soon we were ashore, and jinrikishas carried us to the station; whence we went by train to Tokyo, eighteen miles away. From Shinbashi station in Tokyo we had a long ride through familiar streets, past castle moat and substantial public buildings, winding at last through hedged lanes, and pulling up at the mission home,—a commodious structure which had been dubbed an "Eurasian" house, being both European and Asiatic in style of architecture. The walls and partitions were of sliding panels, in true Japanese fashion, but in the outer slides glass was substituted for paper. Here we were immediately made to feel very much at home by Mrs. Stevens. Two young ladies,—Misses Oldham and Rioch,—had come in our absence to recruit the mission also, and we met them for the first time.

What a happy time it was! In a few evenings there was a reception, the meeting of new converts, friends, and workers, and we were fairly launched on our second term of service.

There was urgent need of field work by an experienced man, and Mr. Garst hastened to make the round of all our stations, putting in order many things. There were some trying cases of discipline to be handled. Mr. Garst wondered if, of all the "perils" Paul recorded, those things that were "without," did not sink into insig-

nificance, in Paul's estimation, in comparison with the "care of all the churches," which came upon him daily.

We had the pleasure of a brief visit from two distinguished guests, Dr. Henry Hartshorne and his daughter Anna, of Philadelphia. They were friends of happy school days. Through his "Essentials of Medicine,"—the Chinese translation of which was used by Japanese students and physicians,—Dr. Hartshorne was most favorably known to many influential Japanese.[1]

At a reception given Dr. Hartshorne and his daughter in our mission home, the white-haired saint spoke, through an interpreter, of the faith and peace that his whole bearing voiced without a word. After a year or more in Japan spent with their own mission,—the Friends,—and in extensive travel, the two returned to America; but with the promise to come again to the "Sunrise Kingdom."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were absent in America, and considering the fact that Mr. Garst's work, as senior member of the mission, would necessarily be of a supervisory and itinerating character, it was decided that we had better remain in Tokyo. The happy days, begun so auspiciously with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, stretched into six months of joint residence in the mission house in Hongo Ku. "Dutchey" and Morrison fitted into their busy lives as though they were their own. Clothed in their little pajamas they frequently made a raid upon Mr. Stevens before he was out of bed in the morning, and the sound of merry laughter rang through the house as they romped together. Mrs. Stevens,—whom I should speak of as "Doctor," for so she was,—delighted in

[1] Miss Hartshorne's splendid work, "Japan and Her People," has since given her an introduction to the world as an authority on "things Japanese."

teaching two-year-old Morrison stories. Part of her religion was to have at least one hearty laugh every day, and Morrison often helped her in this as he recited the story of the "Three Bears" in "Little Red Riding Hood," which Dr. Stevens had taught him. As he would tell of the "little bear," with his "little bit of a *boice,*" and the "*g-r-e-a-t b-i-g b-e-a-r*" with his "*g-r-e-a-t b-i-g b-o-i-c-e,*"—making descriptive measurements with his dear chubby hands, and emphasizing his wonderment and horror with his wide open blue eyes,—Dr. Stevens would go off into gales of laughter, which usually ended in some vigorous hugging and kissing and a frantic, "Oh, I wish we had one just like him!"

Morrison presented a few problems, however. He regarded everything strange and new with the usual childish wonder and spirit of investigation, accompanied by a sense of proprietorship. One day I heard confusion and laughter at the well, and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it. A neighbor's maid had come to draw water. On her back was a chubby Japanese baby, whose fat little feet hung temptingly within the reach of little Morrison. Without a moment's hesitation my young hopeful had grabbed them and was attempting to swing himself back and forth. I flew downstairs, and in utter confusion and embarrassment, made abject apologies to the maid, and proceeded to administer wholesome discipline to my boy. Ink bottles were his peculiar and deadly fascination. In return for ruined carpets, dresses, and sundry belongings, many efforts were made to give the chastisement that would yield, we hoped, the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." But Morrison's unusually happy and careless disposition thwarted me on every hand. Did I shut him up in a room? Imme-

DR. NINA A. STEVENS IN COSTUME

diately his furtive brain planned amusement that so beguiled the hour as to render it a delight instead of a trial. Did I tie him in a little chair? The unusual sensation of walking about with this addition to his restless body fascinated him. Spanking was so soon over that it made absolutely no impression! One day while Dr. Hartshorne was with us, I found him at his father's desk, hands and face a hopeless daub, and a dainty white dress,—a gift,—ruined. I decided upon severe measures. I first washed hands and face,—careless of removing much of the disfiguring fluid,—and then stating that there were no clean dresses,—may I be forgiven, under the circumstances, the slight prevarication!—I fled to Dr. Hartshorne and told him of my difficulty.

"Now, I want your help," I pleaded. "When Morrison appears at lunch in this horrible plight, will you not, by your astonishment and disapproval, so utterly wither him, that he will never dare repeat this offence?"

Shaking with laughter, the dear Doctor pledged his utmost. The ruse worked like a charm. In fact, it was as effectual as the doses of salts to which I had to resort with "Dutchey," to break her of the naughty habit of biting, which was her infant Gibraltar. But our Morrison was by no means bad. He had a loving heart and was a great favorite in the mission and among our Japanese friends. His remarkable prayers were a great source of amusement. While in America he was too young to appreciate the magical workings of Uncle Sam's mail methods; but in Japan he gradually learned the utility of the mail box, and earnestly prayed, one night, "God bless the post box!"

Our mission home was on a somewhat high hill. Riding up this hill one day, with Morrison in my arms, I insisted that the riki man let us walk, but he would not

agree to this, and tugged away. He was rather an elderly man, and it distressed me to see him make so great an effort. His unusual difficulty in pulling us was presently explained when he discovered a rowdy boy hanging on behind. That night the petition ascended, "God bless the riki man, 'specially when naughty boys hang on goin' up hill!" About a block from our home, Count Abé resided in considerable elegance. True to Japanese fashion, his span of white horses stood in the stall with their heads where, from our point of view, their tails ought to have been; for "in Japan" horses are backed into the stall, and the feeding bucket hangs at the entrance. On his morning outing, Morrison always begged to be allowed to see these horses, and often his evening prayer included a "God bless Count Abé's horses!"

A short distance beyond the Count's was a beautiful tree in the middle of the road. It was protected by a circular fence, and was frequently worshipped by the Japanese passerby. Shrines and temples and grotesque objects of worship were all about us, and Morrison took in, baby fashion, some of the conditions of heathenism. It pressed upon his little heart, and when not quite three years old he prayed, "God bless the Shintoists and Buddhists, and *help us to wipe 'em off the face of the earth!*" Oh, the deep philosophy of that prayer! With the blessing must come the extermination of Shintoist and Buddhist, as such.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITIES

Late in the fall of 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey H. Guy joined us from the homeland. They were fresh from Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, and full of

"GOD BLESS THE SHINTOISTS AND BUDDHISTS"

youthful enthusiasm, and they brought us genuine inspiration. Their voyage was a peculiarly trying one. On a beautiful day, with a cloudless sky above them and a smooth sea beneath, they were surprised by an overwhelming wave that tore a hole in the outer hull of the ship, and in three minutes sank the vessel as many feet. The hurricane deck was wrecked, and Mr. Binford, of the Friends' Mission, was seriously injured. Two waves followed the first in quick succession, but by heading the ship straight into them, the captain avoided further trouble. Hard work at the pumps kept the vessel afloat till the damages were partly repaired, but, as they were a thousand miles from land, the strain of the remainder of the voyage can hardly be imagined, much less described. So much for a tidal wave at sea; and Mr. and Mrs. Guy arrived looking very much the worse for the nerve-racking experience. As the vessel was many days overdue, we too were anxious; and never were missionaries more eagerly welcomed. A rambling old Japanese house was rented in Koishikawa Ku. A delightful garden was an attractive feature of this old daimyo domain. Mr. and Mrs. Guy settled to a study of the language. With them resided Miss Loduska J. Wirick, another honored worker from Iowa. She mothered several Japanese girls who became the nucleus of the girls' school started a few years later.

The great city of Tokyo presented many difficult problems. In 1893 it covered a land area of one hundred square miles, and comprised a population of one and one-half millions, divided among eleven wards or *Ku*. Everything was in marked contrast to life in Akita and Tsurugaoka.

The streets of Tokyo presented an ever changing panorama. There was a strange mixture of old and new

Japan. On the side of new Japan, we saw handsome carriages drawn by well-groomed horses from legations and the homes of the wealthier Japanese. The coachman was always in livery of dark blue cotton stuff, but the *betto,* or footman, was the unique feature. He was lightly clothed, his abbreviated trousers allowing free display of his splendid muscles, and the sleeves of his loose tunic flying in the wind as he gracefully ran ahead through crowded thoroughfares, shouting *"hei! hei!"* to clear the way. Then there were uniformed soldiers, and mounted police, the hurrying telegraph messenger, scurrying bicycles, and the horse street car. Old Japan was represented by vegetable- and fish-mongers, carrying burdens in baskets on the end of long poles across the shoulders, and the blind masseur. In remote places there were the "gods of healing" by the wayside, and the image of Jizo, the "children's god," with the heaps of stones piled about his base. In the quieter streets there were always groups of children playing. As to the atmosphere of the times, especially the sentiment regarding Christianity, there was neither the mad rush for all things Western that had marked earlier years, nor the strong anti-foreign feeling that prevailed after. A saner temper characterized the people in the main,—more of a choosing between good and bad in place of a wholesale acceptance of the new civilization, or indignant rejection of everything not Oriental. This better mood was growing, too, and made evangelistic effort more feasible.

The winter of '93 and '94 was one of peculiar trial for mission work in general. The financial panic in the United States struck hard at the base of supplies. To abandon work, such as evangelism, the conduct of charity schools, and other effort, was to weaken the confi-

dence of the people, causing them to question the integrity of the missionary, and so at our conferences the first question asked was, "What can you put into the work this month to keep things going?" Miss Oldham contributed generously of the savings from years of school teaching in the homeland. Dr. Stevens turned in the draft that her father had sent her for the purchase of a much needed bicycle, and later she and Mr. Stevens built a neat little chapel opposite the Imperial University, where we now have a good church building. The bicycle money was again sacrificed when a second draft came from the generous parent, and we sometimes said that the mission was "riding on Dr. Stevens' bicycle." We planned every possible economy, cooking on the sitting-room fire to save fuel, and saving every penny to go into the work. We all know how, that winter, A. McLean sent the saving of years, to tide over the work in China. I am happy to say that, when financial matters improved, Dr. Stevens had her bicycle and Mr. McLean his coveted tour of the mission fields, which he wished to make him stronger in the work to which he has given his life. But could those at home fully realize the peril of such a situation, especially its effect upon the native constituency, in undermining faith in the missionary when, in spite of every scheme, the requirements cannot be met, and the work suffers, I am sure they would plan to leave almost anything undone rather than the Lord's own work in lands afar.

WORK AND PLAY

Mr. Garst took a second strenuous evangelistic trip to the northern work in February, 1894. The exposure during this absence resulted in a serious breakdown

from which he never fully recovered. He had not been quite strong from the severe illness and surgery in America before Hartzell's death.

Again in April, in spite of depleted treasury and broken health, he was off for our former fields, which needed him greatly, for only Japanese workers were in charge, most of them having had but little training. On this trip Mr. Garst wrote of good meetings and interested inquirers; of busy days when there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure "no, not so much as to eat"; of long stretches of jinrikisha-riding in the rain; of a young man coming eight or ten miles to urge him to come to his village and teach Christianity. At the close of a letter he says: "We think of the prayer-meeting to-night. May the Lord bless us all in our work." And again: "How I would like to hug our girl and boy to-night, and how I have thought of that kiss that Hartzell gave us a few nights before he died. There is much of joy in my sorrow about him. Our sweet Hartzell! How lovely he must be in his new home!"

The summer of 1894 we spent quietly, at a little sea-side retreat,—Takayama (High Hill),—near the fishing village of Hanabuchi, which is not far from Sendai. We breathed free in the fresh salt air, so different from the close, ordurous atmosphere of Tsukiji, where boats loaded with poudrette often lay for hours in the canals of the neighborhood. It was a relief to get away from the surface drainage and crowd and pressure of a great Oriental city. We sat on the height above the sea, the pines sweeping down over us, and watched the wonderful shimmer of the soft waves in the shaft of moonlight that stretched away, away in the direction of the Golden Gate. *Of course we thought of home.* Our Japanese

cottage cost sixty dollars. There were half a dozen missionary families on the promontory sixty feet above the sea. In this secluded place Dame Fashion played no part. As one big, unconventional family, we mingled happily together and gathered strength from mutual counsel. Our time was always so occupied with routine work that there was no leisure for response to many demands. In these quiet weeks by the sea there was a chance to catch up with back correspondence, to resume neglected language study, to complete belated reports, continue important translations, and do a little general reading that otherwheres seemed always crowded out; and the time was so filled that there was not always a chance for the coveted plunge in the sea and the ramble along the beach in search of shells and seaweed.

Mr. Garst was a great favorite with the children on the hill. There were games of "bear," and sometimes the rushing mob of little folk drove the six-footer to such extremity that he was obliged to climb a tree, when enthusiasm ran riot as the kindly face beamed down upon them from the lofty perch.

During this summer intense excitement concerning the war with China absorbed the minds of the people, and it was impossible to do much religious work. Some of a very effective nature was done in the south, where troops were quartered before going to the front. The fact that it was not a propitious time for general religious effort somewhat soothed Mr. Garst's distress at not being in physical condition for aggressive work.

The devotion of the Empress in rolling bandages and visiting the sick and wounded, won the admiration and allegiance of soldiers and populace. The Emperor removed from Tokyo to Hiroshima in the south, that he

might be nearer the base of operations and get more frequent word from his faithful men who, as to an adored father, literally offered their lives on the altar of an almost fanatical patriotism.

In the fall of 1894 we moved from the mission house in Hongo Ku to a Japanese house in Shiba Ku, establishing in this way another centre of influence in the big city. Our house was on a high hill which commanded a fine view of Tokyo. At this time Mr. and Mrs. Madden joined the mission from the homeland. All around us were Japanese, and soon we were holding meetings for women and children which I was able to continue, with the help of the Japanese Christians, while Mr. Garst was absent for a time, under treatment in Nanking, China. He had been so distressed because of continued ill health, that he seriously considered resigning. The one thought that held him back from such a step was the feeling that, if he returned to America, it would mean a permanent releasing of the work that he loved better than life; for even in the event of his apparently regaining his health he would be haunted with fears of another breakdown if he returned to Japan. While pondering upon what would be the wisest course we received a letter from Dr. Macklin, who urged that Mr. Garst come to him, and said that he would give his case careful study and care. This plan would have one great advantage, the separating of Mr. Garst from his work, where he could not rest. Financial conditions were such with us that the road to Nanking seemed effectually blocked, but a wonderful providence came to us which deeply impressed us. A few days after receiving Dr. Macklin's letter, Mr. Garst went to Yokohama on business. He called, as was his habit when in Yokohama, on our merchant friend, Mr. Bunting, who

was greatly shocked to see him so plainly showing the marks of disease and suffering.

"You are too valuable a man, my dear brother," said Mr. Bunting, "to allow yourself to become so weakened. We are sailing in a few days for England. Come along as far as Hong Kong. The voyage will brace you up and start you on the road to recovery." This was said in the most cordial manner as Mr. Bunting extended a one hundred yen bill. Mr. Garst told of Dr. Macklin's suggestion, and agreed, upon Mr. Bunting's urging that he follow it, to accept the money as a loan, and go to Nanking. In a few days he was off. . . .

Our rambling Japanese house had no upstairs. Its many halls and passages made fine nooks for the hiding-place of thieves. Burglars and earthquakes were my especial bugbears! I had felt timid about sleeping on the ground floor with the little children during Mr. Garst's absence. One evening, having tucked "Dutchey" and little Morrison snugly in bed, I went a few blocks to visit Dr. Verbeck and his daughter. It was a high privilege to talk with this man who had had so much to do with making new Japan. Two pets lay on the hearth before a glowing grate fire. One was a rat terrier, the other a fine large cat. They seemed to be perfectly devoted to each other. First the dog lay with his head on the cat's shoulder. After awhile they reversed their position and continued their nap. Dr. Verbeck remarked, as we chatted about this unusual spectacle, that the dog was a fine protection against burglars. I asked what was the next best thing if one had not a dog.

"Well, a whistle is a good thing, but if you have not that, a bell is all right."

Returning home, I placed a small dinner bell between "Dutchey's" pillow and mine. Of course we had the

usual rats and mice that so commonly infect Japanese houses, and are all but impossible to exterminate. They happened to be particularly lively that night. I lighted the bedside candle, hoping the light would drive them away. For a long time, in the dead of night, I could not sleep. Finally, reproving myself for such nonsense, I blew out the light and "settled myself for a long winter's nap," when rattle, rattle went the *amado,* and I distinctly heard some one drop into the *roka* (closed porch or hall) that ran beside our bedroom and was separated from us by paper slides. A few stealthy steps brought Mr. Burglar to the slide, open for ventilation, and he would have been upon us in a moment, probably with one of those famous Masamuné blades that are razor sharp, and when wielded by a Japanese swordsman so deadly in their execution. I grabbed the dinner-bell and made the "welkin ring," as I shouted *"Dorobo! O'Ino san!"* The *dorobo* departed, and my dear O'Ino san, rushing in from her room across the hall, said, after the excitement quieted a little, "If you ever have another dorobo, you must call *'Inokichi,'* and they will think there is a man in the house." *(O* is the prefix for a woman's name and *kichi* a suffix for a man's name.)

A NOBLE FRIEND

Mr. Garst's stay in China was helpful, but he was still far from well, and the debilitating Tokyo spring did not mend matters. We felt that resignation was the only course left for us, but decided to withhold formal action till Mr. McLean should come out in the summer. The beach was better than medicine and so far renewed Mr. Garst's depleted energies that he was able, though at the cost of great personal discomfort, to do some evan-

gelistic work, preaching in the nearby villages and even taking a trip to remoter parts. After speaking one night in a village, he was thrilled the next morning to be called from the breakfast table by a man who had walked seven miles before that early hour, in order to hear more of the message that had fascinated him the previous evening.

During much of the evangelistic work, Yojiro Kawamura was Mr. Garst's faithful companion. Mr. Garst called him John Baptist, because of his rough exterior and fearless preaching. When a young man Kawamura had been very dissipated. He had property and determined to go to Tokyo to study law. There he heard of the Law of Moses and wondered what it was. He secured a Bible and began to study it, and became a Christian, uniting with the Presbyterian Church. He then said that he wanted to serve the Lord with as much devotion as he had served the devil. He began evangelizing at his own expense. His wife deplored the day that saw him pledge allegiance to the hated foreign religion. She bewailed their changed financial condition. She lamented the fact that while they used to dress in silk it was now difficult to clothe them in cotton. "Would you rather have me a drunkard, as I used to be?" asked the husband. "Yes," she replied petulantly, unnerved by weary effort to stretch the slender income to the needs of the family. On a Sunday morning the father would urge the family to come together and hear a Scripture lesson and join him in an attempt to sing the songs he loved. But the mother had shoved him with her foot as he lay in a drunken stupor on the floor in other days, and had taught the children to despise him.

"Don't you go!" she commanded; and the children

obeyed, rattling the dishes and making all the noise they could in obedience to the mother's instructions, for she wanted to disturb her husband at prayer in the adjoining room. Unable to accomplish much with his own family, the father went out and preached to those who would listen. In 1892, Kawamura san came into our fellowship through the teaching of Mr. Smith. The great burden that was upon his heart was his wife's unconverted condition. In the summer of 1895 he urged Mr. Garst to allow me to make a tour of his territory, visiting at his home. I shall never forget the careful way in which Kawamura san guarded me during that ten days' trip. Some of the inns were very foul-smelling and unsanitary. When the outer slides were closed for the night, I could not sleep. I learned something of what Mr. Garst had endured in his many evangelistic tours. One memorable August day we walked seven miles across the rice fields, and arrived at the home of Kawamura san much fatigued. I found elaborate preparations had been made for my reception. A bedstead had been built,—I use the word advisedly,—a roomy platform, that allowed space for my comforters and personal belongings, effectually saving me from the fleas which so annoy one when sitting and sleeping on the mats. A stewed chicken and boiled potatoes delighted my hungry eyes. There was no time to remove the dust of travel. An audience that taxed the capacity of house and yard crowded in, all curiosity to see the first foreign woman who had ever visited their community, and anxious to hear a song. These meetings always held well into the night. At one point, when eleven o'clock came, Kawamura san suggested that I step out onto the porch and refresh myself, while he and his helpers continued the inquiry meeting. A full moon was shining. Several women drew timidly

near when they saw me. They had been lingering about the yard listening. Soon they came close to me as I stood on the edge of the porch above them. I pointed to the moon and remarked that it was the same moon that lighted my country night after night, that it shone upon my boy's grave,—the boy that was born in their own land. I reminded them that to-morrow's sun would have come from my home country,—not very scientific talk, but pointing truths that I wished to give them in a way that would appeal. I talked of the things we had in common as to physical formation; and suggested that our hearts were probably very like in joy and in sorrow.

"Does it not all point to the fact that there is one great God and Father of us all, and that we are brothers and sisters?" I asked; and then I tried to tell them of the Father's loving wish that we understand these great truths, and how He had sent His Son to make it all real to us. The women were most attentive, and one who was indifferent to both my foreign dress and accent listened with breathless eagerness, till, as I ceased speaking,—wondering if I had sounded any depths in these natures,—she said, with pathos that I shall never forget:

"*Hajimete kikimashita!*" ("Beginning I have heard," or,—freely translated,—"It's the first time I ever heard it!")

Did I imagine the pathos in her tone? Was it because the vast army, one billion strong, of those who have never yet even heard the Name of Jesus, rose before me, that my heart almost broke as I looked into that upturned face and heard the words,—"It's the first time I ever heard it!"

Oh, the task before the Church! Does this strike

one as a penny, nickel, and dime proposition? Can we realize what a billion,—*one thousand million,*—means? Count the minutes since the giving of the Great Commission, and you will find that there will not have been a billion minutes till about 1935. Not as many minutes in all those rolling years and centuries as there are now human beings who have not heard the name of our Christ!

One night on this tour, I know Kawamura san was up till two in the morning talking with inquirers, and he rose at five to kill, dress, and superintend the cooking of a chicken that I might have a breakfast to my liking.

Facing an audience of five hundred in one village, I called attention to the fact that the priests were noted for their evil lives,—that they were blind guides,—and there was not a voice lifted in protest.

As a harvest of previous patient sowing, ten were baptized on this tour. The happiest thing of all was that Mrs. Kawamura returned with me, bringing her baby daughter and the child Kiyomi, then eleven years old. Mrs. Kawamura had had no companionship of Christian women and we knew our good O'Ino san would open up a new world to her. There were a number of Christian women in the homes on the beach, and after some days of freely mingling with them, and having received earnest instruction in our home, Mrs. Kawamura was baptized in the open Pacific by Mr. Garst. After her return home she gave evidence of an entire change of heart. She announced to her husband that she was a new woman. She called on neighbors and friends, and invited the women to meetings. She was spared to her family nearly ten happy years. Kiyomi san tells, with much emotion, how her mother called for the children on her dying bed and urged them to be

faithful to the cause of Christianity. Up to that time Kiyomi had thought it better to teach in a government school, but she then determined to devote her life unreservedly to the service of Jesus. We had no girls' school at the time and she was placed in a Baptist school. Here the rarely devoted Christian woman, Annie S. Buzzell, by training and example, increased Kiyomi's ambition to do a consecrated work for God. On graduating from this school she did much effective evangelistic work. Later she was an earnest worker in our Margaret Long's school for girls at Takinogawa, Tokyo. She came to Des Moines, where she studied in Drake University for three years. After her return to Tokyo she assumed heavy cares in the school where she remained for two years. Upon the irresistible urgency of relatives, she was married to a fine Japanese gentleman, and is now in one of China's cities, where many progressive Japanese have gone. She is the mother of a little son. In the incomparable sphere of home may she do a great work for China's women.

XII

GUESTS AND HELPERS

THE MISSION ENTERTAINS AN HONORED GUEST

SHORTLY after my return from this little evangelistic tour, Mr. Guy piloted to our seashore retreat the long-looked for secretary of our Mission Board, Archibald McLean. They arrived near the midnight hour. Only by dint of careful planning did our small cottage lend itself to the entertaining of two guests, and the children had understood, when they went to bed, that if the friends came they would have to sleep on the floor and give their cot beds to the gentlemen. This they were most happy to do; and when awakened, hurried into the sitting-room, especially eager to greet Mr. McLean, of whom they had heard so much. It was good to see the grave man give our little girl a "Dutch" kiss. During his entire visit in Japan Mr. McLean acted most graciously the fatherly rôle. He called the men of the mission by their first names with the exception of Mr. Garst, whom, in deference to his former Army connections, he always addressed as "Colonel."

On Sunday, the day after his arrival, Mr. McLean addressed the families on the hill in a union service. Late in the afternoon we guided him over picturesque paths from which we caught commanding and inspiring views of sweeping sea and beautiful hills. The only

blot on the lovely landscape was a shrine in one of the most charming nooks. In a picket grating stood a "sacred" wooden horse. About him were hung numerous pairs of straw sandals, the offerings of votaries. There were many mice and rats about, to consume the gifts of rice.

It was thought desirable that Mr. Garst go with Mr. McLean in his tour of northern mission stations. Miss Alice Miller, our well-known and devoted worker, was a member of our family for the summer and very kindly arranged to mother our children that I might accompany Mr. Garst,—attending to the preparation of his almost invalid diet. Mr. McLean's time was limited, and on Monday we were off.

There was most wearisome "red tape" about passports. This was Japan's way of retaliating because she had not speedily been admitted into the family of civilized nations. She could at least impress upon foreigners her importance by "keeping tab" on them by day and night. At our first stopping place we were requested to show our passports. Mr. Garst was asked to what "caste" we belonged and he replied to the "heavenly caste." Mr. Garst and I held separate passports, each recording our two children. Because of this there was an endless amount of delay. The policemen left us reluctantly, after long parleying, at a late hour of the night; only to return at two o'clock in the morning to insist that the four children be produced! In vain Mr. Garst made further explanations. We were forbidden to proceed on our journey till satisfactory proofs could be presented. Mr. Garst demanded that the authorities wire to Tokyo. The answer cleared up the tangle and we proceeded on our way.

Up to the time of Mr. McLean's arrival, seventeen

thousand victims had fallen, during the summer, in the cholera epidemic. The magic germ-destroyer was everywhere seen upon the streets. It consisted of a wooden lion's head from which was suspended a calico bag. The bearer opened the jaws to receive the coin which dropped into the bag, bringing the coveted prayer and consequent immunity from the disease.

The "*Bon Matsuri,*" or "Feast of the dead,"—called by foreigners "The Feast of Lanterns,"—was in progress; and retarded our progress because of the drunken jinrikisha men, for saké flows freely at such times. Gifts of food are, at these feasts, brought to the graves; but in the main the festival seems like a great fair. Children flit about in gaudiest dress, buying cheap toys and sweetmeats from booths by the roadside. Dancing girls perform on platforms erected for the occasion.

It was a deep joy to see the gratification of Mr. McLean, who, for so many years, had toiled to promote evangelism in the neglected corners of the world field. His face shone as he heard the children in our mission stations singing, "Jesus Loves Me," "Bringing in the Sheaves," "Jewels," and other songs, and reciting Scripture; and as he conversed through an interpreter with men and women redeemed from paganism.

From Akita to Honjo,—about thirty miles,—we rode in a *basha,* a sort of decrepit, abbreviated hack, drawn by a suggestion of a horse, in the shape of an animated skeleton. Mr. McLean tells in his book, "A Circuit of the Globe," that it was necessary for a boy to go along, to "hold his (the horse's) head steady, and to help him up hill." We had to walk most of the way. Again Mr. McLean says, "We saw women hauling heavy loads, pulling with a breast strap. Often a baby was carried on their backs. The Christians came to meet us and

went out a way to see us off. They were inexpressibly glad to be with us. Their days were lonely, isolated from Christian association. One thing tried me. I have sat on my feet and looked happy when suffering tortures; I have eaten soup with chopsticks; I have parboiled myself in hot baths; I have touched the ground with the top of my head a hundred times in a day, but nothing has tried me so much as speaking while sitting on the floor and through an interpreter. It is as natural for a man to stand when he has anything to say, as it is for him to sit down when he is through. The human organism is a galvanic battery, and the mind works best when it has two ground connections. The audiences were so attentive that speaking in any posture was not so difficult as otherwise it would have been."

In the little silver-mining town of Innai in the mountains we met the little teacher, Chie, who "found peace" in the baptismal waters. There were seven teachers and four hundred pupils in the government school in which she taught. There was no woman evangelist here. There was great opposition to Christianity. The very structure of the Japanese language,—the language of women differing from that of the men,—and the customs of the country necessarily isolate women; and Chie's soul was starved for fellowship. She travelled forty miles the next day that she might again hear Mr. McLean, and be a little longer with me. Good pastor Kudo was at his post in Innai, teaching a school of seventy children. He still works there.

At another mining place,—Arakawa,—we found a group of faithful Christians. A believer from Akita went there to work, and won a convert. The owner of the mines was a zealous Buddhist. It was difficult for the little group of Christians to build a chapel. It had

to be "without the gate." O'Ino san, whose husband at that time worked in the mines, was among the earnest ones who helped tramp the soil and put up the shed-like meeting-house. Mr. McLean spoke to the group of earnest listeners, all men, on the words, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong and the Word of God abideth in you; and ye have overcome the evil one." The average wage of a miner was about fifty dollars a year. A bright young brother insisted upon Mr. McLean's accepting a dollar from him, saying that while he knew it would not be one-thousanth part of his expenses on this trip around the world, yet he craved a part in it; for it meant so much to the struggling and oftentimes isolated Christians. This is an interesting side-light on the sometimes criticised secretarial "trip" to the mission fields. The criticisms would die on the lips if the effect upon the native Christians alone were better understood. Concerning Mr. Garst's part in the northern trip Mr. McLean says, "C. E. Garst, by his knowledge of the language, by his unfailing good humor and patience, helped me much."

IMPRESSIONS AND CHANGES

Mr. McLean's word in his book concerning the popular misunderstanding of mission work gained through a certain class of tourists is worthy of note. He says:

"Travellers visit the clubs and take up the gossip current in these places. If they were to visit the missions and see the work that is being done and the spirit and service of these workers, they would tell a very different tale. The men that compose the clubs are, for the most part, men of unclean lives. The Gospel condemns them, and they resent its condemnation and revile its advocates. Men live in Shanghai, and Tokyo, and Calcutta all their lives, and know nothing at all about what the Lord is doing through His servants in these cities. The truth

is, the lives of these men constitute the most serious obstacle to the spread and triumph of the Gospel. They drink, they curse, they have wives on the European plan, they abuse the natives and treat them like dogs that they may know their place."

Mr. McLean states that he had travelled around the world and drunk only water, despite the many warnings that all water was impure, and he should drink only wine. "This reminds me" of an experience of Mr. Garst's on board ship between Shanghai and Yokohama. A German gentleman constantly importuned him to drink wine rather than the unreliable water. Finally Mr. Garst good-humoredly said to him, "I use the water boiled. Do you boil your beer?" Nothing more was said by the advocate of alcoholic drinks.

A further word must be given here from Mr. McLean himself regarding his stay in Japan:

"The morning we left Tokyo the Christians began to call at an early hour. They accompanied us to the station. Some walked five miles to see us off and say farewell. The Japanese welcome the coming and speed the departing guest. The missionaries were out in full force. I took my leave of them feeling that they had a difficult task in hand, and feeling that they are doing their best to perform it. When I left I had a greater admiration, if possible, and a higher opinion of their practical wisdom and persistence and faith and patience than I had when I arrived. God bless this faithful band."

Mr. McLean certainly took with him the heartiest good wishes and warmest regard of every member of the mission. We understood him better than before. A bachelor, immersed in the too-exacting secretarial work, he had won for himself a reputation for brusqueness and a lack of tenderness. But after the many indications of his unfailing good humor and kindly sympathy we could but say, "Why, I didn't know Mr. McLean was that kind of a man!"

During the conferences held with Mr. McLean, a few

important changes were decided upon. Missionaries were again to be stationed in Akita, and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens volunteered to take up the arduous task. Twelve subsequent years of heroic service were given by them there till the failure of Mr. Stevens' health necessitated their return to the United States, where they are working among the Japanese in Los Angeles.

Mr. McLean urged that Mr. Garst give himself all the advantage possible, of favorable climate and light work, and endeavor to recover his health in Japan, giving his counsel to the younger members of the mission.

Foreign-built houses are much more comfortable and healthful than those built in Japanese style, and in order to facilitate Mr. Garst's recovery we moved into a bungalow in Tsukiji, several miles from the home in Shiba Ku. The word "Tsukiji" means "made ground." This locality had been the dumping-place for refuse matter in former days. It was granted as a "concession" to the hated foreigner in the time of Perry. Tsukiji was occupied entirely by foreigners, which fact was in some respects a drawback and in others an advantage. We had access here to the only school privileges for foreign children in the city. In the Union Church, religious services were conducted in English, and an afternoon Sunday school for foreign children was a great privilege. We were free from passport restrictions in Tsukiji, but under them, even in spending only one night, in another part of the city.

Upon one occasion the children and I went across the city for an overnight visit with Misses Oldham and Rioch, and Mr. Garst wrote the following note:

"My Darling Dutchey:

"I am awful lonesome without you all! Mr. Nemoto stayed till after dinner and just before dinner Mr. Ukai came in. We

had a fat dinner. Ate everything up so clean they hardly had to wash the dishes. The girls thought that handy but Sport did not like it.

"This afternoon I have been very lonesome. I threw the comforter over the bureau to represent Mamma and put trousers on a pair of Indian clubs to represent Morrison and a dress on a pillow to represent you! Yet I was lonesome!

"I sang about the 'Flexible Tiger' to Dick but he did not care. I threw kisses to the fish but they swam on. I danced Apache to Sport but he was glum.

"Let's not go off and leave one another again!

"Please come home quick to your homesick

"PAPA."

While the change to the better house was beneficial, the strength coveted by the sick man seemed to elude his eager quest. For over a year he had been doing his best to get well. Still another year, with infinite patience and sweetness of spirit, he battled against distressing disability. He could sympathize, during those months of enforced waiting, with Paul,—"in labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings." His dietary was necessarily very restricted, but no one ever heard him complain, or "wish" that he could eat this or that. At our mission conferences from month to month, we assembled for lunch around a common table. At such times Mr. Garst's meal was prepared especially, but he preferred to be one of us, enjoying the "feast of reason and flow of soul" while he sipped his hot milk and ate the broiled or roast meat and charred bread. He often remarked, in thanking the hostess, grateful for her care in planning his special food, "That's the best meal I ever ate," and he was not hypocritical in this, for he deeply appreciated every kindness from human hands and every blessing from the Heavenly Father. His heart's song was ever one of thanksgiving and quiet, fervent joy. He was by no means idle during these trying months. By observing

certain hours for rest, he managed to do a great deal of work. He visited, entertained inquirers, preached frequently, and wrote much. No doubt his intense sympathies were a drawback to him in his enfeebled condition. The contrast between poverty and wealth was so painfully marked; on the one hand poverty beyond the power of the Occidental mind to conceive, and on the other ample evidence of the most lavish expenditure of wealth.

The Emperor's Silver Wedding celebration, in February, 1894, gives a good illustration of the latter. This occurred in the royal palace, a building erected during a period of five years, and costing $3,000,000 exclusive of vast sums of money added by wealthy Japanese, and the donated services of many artists. The rooms are enclosed by plate-glass slides, held in lacquered frames. The ceilings are a work of art, each separate panel a gem. The walls are hung with rich brocade. The banquet hall is five hundred yards square, and on its walls the richest silk the looms produce, hang in splendid folds. The Emperor wore full general's uniform, and the Empress was dressed in an imported gown of white satin, sparkling with diamonds, and wore a coronet of diamonds. Each guest at the sumptuous dinner was presented with a souvenir,—an exquisite silver stork standing on a tortoise. Other guests received silver bonbon boxes with stork and tortoise engraved on the lid.

In contrast, consider a few figures from the laboring man's world in 1896. Though in five years production had increased tenfold, and demand for labor fivefold, the wages were no better. Rice, tea, sugar, and fuel had advanced from ten to twenty per cent. A word from the factory life. One-third of the factories in Japan are

in the city of Osaka. At the time of which I am writing the employees were from sixty to ten years of age,—ten per cent. of them men, and twenty-three per cent. of them women,—spinning cotton. They worked eleven hours a day, one week in the daytime, and one week at night, the night worker receiving no more pay than did the day worker. Is it any wonder that 94 per cent. of applicants for enlistment in the Army were rejected because of physical disability?

Mr. Garst was always deeply stirred at the sight of suffering. He believed God intended His creatures to be happy. He believed in the salvation of "body, soul, and spirit," for which Paul prayed. He felt that "man's inhumanity to man" was the cause of the mourning of "countless thousands." Again and again he found that the Gospel story was rejected because it was thought impossible that such conditions could exist if God were indeed a "God of Love." Repeatedly, in anguish of spirit, he exclaimed, "How can I talk of the Bread and Water of Life to these who are so starved for material things?"

Truly did Henry George say:

"This association of poverty and progress is the great enigma of our times. . . . It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Fate puts to our civilization, and which not to answer is to be destroyed."

HOUSEHOLD ANGELS

What Kawamura san was to Mr. Garst in mission work, O'Ino san was to us in family life. I call O'Ino san one of my "pond lily" friends. The Japanese say of the lotus,—the large, sacred flower that grows in ponds as does the lily,—"Though growing in the foulest slime, the flower remains pure and undefiled." When

O'Ino san came into our home the first summer we were in Akita, we felt the appeal of her unusual height, her substantial figure, comely, motherly face, with its dimpled cheeks and rosy color, and her excellent judgment. To know her was to love her. We visited her in her home, and were surprised to find from what sordid surroundings this attractive woman came to us day after day. One room, with a tiny space beside in which to cook, was very cramped quarters for a family of five. There were no mats on the floor. This was most unusual, and showed extreme poverty. These people had once been well-to-do, being of the samurai, or military class. Only one corner of this common living-room was weather proof, so when it stormed the family huddled there. The mother's unusually sunny disposition triumphed, however, and she laughed at such times, whereupon the daughter, O'Tetsu san, exclaimed impatiently, "Why do you laugh, mother?" And the mother's response came promptly and cheerily, "Would it be better if I cried?" revealing a sturdy philosophy that has helped the plucky subjects of the Mikado out of many a tight place. At one of our beach prayer-meetings in 1895, O'Ino san told somewhat of her experiences in early life. When a child, she was always expected to keep the "god-shelf" clean. "I somehow never liked to do it, but as my mother required it of me, I obeyed," she said, "dusting the images, and replacing the offerings of food, fruits, and flowers, and lighting the tapers." When grown to young womanhood,—her father having died in the meantime,—O'Ino san faced a great trial in the serious illness of her eldest brother,—the stay of her mother in her widowhood. It seemed that the boy was going to die. O'Ino san hurried to the family temple and besought the priest to pray the god to spare her brother's

life. But the priest said he could do nothing for her unless she brought an offering to present to the god. She hurried home and without counselling with her mother, she sold some of her best dresses and returned to the temple with a goodly offering, which the priest presented to the god, and, mumbling a prayer which O'Ino san said she could not understand, he turned to her saying, "It's all right—your brother will live." Light of heart and foot, the sister hastened to her home. The brother was much better for a few days, then he became much worse and soon died.

"He is not dead!" moaned O'Ino san. "The priest said he would live." She besought the relatives not to make preparation for his burial, and for three days and nights she neither ate nor slept. But the boy was dead, and had to be buried. Then, for *"nine long years,"*—O'Ino san told us, she did not go to a temple, nor pray to a god. "Deep down in my heart," she said, "I believed that somewhere there was a God who would hear and answer prayer." Oh, the joy of being the instruments, under God, of bringing to this hungry soul the answer to that nine-year-long cry! As a Christian O'Ino san knows that she might pray for a life and it might not be given to her; but oh, the promises with which to comfort and strengthen oneself in the Christian's faith! There is no thought of love in the heathen religions, O'Ino san told us, and if the prayers are not answered just as they are prayed the people are taught that the god is angry with them and that he is trying to punish them.

"No thought of love!" Does some one seek to refute this statement by talking of Jizo, the kindly god of the children, or of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy? What is the answer of the weeping mother who pictures the

spirit of the loved little one who has gone from her as always piling pebbles in the dry bed of a stream in a weird spirit world? They heap them in towers while they weep and pray, when along come the evil spirits and topple them over. Jizo hurries to the rescue, but his shelter from the demons is brief, and again the little ones resume their tasks. The mother in agony hastens to a temple where she carries the little one's toys and garments, thinking that if they are in the care of the priest the child will somehow be better off. The rope that hangs before the altar in one of these temples is hung from tall temple ceiling to floor with the bibs of the tiny ones. If the mother gives a considerable offering this rope is pulled energetically by the priest and the clang of the bell assures the anxious mother that the god will be called back from his journey or wakened from sleep. But alas! many of these troubled mothers are very poor, and the small coin brings but a negligible response from the priest. He writes upon a shaving,—after he has prayed a few mumbled words that she cannot understand,—a prayer which he instructs her to carry to the turtle temple nearby. There she finds a bronze turtle upon a pedestal. From the turtle's mouth trickles a little stream of water. The mother puts the prayer in a dipper which has a long bamboo handle, and holds it under the drip from the turtle's mouth. Presently the dipper fills and the shaving floats over into a trough. If it remains in the small trough, nearer the turtle, the prayer has been effective; but if it floats into the larger trough, and out through a hole in the floor, the mother knows that her efforts are of no avail, and she turns sadly homeward to earn a little more coin to try the experiment again. So sincere are many mothers in this weird belief that the images of Jizo are every-

where seen heaped about the base with pebbles, piled by the mothers who believe that the babies will have less of burden if they help them by piling pebbles in this world! And one need only see the accessories of Kwannon's worship to understand that there is immeasurable difference between the comfort she can give and the gracious words of the Master, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"For God so loved——!" This,—the very heart of the Gospel message,—places it infinitely above the religions that are dominated by the feeling of fear and dread.

Another woman, so helpful in our home, deserves special mention. O'Sue san,—whose husband died of arrow wounds in one of the clan wars of the early revolutionary times,—was left a widow at twenty-three. There were aged parents dependent upon her, and two children,—a beautiful daughter and a son, who soon became epileptic. When we discovered her, she was bravely struggling to keep these children from starvation. The aged ones had passed away. For about three dollars and a half a month she came to us mornings, returning to the sick son in the evening, providing her own food and sleeping appointments. The wage was more than she would have received from a Japanese employer, and we helped her in many little ways. Because of the extreme dampness of the climate we were obliged to wear woolen underclothing of different weights, both summer and winter. O'Sue san, by careful mending, made these go much further than they otherwise would have done, and she was of great service in helping care for the children, and in instructing us in entertaining, and guiding us in the intricate etiquette that

hedged about every function; for she, too, was "to the manor born." She has long been a good Christian and still lives in Akita. Her children are dead.

The circumstances concerning these two good women certainly throw strong side-lights upon the "servant question" as it relates to mission homes. The missionary is relieved and her efficiency greatly augmented. Darkened and burdened lives are cheered, and joy and peace take the place of mourning and despair. Often it happens that the household helper becomes a radiating centre, and other lives are touched for good. Really the domestic compensations help to make mission work feasible on the foreign field. If, to the trying climates and the burden of difficult languages, were added the trials that the housekeeper experiences in this country, flesh would fail, and the work be all but impossible. Not all are such "godsends," however, as were these two women. It is often the case that servants, by their dishonesty and incompetency, are a sore trial. Even then, they are regarded as a "necessary evil," in the absence of modern conveniences that lighten housework in more favored lands.

A REMARKABLE MAN

The summer of '96 will long be memorable in Japan because of the terrible tidal wave that swept a small section of the northeast coast, bearing out to death thirty thousand human beings in a few minutes. Mrs. Macklin and her four children were with us that summer, for there was not then, as now, a place of refuge from heat and malaria in China. Her coming enabled Dr. Macklin to remain with his work in the unhealthy Yangsti valley. He came to us at the close of the heated term, and accompanied Mrs. Macklin home.

We felt just a little "shaky" at the beach, only twenty miles from the scene of the destructive wave. There were occasionally earthquake shocks, which did not add to our peace of mind. One morning the children were on the beach below the hill when they became conscious that the earth was trembling. They made a mad dash for higher ground shrieking, "tidal wave!" The mothers met them at the brow of the hill and we all stood transfixed, watching a mighty wave tear up the sand as it swept inland as far as it would during a heavy typhoon, though the sea was as smooth as a millpond and the sun was shining gloriously. Again we were strangely conscious of a marvellous protecting Providence, for it was the usual hour for bathing, but something had detained us. Had we been in the water it is extremely improbable that all would have been saved, as there were a number of children, and among the adults few good swimmers, while the undertow was terrific as the wave receded.

There were successive days when we watched the sea lashed into fury by the typhoon, and our frail little cottages rocked and shivered in the tempest. Japanese houses are constructed in such a way that there is a great deal of "give," and though they threaten to tumble about your ears they seldom fulfil the threat.

Upon our return to Tokyo we were again obliged to move, as the Presbyterian missionary, returning from furlough, must have the bungalow belonging to that mission. What a blessing it is that our Board is gradually acquiring permanent homes on the fields, thus conserving their workers by proper housing.

Daily we saw a striking figure trundled through the streets of Tsukiji, a man who deserves to be remembered, as Lincoln, and Gladstone. Bishop Schereschewsky

(pronounce the *w* as *f*, and all will go well) was a Polish Jew, and his parents were ambitious that he become a noted Rabbi. He was remarkable in his grasp of the Hebrew language, and made his way through college teaching it. A New Testament accidentally (?) fell into his hands, and he read and studied it eagerly, comparing it with the Old Testament. He soon gave an intellectual assent to the Messiahship of Jesus, but was not yet touched by a great love for Him. Because of a longing for greater religious liberty and educational advantages, young Schereschewsky came to New York in 1854. He became intimate with some very earnest Christian Jews, and though urged to become one of them, he resisted. A year later the Christian Jews determined to observe the Passover as a national feast day. After the meal was over, one after another, the Christians rose and testified of their love for Christ. We are told that young Schereschewsky sat listening, and presently his head drooped upon his hands and tears trickled down his cheeks, while sobs shook the strong man. Gradually growing calmer, his lips were seen to move in prayer. Soon he jumped to his feet and cried out, in a voice choked with strong emotion, "I will no longer deny my Lord, but will follow Him outside the camp." Convinced that immersion was the only true baptism, he applied to a Baptist minister, who, after due instruction, immersed him. He had undergone great trials and deprivations in his school life. He went now to a theological seminary, and later decided to give his life to China, where he went in 1859. There his linguistic genius was recognized, and he was put at translating work. Daily he preached the Gospel, either in Peking or to large crowds outside the West Gate of the city. After sixteen years of arduous labor, he came to

America, where he was honored everywhere. He raised funds, and on his return to China was able to lay the cornerstone of St. John's College, in Shanghai, on Easter morning, 1879. This was the first Protestant College founded in China. In 1881 he was stricken with heat apoplexy and till 1886 was under treatment in Europe, when he resigned his Episcopacy, and settled in the United States with his family.

Though he had only partially recovered the use of his hands and feet and had great difficulty in speaking, he was determined to translate the Bible into Wenli,—the literary language of China. Imagine this man of sublime resolution and heroic endurance, sitting eight hours a day at the typewriter, pounding with the index fingers, —the only ones of which he had any use,—till twenty-five hundred large pages of Chinese words were printed in Roman letters. As this had to be transliterated into Chinese characters, Bishop Schereschewsky returned to Shanghai and later went to Tokyo, where there were better facilities for printing his work. He kept two scribes busy eight hours a day, and worked, in all, about twenty-three years at this task. He died in the fall of 1908, at the age of seventy-five; but had the joy of completing and revising two versions, one in the Wenli, the other in the Mandarin, and of making reference Bibles. He was working on a commentary when his call came. This marvellous man gave the Bible to four hundred millions of people. Sitting in his jinrikisha, shrunken, wasted, he looked to be,—as he was,—a suffering invalid. His magnificent head told of the giant intellectual capacity of the man. I wish every man and woman in America, and especially our Endeavorers, might know of this great man,—Bishop Schereschewsky,—and his heroic service.

XIII

COMPLEX EXPERIENCES

SMALLPOX, A MOB, AND DEATH

IN the winter of 1897, Tokyo was scourged by a fearful epidemic of smallpox. A number of homes were under quarantine, while many more evaded the law. Poverty was a significant factor of this evasion. Anxious to compass the problem of support in the face of inability to earn, the fact of there being sickness in the home was concealed, if possible, and bedding, clothing, and furniture pawned or sold. Again, in the homes of the poor, there were no bathing facilities, and the convalescent went to the public bath-house before desquamation was accomplished. Every effort was made by the intelligent, up-to-date physicians to avoid these things; but it is no easy task to bring millions of people, the majority of whom are poor, in line with modern sanitation and hygiene.

A couple of independent workers came to us about this time,—Mr. and Mrs. Pruett, of Nashville, Tennessee. They thought that to be a true missionary one must place one's life in the neediest place. Their little Japanese house was close to poor neighbors, with only filthy surface drainage ditches separating them. They held many meetings in their home, admitting dirty and diseased people. We had often urged them to come and visit us, over in Tsukiji, and they finally accepted the invita-

tion. Mrs. Pruett was not at all well, and the second day of her visit, smallpox developed. Fortunately our house was so arranged that we managed to separate the sick woman from our family, sparing rooms for nurses and for Mr. Pruett. It was a very serious case, but we came through with flying colors, no one taking the disease. It took a few days to make the nurses understand that we quite meant what we said,—that not a morsel of food must be returned to the kitchen from trays of nurse or invalid. There was the old cry of "precious"; but by unremitting vigilance we succeeded in getting matters under control.

The funny thing was the "official" fumigating before we were released from quarantine. The grave police officers came with all the dignity and state so characteristic of the Mikado's subjects, and with an *ordinary atomizer* pompously sprayed disinfectant upon walls and bedding, leaving strict orders that the room must remain open a day and night! Needless to say the "home department" took the matter up, and I am quite sure the officials would have been all but paralyzed could they have seen the fumigating, cleaning, burning, painting, and general renovating that followed. To be sure, this was fourteen years ago, and I have no doubt all would be conducted in much more scientific fashion now.

From the *kogisho* (preaching place) in Hongo Ku,—one of the four city wards in which the mission carried on regular work,—Mr. Garst returned one night unusually late and looking very tired and jaded. He was covered with mud. The audiences he addressed in this place assembled in the low rented rooms of a shop. The residents of the locality were rough and uneducated. Among the sins that Mr. Garst rebuked was

that of popular theatre-going. His audience took offence at his words. He reasoned with them till a late hour, but failed to restore their good humor. When he started for home, the street filled with an excited mob, which proceeded to pelt the missionary with mud clods. Most fortunate it was that there was only dirt at hand instead of stones!

In February, 1897, Dr. Hartshorne died. The reader will remember the visit of this good man and his daughter in 1893, and their return to America with the promise to come again to the Sunrise Kingdom, which they did. When discussing their second visit, Dr. Hartshorne said to his daughter Anna, "If we go again I think thee will have to come back alone." And he showed her the bit of verse he had written on "Aoyama," the burial-place for foreigners in Tokyo. "Aoyama" means "Green Hill," but by a slight change comes to mean "Hill of Love," and by this name Dr. Harsthorne had held the beautiful place in remembrance.

"Beyond the crowded city's utmost reach,
Near but to hospital and college halls,
Where on the ear no sound repellent falls,
Only sweet bell tones or soft Nippon speech;
Where moss-grown tombstones their weird sermons preach,
With silent liturgies of attendant trees,
Stirred now and then to whispers by a breeze,
Where all things 'man is mortal' gently teach;
Are we not furthest there from all the din,
Oft-times discordant of the haunts of men,
Where love and joy are fain to enter in,
Yet strife and sorrow come and come again!
When on this earth I make my last remove,
Be it to Aoyama, Hill of Love.

"Written in anticipation,
"Germantown, Penn, 8th, 15, 1895."

And so they came again, and their home, two doors from us, became headquarters for quiet, cultured gatherings, and the dear daughter,—so like the fair young wife

that the gentle Doctor had sheltered so gallantly till Death took her from him,—presided with gracious dignity and cheer. For a few days her father had not been usually well, and on a Monday afternoon in February Anna came to me to borrow some sickroom convenience. She talked of this and that and did not betray especial anxiety. The next morning the news that her father was dead came to me with a great shock. When she returned from our home across the intervening gardens, she found her father worse, and realized that the crucial hour had come. The wise Doctor insisted that this time the attack that had threatened his life again and again was to be the final one, and pleaded that there be no confusion of hurrying feet, of consulting physicians and solicitous friends, but just a quiet waiting together for the last summons. And so they communed with each other through the long, last night on earth, and at half-past six in the morning, when the last moment had passed, this brave daughter composed the limbs and bathed the dear face, arranging hair and beard, and then,—calling the cook,—she sent a note to Dr. MacDonald. A little later, when the cook came to announce breakfast, in reply to his words, "Tell the master breakfast is ready," Miss Hartshorne said, "The master is not here this morning."

Is it not true that the Resurrection Life begins this side the grave? These two had felt it. They had seen it in their own and other redeemed lives. To them it was no myth. More than many sermons of wise divines did this simple testimonial of absolute faith ring out the cheer, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions."

Dr. Hartshorne had written of "Death":

"Why chide we Death?
To-day I am in love with Death,
He steppeth nigh so silently,
His guests abide so peacefully,
Men speak of him so tenderly;
We welcome thee, O Death!"

Again in "Open Graves" Dr. Hartshorne wrote beautifully of this last Great Enemy and how well his life showed that the sentiment was no empty theory:

"I waited for the funeral throng,
Beside an open grave;
O'er the smooth sod each grassy mound
Rose like a rounded wave.

"How cruelly on the fair earth,
Mān's rude hand makes his mark!
Bright shines the sky above; beneath,
How narrow, cold, and dark!

"O morn of life! O night of gloom!
O strife of hope and dread!
Were all thus ended in the tomb,
Could we give up our dead?

"Empty, as yet, this new-made grave,
To-night what will it hold?
Beauty, no human strength could save;
Wealth, unredeemed of gold.

"So, musing in my burning thought,
Another tomb I see;
Thence, wrapt in grave-clothes, hand and foot,
One rose, at Bethany.

"He was not dead, but only slept;
Life had but closed its wings;
That empty grave where 'Jesus wept,'
Than this spoke better things.

"Yet more blest vision:—of the tomb
Where Jesus' body lay!
He rose; away untimely gloom!
Our night glides into day.

"Cold, crushing earth, we dread thee not;
Let flowers grow over thee.
Thrice conquered Death, where is thy sting?
Grave, where thy victory?

"Our hearts may droop, our tears will fall,
Above the body's prison;
Weep, yet rejoice; God reigns o'er all—
Hosanna, Christ has risen."

Japan is hallowed by the sacred dust of this man of God, who loved the Island Empire. From his grave, as dawn breaks, one may look away to fairest Mount Fuji, pointing upward to that Land of which he sang.

VARIED DUTIES AND PLEASURES

Guido F. Verbeck, pre-eminently the pioneer missionary of Japan, died in February of 1897. Great was the loss to Japan when that good man passed away.

In the spring of this notable year, little Rachel, our fifth child, came to gladden our hearts.

These times were big with portent in Japan. Discussion of the extension of the franchise brought influential men to Mr. Garst to learn concerning effective modes of voting. Sho Nemoto, Member of Parliament,—the splendid man who succeeded in bringing in legislation against the use of tobacco by minors,—assisted in the preparation of a pamphlet on "Proportional Representation."

Christians were urging a more strict observance of the first day of the week. The excellent work of Miss Clara Parrish, International Representative of the W. C. T. U., —now Mrs. Wright,—resulted in the organization of the "National Temperance League"; and all of these promoters of righteous living found a warm friend and helper in Mr. Garst; problems between capital and labor also

were to the front, and Mr. Katayama, editor of the "Labor World," was frequently in conference with him.

There were calls for addresses before the military department of the Y. M. C. A., in commercial schools, before temperance organizations and various clubs, and Mr. Garst's profound conviction that the Golden Rule should dominate and control every phase of life brought from him a noble message on every several occasion.

The dear West Point chum and classmate, Colonel Bacon of New York City, spent six weeks with us in the fall of '97. His presence was an especial joy to Mr. Garst, and brought increased opportunity for service. Colonel Bacon was on a business errand, but had time to preach Christ, not only in the Y. M. C. A. and principal churches of Tokyo, but in low, dark *kogisho* as well, where he must take off his shoes at the entrance, and do his best to stir the good in men through interpreters. Colonel Bacon immediately became one of the missionary family in Tokyo, and brought strength to many a heart. Mrs. Topping, whose house was more suitable for such an occasion than ours, joined with us in giving a reception in his honor. Chrysanthemums were in their glory and the exquisite flowers helped us to make a bower of beauty in which to receive our friends. I suppose if the "missionary critic" had been there he might have gone away reporting the occasion as the gentleman did the Hepburn turkey. Well, there always will be critics and fault-finders. If missionaries associate intimately with community foreigners, responding to even a few of the many demands of social life, there will be the cry, "gluttonous and wine-bibbers"; if they devote themselves to the overwhelming calls that come to them from the people to whom, in a special sense, they have come, they will be condemned

for asceticism and criminal indifference to the condition of people of their own nationality in the Orient. It was so in the days of the Christ, and the servant should not expect to be above his Lord. It is well that "wisdom is ever justified of her children." Happy the missionary who can judiciously adjust himself to the multifarious demands and constantly show his solicitude for the good of all men.

All the world knows the great good that William Jennings Bryan did in Japan, turning down his wine glasses at the banquet table, drinking the health of the Emperor in cold water, and preaching the "Prince of Peace" to thousands. The same thing was done by Colonel Bacon in a smaller way. The fact that this successful and popular business man would come to them with the same message, the same interest, as the missionary, profoundly impressed the Japanese.

Immediately after Colonel Bacon's departure Mr. Garst went on an extended evangelistic tour. A very busy winter followed. In January he wrote of an evangelistic effort:

"In Japan it is very difficult to have a 'revival' because the Church is so small and weak. Having been invited to hold a meeting in Shizuoka, I went there and found that Mr. and Mrs. Pruett had the people well prepared.

"Shizuoka is a splendid city and will, when the double track is laid, be only four hours from Tokyo. It is noted for its beautiful winter climate. . . . .

"Mr. Pruett did the singing and I did the preaching. The sermons were on the Life and Work of Christ and the establishment of the Church.

"One poor woman in attendance had, about nine months before, lost a daughter, since which time she had been praying to a stone and she had not bathed. A hope was raised in her breast and she concluded to change her way of behaving. Her husband became a Christian. Another attendant at the meetings was a member of the Greek Church. He said he had concluded that the worship of the pictures was idolatrous and he wanted a purer religion and more zeal. He is studying. Another man

is a Buddhist priest. He seems inclined to leave the religion for the dead and to change to a religion for the living. . . . Having met three of a party of eight young men pledged to do all they could for the regeneration of Japan, I was inquiring of an old friend about their standing. One of them, he said, is very prominent and an honest man, and not a Christian. Last evening I took supper with him. He has surrounded himself with a lot of students whom he teaches. He showed me his Bible, special pages all marked, and a small room set apart as a place of prayer, on the walls of which he has engravings of Christ addressing the multitude from the boat, the Lord's Supper, and one of Niagara Falls. He told me a few years ago he was bitterly opposed to Christianity, but that he had read the Gospels and that *Christ was more than man.* This man has been around the world twice, each time with a prime minister; once to the Coronation of the Czar, and the other time to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

"On the third night of the meeting there were two confessions and afterward one every night till we closed. Daily immersions were a surprise to the people. We all felt that it was a time of 'refreshing from the Lord.'"

Improved health made possible a larger service for Mr. Garst. In the spring he was again absent for weeks, going over a large stretch of territory. He spoke almost daily, his audiences ranging from one to six hundred. He mentioned in his letters one town of ten thousand where he had preached nine years before, and the fact that he was the only foreigner who, up to that time, had ever preached there. He noted with deep joy the decrease of prejudice as evidenced by the official recognition he received,—in one town being permitted to preach Christ in the County Assembly Hall, while in another place the Principal of the public schools took all the responsibility for the meeting. This meant much in Japan in 1898! And so he exclaimed at the close of a very brief report, "Every time I take an itinerating tour I am more and more impressed with the outlook for a speedy ingathering in Japan. The harvest seems fully ripe. May many be garnered into the storehouse of God."

During this itinerary he wrote to his baby daughter:

"HONJO, AKITA KEN, April 20, 1898.

"RACHEL, MY DARLING:

"Thirteen years ago to-day your big brother was born in Akita and five years ago he went to heaven to be forever in the Glory of God's Presence. On the 22nd you will have been with us one little year. It is a little time, but your blessed presence has made it a year of joy.

"I want so much to be home to be your horse but here in the mountains I have to be my own horse. Will have to walk a good deal to-morrow,—about three *ri,* for the *Shafu* wants 20 *sen* per *ri* and insists on my taking two men, which makes it forty sen. . . .

"Yesterday I saw a lark singing and flying about with his topknot roached up very proudly. He thought he could sing, but when he heard you sing his back got long and thick and he blushed and became a red-headed woodpecker, using his beak to get worms out of old trees. I heard the pheasants crowing but they can't crow over our Morrison.

"The landlord at the hotel where I am stopping went to Saghalien, the Russian Island near the Hokkaido. One moonlight night he met a bear and fired a pistol at him and frightened him away. He had a great time over there.

"The Tashiros are well. Honjo has not changed much. . . . I have bought some pears. They seem to be the only cheap thing here.

"Tell Gretchen and Morrison I am getting along all right. I want to write to them too sometime.

"Tashiro showed me a big shell dug out of the mountain. It had changed into stone.

"Love and kisses to all. Don't be '*waga mama*' (stubborn).

"Baby Stevens goes to bed alone, sits alone in the room, and isn't spoiled a bit.

"Be a good girl and grow up like Miss Willard.

"As ever

"Your doting

"PAPA."

The fact that about this time Messrs. Guy and Garst were asked by the Japanese workers to itinerate as much as possible throughout the Empire, indicates the abatement of anti-foreign feeling and the confidence reposed in these men by our associates.

The war with Spain touched us very closely. We thought it probable that Colonel Bacon would be called

into service as he was colonel of the 23d Regiment of National Guards. Mr. Garst's brother Perry was Lieutenant-Commander of the Monitor *Terror,* and a cousin one of the engineers on the *Olympia,*—Dewey's flagship at Manila. Little Morrison was greatly excited over the situation and prayed fervently one night that God would "bless Uncle Sam and give him wisdom to do right." "Dutchey" hurried across the room when the petition closed and whispered, "Mamma, did you hear that? Evidently he thinks Uncle Sam is a real person!" and I did not know which to think the more fascinating, my sweet little ten-year-old daughter, or my six-year-old son. A few evenings after this "Dutchey" found her little brother in tears, and anxiously inquiring the reason of his sorrow was told, "I am crying because I am too young to be of any service to my country!"

About this time Mr. Garst happened to find a tiny jinrikisha at a second-hand shop, for which he paid seventy-five cents. This became a sort of throne for little Rachel, and Morrison was her willing vassal whenever she wished to fare forth. Imitating the swing of the jinrikisha man he dashed through the quiet streets around our home. The embroidered ruffle of Rachel's sunbonnet fluttered in the breeze, and her merry little face spoke the delight of her happy heart. It was a goodly sight, and we preserved a souvenir in the photograph which was made quite "Japanesey" by the little suit made for the occasion for Morrison, while "Dutchey" was persuaded to pose in costume with the inevitable Japanese umbrella.

A WHOLESOME SIGHT

A SUMMER IN SAPPORO

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall joined the mission during this summer, but were not able to remain long because of the nervous condition of Mrs. Marshall, brought on largely by the influence of the climate of Japan. They have accomplished a great deal for the cause of missions through their teaching in the United States. Professor Marshall now has one of the largest mission study classes in the world at Christian University, Enid, Oklahoma.

The best place in Japan for a broken-down worker is Sapporo, the capital city of the northern island of Yezo,—which is called Hokkaido, or "Northern Sea Circuit," by the Japanese. Especially is this true if the health-seeker be an American. The railroad, stretching from the port, Otaru, to the city, is patterned after American instead of European style. The city itself is laid out almost true to the points of the compass,—the streets being at right angles to each other,—while elsewhere they are little better than the proverbial "cow-paths." The cold climate and absence of earthquakes make possible a different style of architecture, and houses with plastered walls, chimneys, and windows, greet the eye. Instead of the clean-swept, grassless yards seen elsewhere, there are grassy lawns enclosed by picket fences and a "garden gate." The streets are broad and there are sidewalks, maple and elm trees, and many of the "home" flowers,—pansies, nasturtiums, phlox, hollyhocks and sweet-williams. Beyond the town lie wheat and flax fields.

Near the Government Agricultural College are large red barns in which the crops are stored after being harvested with the most modern machinery. One may watch

the making of butter and cheese, and look at the well-fed blooded stock. Some of the horses we saw at that time were descended from the handsome stallion which General Grant, after his visit to Japan, sent as a gift to the Emperor. And there are delicious home fruits,—big ox-heart cherries, apples, quinces, and berries. The air is much drier and more bracing.

While it involved a long journey we decided to spend the summer of 1898 in Sapporo, hoping that it would fully restore Mr. Garst's health and bring back some of the lost sixty pounds of flesh. We prayed that this plan might give us long years of service in our beloved Japan. Our faithful O'Tetsu san accompanied us. There was a three days' sea trip up the east coast, through the straits at Hakodate and around the west coast of the northern island to Otaru, and then a short train run. We had rented from Miss Smith, of the Presbyterian mission, a portion of the girls' school building which was vacant for the summer. We immediately felt the benefit of the change.

But as fast as Mr. Garst gained a little he put the added strength into the work. He visited some mining towns in which there was Christian work that had been established by converts from Akita. This was a long-wished-for opportunity for him, and it greatly strengthened and encouraged the Japanese friends. Many callers came to our home to talk of the new religion. A large singing class gave me a touch with child and home life.

For weeks during the summer we received no word from Nanking and felt very anxious about Dr. and Mrs. Macklin. When at last the coveted letter came our hearts ached as we read its message,—the news of the birth and death of a sweet little invalid daughter, Edith, and the very critical illness of Dr. Macklin. The brief

story of Mrs. Macklin's getting about, weak and ill, of her nursing the doctor and taking him the long, perilous journey into the hills which, by God's blessing, saved his life,—all made a thrilling chapter.

At once Mr. Garst said, "I have always intended that you should visit Nanking before our second furlough, and this would seem to be the fitting time. I shall be travelling all fall, and very little at home. It is quite right that you go and strengthen your little sister."

Immediately upon our return to Tokyo we were delighted by a call from missionaries on their way to recruit our forces in China. As eagerly as an army in time of siege looks for relief, do missionaries anticipate the coming of reinforcements. Dr. and Mrs. Osgood, Dr. Welpton, and Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were the expected ones. Mr. Cunningham had been taken ill on the way and remained in America for treatment. We had no telephone facilities in Tokyo in 1898, but a brief message by telegraph cost but five cents. Hastily calling the mission together at our home, twenty of us sat down together to lunch. The steamer tarried but a few hours in Yokohama, so we had little opportunity to show our guests about the great city. Dr. and Mrs. Osgood remain in China after long years of splendid service. Illness brought Dr. Welpton back to the homeland, where he watches with interest the progress of the Orient, and is a generous friend of volunteer and missionary workers.

XIV

THE END APPROACHING

A VISIT TO NANKING

WE now hastened our preparations for Nanking. In order to reduce household expenses, O'Ino san went to Shizuoka to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pruett, who were most grateful for her presence. O'Tetsu san, with her father and brother for company, remained to make a home for Mr. Garst. In order to economize further, for the trip to China taxed our resources, we decided to go second-class. When the moment for good-byes came, we found we had lost sight of Morrison. He had dreaded the parting from his father, and had hurried to our cabin to gain control of himself, intending to join us in a moment on deck. But before he returned the launch had left the big ship's side, and when he realized that he was too late to see his father again he was broken-hearted. Mr. Garst was equally troubled, and the next morning at breakfast seemed so depressed that O'Tetsu san, as she told us long afterward, was concerned. When so uniformly sunny a temperament was clouded, she felt that something must be decidedly wrong. Mr. Garst confessed to having slept but little during the night, having had a vivid dream of a wreck that carried us all to the bottom. Strangely enough, we had had an unusual experience. In the dead of night, with a jerk that woke the heaviest

sleeper, our steamer stopped and stood stockstill for a few moments in mid-ocean. In the morning we learned that we had missed, by a "hair's breadth," a head-on collision.

Second-class was dreadful. Our cabin was endurable, but it opened upon a saloon in which there was smoking and drinking far into the night. When at last the merry-makers retired, I opened our door for better ventilation, whereupon the rats from the hold proceeded to hold high carnival, jumping about our room and across the beds so that I did not dare to close my eyes for fear some harm would come to the sleeping children. A horse was stalled immediately above us, and his frantic kicking, pawing, and neighing frightened even brave little Morrison, who was fearful that he might come through upon us. But I convinced him that decks that withstood the lash of the terrible ocean waves would not yield to the plunging of a frantic animal.

The week's voyage ended, we were cordially welcomed in Shanghai by Mr. and Mrs. Bentley. Then came the trip up the Yangtsi and the happy meeting at Nanking. There were a few weeks of study and play; visiting different mission schools, attending Chinese services, and getting acquainted with the new phases of life in this quarter of the Orient. We found the solid, stolid Chinese very different from our "Frenchy" Japanese people. There were delightful associations with missionaries of various communions,—about fifty, including the children. They gathered, one evening, for music and literary pastime, at Dr. Macklin's home. Mrs. Macklin told the little cousins that if they would help in getting the yard and verandahs in order, they might stay up for the evening. Presently we were aware that most of the children were up in an apricot tree.

"Oh, see, mother, we are playing birdies!" called Theodore.

"Isn't that lovely!" responded the little mother. "You know birdies go to sleep with the sun!" and, as she saw the children scramble to the ground, seize rake and broom and address themselves to the serious business for which they had contracted, she sang merrily, "'Make the punishment fit the crime, the punishment fit the crime!' Oh, I wish I could always get the better of them along disciplinary lines in that fashion. It is so much better than getting excited about it."

Mrs. Saw brought me a great bunch of yellow chrysanthemums on my seventeenth wedding anniversary. She was trying bravely to live for others during the hard days of her young widowhood. In the spring of 1898 Mr. Saw died of typhus fever, contracted while caring for sick and famine-stricken Chinese. He was greatly beloved by the missionaries and Chinese. Mrs. Saw nursed him in quarantine, and followed him, alone, to the grave. The funeral services were held by torchlight in the hospital yard, friends hearing what they could at a distance; for it was necessary to take all possible precaution against spreading infection. It was all very weird and sad.

There were frequent bright messages from Mr. Garst, who seemed very happy in his work. To Mr. Rains he wrote, under date of November 3, from Tsukiji:

"During nearly all of October Mr. Guy and I were travelling in the interior about Fukushima with Messrs. Madden, Hasegawa, and Kawamura. We had a series of fine meetings. I am happy to say that Mr. Guy is fast making a reputation as an orator in Japanese. As such are very few we hope he may continue in the evangelistic work. . . . I wish you could have been present at some of the meetings—take for instance

the one in a city of about 5,000 people called Sanuma. That night there were four speakers, and an audience of 300. Continuous speaking for two hours. The meeting closed. Two made the good confession. When they were being immersed in the river at ten o'clock, a dozen young men were in my room in an inquiry meeting. We kept it up till midnight. We hope for fruit later on. Other meetings were much the same in character. One young farmer who was the terror of his family has become a Christian and preaches to his neighbors with considerable power.

"Please bear in mind that next year the opening up of the country to foreigners will mark an epoch in the work here. A half-dozen new men from home would be a blessing."

Mr. Garst urged us to make a leisurely visit in Nanking, as we would not be likely to go again. He wrote that the house, without his "four darlings," seemed "like oysters on the half-shell *with the oysters left out!*" He referred to baby Rachel in China as "a dove in a pig-stye," which seemed a good comparison, for our baby was so dainty and the Chinese so dirty!

Here are a few extracts from letters written on evangelistic tours.

"To the Family of School Children at Nanking:

"My Darlings: As I sit in my Japanese room without fire and with the *shoji* open to the sea, I want to write you a little letter. Yesterday was Thanksgiving Day, and we had many things for which to be thankful. We celebrated our Thanksgiving dinner with nice apple sauce and had *'soba'* (macaroni) supper after our lecture meeting. All of our meetings have been good and we hope to have a few more before we return home. It is a great thing to teach the people about Christ and the victory over the world and the grave. I have been to the beach this morning looking at the jellyfish, shells, stones, and most of all the beautiful sea itself! I thought about the three Kingdoms,—the Mineral Kingdom, the Vegetable Kingdom, and the Animal Kingdom. You know the difference, and you also know the Kingdom of Heaven, the best of all. When I walk on the beach I think of Solomon. You know the Bible says the Lord gave him 'Largeness of heart as the sand by the seashore.' If you do not get the 'Large Heart,' like Greatheart in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or like the New Heart that one must have to please the Lord, what you learn in school will not do you much good. A little heart makes a little head (mind) and a Large Heart makes a Great Mind. Wisdom starts in the

Heart, remember that, and the Heart must be kept Large and Pure. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

"I think I will stop now and cook some apple sauce. Don't you wish you had some? But one day we had to eat grasshoppers like John the Baptist, and they did not taste so bad after all. Just think, while I was writing this, mail came from Nanking, and I read about you all. It was very nice and makes me as happy as a—snowbird. A snowbird seems happier to me than a crow, because a crow is a mean sort of a bird, a kind of a tease. The Japanese call a black snake a crow snake. I wonder if the Chinese call a crow a 'dude' because he wears a white collar? I love you all so much I can hardly tell you how much. May the Lord bless you and make you a blessing, and may He, Himself, be your exceeding great reward."

He wrote to Morrison:

"Kiss 'Dutchey' and Rachel for me. Remember the Arabs say of an especially fine fellow, that 'he is the brother of sisters.' You are the brother of queens, sandwiched in between them. You must be a King or you will not fit."

On December 2d, Mr. Garst wrote as follows, from Tokyo:

"My Three Darlings: I want to tell you a story. The other evening I went out on the porch and looked at Fuji, just at sundown. It is perfectly white now, just like Grandma's hair, and it stands up very proud, as though it had nothing to be ashamed of. When I saw the snow I thought of Rachel,—and all of you for that matter,—and I said, 'Old Fuji, you are proud and haughty, but compared with Rachel you are dirty.' Would you believe it? The whole sky turned red and the mountain fairly blushed. Of course I remarked that I did not want to hurt Mr. Fuji's feeling, but an angel is superior to a mountain. By faith mountains can be moved and cast into the sea, but a righteous man can never be moved. Then Fuji turned green with envy. Envy is one of the meanest of passions. Rejoice with the fortunate and happy and envy them not. God will give you as much as you are willing to receive. Then I said, 'Don't be jealous. As a mountain you are very fine.' But suddenly it was blue with rage and finally hid its face in black clouds in shame and despair I suppose. It's too bad.

"I enjoy your letters very much. Of course Rachel can talk Chinese and say '*Puyau jin.*' Wouldn't I like to hear her!

Morrison, I know, studies because he wants to be of some account in the world. 'Dutchey' gets up in the mornings and hustles. It is all very lively. . . . Hug and kiss one another for me. Give my love to Ruth and Mr. and Mrs. Meigs. Good-night. Many prayers that you may be honest, truthful, and pure. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God! Your little

"PAPA."

A CABLEGRAM

Our mission homes in Nanking are healthfully located on hills some distance from the city. Until a few sharp frosts had killed the miasmas lower down, Dr. Macklin was unwilling that we visit the great, filthy Chinese city, where we were anxious to see his dispensary work, and the life of the people on their "native heath." Finally all was propitious, a certain Monday was set, and we retired early Sunday night, expecting to make an early start in the morning. About three o'clock in the night I was aware that some one was entering my room. I sat up with a choking sensation in my throat. I felt instantly that there was bad word from home. "Oh, Laurie dear, don't be frightened," said my little sister. "Last night just after you came up a cablegram came. Charles is ill and they want you to return. We knew there would be time for you to get ready if we called you at three and we wanted you to have the rest."

There was a moment of clinging to this dear sister who had been through so much, then I called the children and we began our hurried preparations. We started for the river steamer at six o'clock. Dr. Macklin and the good Chinese woman, Luma, went with us to Shanghai, where we missed, by one hour, a steamer bound for Yokohama. It was a staggering disappointment, for we must wait four days for another. But strange to say, we came to see a Providence in this, even; for there was a most unusual storm, and though

we would have reached port safely, yet we would have been worn from the severity of the trip, and unfit for duty in the sick room.

The four days of waiting seemed an eternity. One afternoon we went to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Bentley. Luma rode in a jinrikisha with Rachel on her lap. The rest of us walked. As we returned to our rooms we stopped at a grocery store to get condensed milk for Rachel. When we came out of the store Luma was nowhere to be seen. We expected to find her at our stopping place, but were disappointed. We were thoroughly frightened, for Shanghai is a wicked city, with gruesome dark alleyways; and blood-curdling tales are not wanting of people murdered simply for the clothes they wear. Dr. Macklin rushed this way and I that, and soon the telephones had the police on the move. For half an hour we were in suspense, when Luma rode up, as frightened as we, but with Rachel fast asleep in her arms. A different coolie had taken the "rickshaw" at Mr. Bentley's gate, and we had not noticed it; nor did we know that Luma had not the number of the house and could not direct the man. When she found she had lost us, she had to go back to Mr. Bentley's to get information. True "all's well that ends well," but we suffered tortures in that half-hour.

We lay at Shimonoseki,—the first port touched in Japan,—twenty-four hours, coaling. A wire to Tokyo brought the cheering word, "Still improving." We gained twenty-four hours by leaving the steamer at Kobe, and proceeding to Tokyo by rail. Our telegram somehow missed its destination and no one was at Shinbashi to meet us. We found the sick man hardly able to bear the unexpected meeting, he was so weak. He

sat high against the pillows, breathing with great difficulty. His beard had grown, and the skull cap which he wore to protect him from chill gave him a most unnatural look. A week of suspense followed. Vibrating between hope and fear, we nursed him day and night. Mr. and Mrs. Pruett and O'Ino san had come at once, on receipt of word from O'Tetsu san, and as a tired child would turn to its mother, this suffering man looked to the dear Japanese friend. She combed his hair and persuaded him to take nourishment, talked in cooing tones of the time that his loved ones would be back, and read to him the Shepherd Psalm,—this Christian woman, that could hardly read at all when she came to us in Akita.

Christmas morning, as I drew the curtains and let a flood of sunshine into the sickroom, Mr. Garst said, "The Lord is risen to-day!" for it was Sunday, and the Resurrection was the passion of his life. Having just come in from an evangelistic trip, he occupied one of our pulpits in Tokyo on the 4th of December, and preached a sermon on the "Resurrection," in Japanese. It was the last sermon he ever preached.

Japanese and foreigners alike vied with each other in doing all that love could dictate.

Prayer was not forgotten. From north to south the Christians united in pleading for his life. From the pastor of the Akita church came the following letter, which I transcribe without correction:

"Akita, Dec. 14, 1898.

"Mr. C. E. Garst:

"My Dear Brother in Christ: I intended to write to you but I was very busy and could not to do so. Eight meetings in a week—you can imagine how I am busy.

"Yesterday I got a letter from Saito san and this morning also from Hirai san and was surprised to know that you are not very well. How are you to-day? I do hope indeed that

you will get well soon. This evening we had special meeting for you at *Shichome* Church and we all joined in one prayer. Japan need you at least forty years more and our Church need you so much in this climax in the history of the mission. Trust in Him. He will comfort you and strength you in your trial.

"I like to write to you about our work in Akita but I think it is better for you not know much about the work in your trial so I will say that much that the work is moving slowly but is very hopeful. Several prominent people began to study of the Christianity.

"With much love and prayer,
"T. K."

Long weakness had undermined Mr. Garst's constitution, and there was not strength to resist a complication of troubles,—la grippe first, with liver difficulties, and then pneumonia with pleurisy. Christmas morning the side was opened and drained, and further surgery was planned; but he failed rapidly, and it was given up. Through all he was most thoughtfully considerate of those about him. He remembered one of the young girls in Miss Oldham's home who was suffering from a sprained ankle, and asked anxiously regarding her condition.

On Christmas evening, when told that he was very low and asked if he had any fear of death, he said, "No. I know in whom I have believed." At another time he said, "My love to all the relatives. Tell them I can only commend them to God, who is able to raise them from the dead—that I have no confidence in any other." Again he said to me, "Give my love to Loos, McLean, and Rains, and all my fellow-workers. Tell the children I have loved them so, and I am sorry I cannot perform a father's duty to them; but they must obey you and do what is right before God; that they must trust in the Lord and do good." Later, when asked if he had further messages, he said, "My life is my message." He asked for the song, "Faith is the victory," and as

O'INO SAN

the singer ceased, he murmured, "Beautiful." He said softly, as though to himself, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on Me shall never die." He thought constantly of his dear people and moaned, "This is my body broken for you." He suffered pain that seemed to him to threaten an actual breaking apart of his body. At half-past two o'clock on the morning of December 28th the noble heart ceased to beat and the spirit went Home to the Christ whom he had so loved and honored.

Then there was a day when a casket stood in his study on a bier draped with the flag of Japan, while above hung the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Friends of different nations came to look once more on the kindly face, and one reported, "It is not a common thing for Japanese men to weep, but many of his Japanese friends burst into tears as they approached the side of the casket, and with voices choked with emotion, expressed the general sentiment that he had given his life for them." And there was the quiet service at the home, the private burial at Aoyama, memorial services in Japanese at the Y. M. C. A., and later in English, at the Union Church in Tsukiji. . . .

The busy days of preparation for returning to America followed,—for there was no alternative but to leave the loved work. I could not remain in it with the care of three young children upon me. Gretchen was ill from the shock of her father's death. A good steamer was to sail in three weeks. It was a time when to be absorbed in a pressing task was a relief. Our friends gathered around us and rendered every assistance. The representatives of our government told us to command them; a professor in the Imperial University offered a

loan of money if we were financially unprepared to meet the situation; the dear Christians throughout our communion from far in the north to the southern territory,—even out of their poverty,—hurried their gifts to us; the household helpers were tireless in their efforts to do everything possible to relieve me of care,—not only during the remaining days in Japan, but through the days to come in the homeland,—and busily sewed, repairing and making garments and bedding. Our O'Ino san called a family council and urged that she be allowed to accompany me to America. She did not realize that even if consent had been given I could not possibly have brought her home because of the expense.

From Akita there came a "wonder-box" for the children with some new delight for every day of the long voyage,—books, toys, confections, little love letters, and funny sayings. . . .

Now after nearly fourteen years I see through my tears the dear kind faces at Shinbashi station in Tokyo, and later at the wharf in Yokohama, and at last, on the ship's deck I hear again the farewell charges to the children,—"Grow up quickly and come back and take your father's place,"—and the great ship swings out to sea, and again we are on the mighty deep, and still the "Everlasting Arms" are beneath. They have never failed us.

In Honolulu there were many messages of sympathy awaiting us. In San Francisco and at various stopping places as we made our way across the continent, homes and hearts extended gracious cheer. Finally, in the little town of Coon Rapids, Iowa, relatives made all as much like home as it could possibly be without the gentle, strong presence that had gone from us. Later the need

of educational advantages brought us to Des Moines, where we have lived for nine happy years. Wonderfully has God given the "hundredfold" in myriads of ways. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He will bring it to pass."[1]

[1] The members of our own and many other missions were so exceedingly helpful that I hesitate to single out any one individual for special remark. All these friends, however, would gladly join me in appreciative mention of Miss Loduska J. Wirick, whose name occurs on page 217 of this volume. Not for her very devoted care of me would I speak here so much as of her wonderful and truly sacrificial service to Japan. For over twenty years she was, in her little Japanese house "by the side of the road," truly "a friend to man."

Miss Wirick taught in the Noble's School; she was an earnest toiler in connection with the rescue work of the W. C. T. U.; she brought the Glad News to the leper sufferers in the government hospital in Tokyo. But most of all she did distinctive service during the Russo-Japanese war. She was called the "Angel" of the hospitals, where thousands of wounded soldiers were interned. The literature distributed, the songs sung and the long talks she had with these suffering and lonely men, marked a truly Christ-like ministry. She received gracious recognition from the Mayor of Tokyo and a "loving cup" from the Emperor in appreciation. When the soldiers were dismissed by thousands to their homes, far scattered, isolated from any Christian privileges, the letters and literature sent them by Miss Wirick were the one bright spot in many a life. Her name was revered all over Japan, and in many a heart in Manchuria and Korea. She passed to her reward in the spring of 1914.

XV

AS OTHERS SAW HIM

TRIBUTES OF FRIENDS

ONE says: "I liked him for his fine manliness and Christlikeness. He was a help to any one."

A storm arose on the sea when a company of workers was returning from a little pleasure trip to famous Kinkwazan. Mr. F——— says he will best remember Mr. Garst because of a remark he made at that time. Mr. F——— said he hoped they would not go down, that he would rather go down on a *dendo* (evangelistic trip) than on a junket. "No," said Mr. Garst. "If we are resting for the good of our health it is the same as direct work. We should do it all as unto the Lord."

Another friend says: "When I think of Mr. Garst it is as feeding little Rachel with a spoon. One day when Mr. N——— and I came to call on you at the beach he was feeding her and he did it so beautifully that I shall always remember him best by that."

From a fellow-worker: "Often, when sorely troubled I have gone to him for advice and sympathy. He has shown me where I was at fault and I have left him realizing my Christian duty more clearly, and feeling that I had been made a better woman by the advice he had given me."

The word of a prominent Japanese: "In his death

I lose one of, at present, too few, staunch friends for the cause of temperance."

Dr. S——— wrote: "He was much to his friends and much to the Lord's work in Japan. Aside from the pleasure and support of his fellowship, I have never forgotten his act in once rescuing me from personal danger. I do not know but perhaps my own wife and children would long ago have been where you and yours are now, if it had not been for his help."

From the pastor of one of our churches: "Brother Garst was my teacher and my father in my religious life. He baptized me in the name of the Master, and took me into the Church. I will never forget him and will take up the work which he left for me."

Another, writing to one of the children, said: "I was baptized by your papa and was taught of the way to Heaven. He did not teach only by words *but he taught it in his life.*"

"He did not die, but has just gone to see Christ face-to-face. Yet he lives in the history of the Japanese Mission, in the hearts of the Japanese Christians, and in the Book of Life. We will remember Garst and believe his teaching." This from a Japanese.

A Christian Japanese editor says: "Not only while Mr. Garst lived did he labor faithfully for Japan, but we believe that his spirit will long work in Japan to save the people from their sins. Therefore we will not only long remember his work, but as editor of this paper will endeavor to let the people know about it."

One who knew him in Irvington, Indiana, in 1880, wrote of him: "Though in Butler but a few weeks

both the Church and the college felt his influence for good. Everybody knew him and respected him. His military bearing, together with his earnest Christian life, made him a prominent figure in our little college town. He was tall, dignified, and earnest, yet childlike in his faith and implicit trust in his Master. While in school his sister visited him. In a few days she demanded baptism. With the New Testament in hand, he had impressed her with the importance of obeying her Saviour and without delay. At that time we had no baptistery in Irvington. I shall never forget the little group, starting for the city on a rainy Monday morning, that a penitent believer might put on Christ in baptism. He believed the command was imperative,—she believed it also. How easy to put off matters of vital importance. It was a lesson to many. Such a teacher was Charles E. Garst; with him there was no mistaking the commands of the Saviour. He had reverence for God and faith in Jesus and His Word."

"I always honored Mr. Garst for his course in resigning what promised so much as an officer in the army of the United States to take up the work of a missionary."

"Charles E. Garst was a West Point graduate. His commission in the regular army, with the natural promotions, would have put him where he could have won distinction in the Spanish-American War. But he chose the better part. He fell in a nobler conflict. By his service and his death he contributed to a more glorious victory than that which was sealed by the Treaty of Paris. His children have a richer heritage than any soldier's sons."

"The first thing that impressed me in Mr. Garst's life was that he was a man of purpose. This is no doubt true of us all, but Mr. Garst's purpose took very deep hold of him. I heard some one say recently, since his death, that Mr. Garst had impressed himself upon this nation. That is true. His earnestness and devotion were well known."

"From whatever view-point we consider his character we are impressed by his faith and zeal. His bright life was as wide as the needs of humanity. To love righteousness and hate iniquity was his ruling motive. In his suffering moments he often said, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' 'I know whom I have believed.' 'Faith is the victory!' 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten Me up.' How true these words were. From the time he first came to Japan his whole thought was the extension of righteousness and truth among the people of Japan. A few days ago I received a letter from Mr. Isobe, President of the National English School in Kanda, in which he said that the life of Mr. Garst had been impressed upon the Japanese people so that they would never forget him."

"I know that Mr. Garst played the man and a Christian. His great purpose was to preach, to the people, Christ Jesus. We cannot describe the creed of the best Christians. Mr. Garst was a Christian and that was all. It took a General Booth in London to stir up the people who passed by the beggar on the other side, and it took Mr. Garst to call the attention of the people of Japan to social questions. Woe to the man who shuts his eyes to these things. Mr. Garst always followed his Master with a single eye."

"In the fall of 1897, it was my pleasure to spend six weeks with him in Tokyo, and become familiar with his work in the lowly outposts, in the colleges, and among the statesmen. Although the humblest of men, and having no thought of exercising an influence beyond the common people who usually receive the Word most gladly, it was his privilege to influence the ruling classes in Japan in a way that has not been permitted, as far as I know, to any other missionary in any field. During my stay in Tokyo there was scarcely a day that some member of the Liberal Party did not consult with him upon matters of public import or policy. One of these leaders jokingly told me that Mr. Garst was the conscience of the Liberal Party. At a club dinner given in Tokyo to Mr. Garst and myself to meet Count Itagaki, the Liberal leader, and a number of his lieutenants, all these matters of public import—since accomplished—were discussed and their ultimate triumph prophesied, as was also the case at a reception to Japanese statesmen, editors, and teachers given by Mrs. Garst. He believed thoroughly in the Singletax and proportional representation, and believing, he was brave enough to advocate them at all times. And who that has read 'Progress and Poverty' can fail to endorse its theories, even though one may not see how they can be engrafted readily upon present conditions. Mr. Garst was a John the Baptist, who denied himself all luxuries that he might preach repentance to the common people; but those of high estate also sought his counsel. I remember well going with Mr. Azbill one day to Count Okuma's reception when Mr. Garst preferred to remain outside at the college and talk to a large company of students that gathered gladly about him. Next morning one of those students walked ten miles to meet him again and

continue the conversation. . . . He belonged to a type that is rare in these times. He was shaped in the mould of the martyrs. His fidelity to his principles was the absorbing idea of his life, and though possessed of education and natural qualifications that would have made him prominent in many walks of life, he preferred to devote his talents among, as he thought, the humblest of God's benighted children; but he was nevertheless used as an instrument for influencing the great quite as much as the small. He has sown bushels of seed which must yield abundant harvests, not only in individual conversions in Japan, but in the laws of the nation which has already been admonished so forcibly by Mr. Garst that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.'"

"These are sad days for your little band in Japan. Our natural leader is gone. He was so capable and so modest that we rejoiced to look to him for counsel and leadership. No one thinks of taking his place. . . . He has done as great a work as many another who has been over here twenty-five years. In zeal he excelled us all."

"But that in which he towered above us all was his zeal for humanity. He loved men. He often spoke of 'our country' in speaking to a Japanese audience; '*Dojo, dokan*' (same heart, same feeling) was the expression he used when describing his feelings toward Japan. He loved Japan, and whatever he said or did was with the intention of making Japan better. 'He loved Japan more than we,' was the remark made by a Member of Parliament, not yet a Christian. He suffered for Japan. I have been with him when we would carry our baggage on our backs for miles, and on the trip which proved to be his

last we walked fifteen miles in three hours, in order to meet an engagement. 'That place is too dirty for you to go to,' was the advice given him by one of our most daring and faithful evangelists. 'Are there people there who have not heard of Christ?' 'Yes.' 'Then we must go.' On foot, through rain and shine, he bore the banner of the Cross. Nor tide nor wicked men could keep him from the suffering and the lost. His one theme was the Resurrection. 'We honor graves,' I heard him say in addressing an audience of ancestor worshippers, 'and the grave we honor most is an empty one, the one in which the Son of God spent three days and nights.' He was brave and fearless. We were in a meeting near a famous Shinto temple, to which the fishermen offer one fish for every boat which returns safely to shore. It was in the midst of a crowd of idol worshippers, who had little sympathy with the foreigner. Of the boats, which came in and out from that little place, there were not less than a thousand. Mr. Garst did not hesitate to condemn the practice of offering fish to the lazy priests, who could offer nothing in return, save to deepen the darkness in which the people were struggling. He looked, and was, every whit a soldier, as he stood there and faced that crowd and pleaded with them in Christ's name to be reconciled to God. His face lighted up with a heavenly smile as he spoke of the Resurrection and of the joyous life eternal beyond the grave for those who would obey Christ. On his trips through the Empire he never neglected sending words of greeting to his friends and fellow-workers. They always felt that he was one of the family, as it were. He was very fond of God's Word. On our last trip he was continually reading his Bible in the Japanese translation. He marked it well and loved to dwell on its beautiful passages. As

GRAVE OF CHARLES E. GARST
AOYAMA, TOKYO

a consequence, his preaching was scriptural. He spoke in the words of the old prophets. 'My waking and my sleeping thoughts have been of righteousness.' These are the words which he uttered just before he passed to the other world. If ever a man spent himself for righteousness that man was Charles E. Garst."

"We have all lost a father. His sympathies were profound. There was a look on his face that was more than ordinary. Mr. Garst was a man who came as near as any in Japan to the Christ character. He was just as pure as a child. Never a word dropped from his lips but that was a good word, and that is saying very much. In the character of a disciple of Christ is how he worked, and that is the way he lived."

"There are two kinds of Christians in the world,—this world Christians and the next world Christians. Mr. Garst joined the two ideas. He had no distrust of the Gospel for every human need, but his was not an absolute theological gospel. He was no whit behind others in earnestness in simple evangelism, in preaching to men the riches in Christ Jesus, but that did not seem to him to be merely as a preparation for another life. He tried to bring the Kingdom to the people. No question that made for reform, that made for humanity but he was in sympathy with it at once. I have not a word to say about the 'other world' Christians, but I am not sure but that we need more of 'this world' Christians. We must prepare this world for the coming of Christ's Kingdom, for the rule of Jesus Christ. Let us honor the man who is a reformer. Let us honor the Christian philanthropist."

XVI

HEART MESSAGES FROM THE SOLDIER

"MY LIFE IS MY MESSAGE"

ABOUT Prayer: In writing to his sister in 1897, Mr. Garst said, "We have been back in Japan over four years, and in four years more we may be home, but four years seem like a long time to me, and what will they bring forth? I cannot tell. *I can only pray.* Why do not people pray more? How can we weak mortals get along without help and how can the Lord think it worth while to grant us the help that we do not think worth the asking?"

How often have I heard Mr. Garst, near the midnight hour, having come in from a long evening of speaking, praying aloud before he went to much-needed rest! The solitudes of mountain, hilltop, seashore, and forest, had they but the voice, could thrill us with the record of the times when he "went apart to pray," agonizing before God on behalf of his beloved people.

"If any one is discontented, let him take an evangelistic trip, and he will return thinking home is a little heaven on earth."

This was the soldier's word as he considered the importance of evangelism and the many discomforts and inconveniences of Japanese inns and modes of travel. "Churches have characters taken in part from their

CHARLES E. GARST, 1892

great workers. The Methodists are more or less like Wesley, the Presbyterians like Calvin. There is much of Alexander Campbell among the Disciples. The Puritans have impressed their character upon Americans. It is for us to look to our responsibility with reference to the character of the Church of Christ in Japan so far as our influence goes. If we fail here it were better that we were sectarian and left the sectarian name to be borne by others. We must try to raise up a body of believers whose first duty is to God, who have no design other than the glorification of the Cross of Christ, full of zeal and the Spirit of the Gospel. Can we do it? It is, under the circumstances, a hard task. . . . A man's usefulness in the Gospel is largely shown by his sacrifices for it. He who preaches the Gospel must preeminently be a living sacrifice. If the Gospel be untrue there is no more explaining the conduct of Paul than of the Lord Jesus. All who have wrought in the Gospel with great effect have done so,—so far as the world could see,—with great loss to themselves. The same element must be wrought into the web and woof of our churches here. If the first seven years form the character of the child, and there be something similar to this in Church work, who can estimate the importance of these years of *'small things'*?"

About Duty to Parents: Writing to his father, he expresses himself as follows: "We are very happy here, and think of all the places in the world this is the best for us. Confucius taught the great duty of children to parents. 'The body, hair, and skin is the gift of the parents' is a saying of his teaching. But he took no account of the soul, he knew nothing of the Heavenly Father. I love my family dearly, but believe firmly in

the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. The Church has a duty to them that are afar off. I hope to perform my share of it, that I may 'render my account with joy and not with grief.'"

Concerning the Christ: To a Japanese friend, in a letter: "I have studied the Bible for the past thirty years and I know of no history that commands my faith as does the story of Christ."

A word about the missionary: "American Churches should send the *Gospel embodied* in the best Christians in her numbers, who carry the message in *their own persons* to the heathen. The missionary who bears in himself the Love of the Home Church, must, in the nature of the case, be one of that Church. He is more than an offering of money, he is a *living* and *willing* sacrifice so far as he is concerned, and as to the Church that sends him, he is a *representative*. Under the law, no blind, lame, nor halt were to be offered; neither under grace can the inferior be sent.

"To illustrate, how can a tribe in Africa know that a Church in Philadelphia loves them? A missionary comes among them with his family and becomes as one of them, learns their language, teaches them to read, attends them when they are sick, helps them build houses, plant gardens, and teaches them the Love of Christ.

"Nor is the missionary a man who can be *hired*. What he gives is *above price*."

His ambition as a father: To his little daughter, a year old, he wrote from Fukushima,—which means "Happy Islands": "Talk to me about 'Happy Islands,' about Empires and such things. I would rather have your arms around my neck than to rule a nation!

I would rather be able to live so as to set you an example worthy of following than be the greatest general that ever lived!"

In a study *"Idolatry: Its Essence,"* Scripture is freely quoted. Isa. 44:16, 17; Ex. 32: 4, 6; Rom. 1:25; Ez. 23:7; I Sam. 15: 23; Eph. 5:5; Col. 3:5; I Cor. 10: 20; Phil. 3:19; Rev. 22:15; I Jno. 5:21. "The sins directly connected with idolatry are STUBBORNNESS, COVETOUSNESS, LUST, LYING, DEVIL-WORSHIP. This is a terrific array of charges to bring against idolaters. The Japanese say, 'Virtue is not alone, it must have company.' And idolatry is not a *solitaire,* it is a cluster, a vile brood of abominations. Covetousness is another evil classed as idolatrous. Who does not despise the covetous man? He stops at nothing so long as he can cheat others out of the fruit of their labors. He founds Louisiana lotteries, corrupts morals, adulterates food. To what extent will it not carry a man? It enters the sacred portals of the Church and tithes of mint and cummin are offered, but other tithes are held back.

"LUST is an accompaniment of idolatry; the carnal mind can only believe what it sees and takes pleasure only in sensual matters. Connected with the idol temple is the house of prostitution, and the wine cup is a matter of course. For example, one of the temples we first visited in Japan had, in the same enclosure, a *prostitute quarter.* The Buddhist altars are in all disreputable houses in Japan, and upon them offerings are made and tapers lighted daily. Why do American saloons use screens and paint the windows to hide the interior? What is being carried on there is the essence of idolatry. Lying, stubbornness, covetousness, and lewdness prevail

in proportion to the idols in heathen, in Roman Catholic, yes, and in American countries. What is the testimony, for instance, of those who, by long and intimate experience, are versed in the inner life of India, China, and Japan? The gods of India are admired for their skill in lying; covetousness is so prevalent that many 'join the church' for the money they hope to get thereby. The people are so stubborn that they will not believe a thing when it is demonstrated to them. Often they are like the ostrich, which sticks its head in the sand when hard pressed. What they do not like they ignore,—treat it as though it were not,—yet they *know it is*. Lewdness has such sway in Japan that the country is full of licensed prostitution. Divorces are so easily obtained that a young woman is nearly as ashamed to get married as many of them are to go into prostitution. The head grows faint and the heart sick when these things are reflected upon.

"The Chinaman returns to his native land, from America, and tells his friends that the most fashionable god in that country is the 'ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.' While he pays his devotions at the same shrine, he regards the worship of the 'Almighty Dollar' as idolatry, and such it is. Idolatry is the devil's territory. It is the work of the Church to destroy every idol, but the work should commence at the house of God. Jesus commenced His ministry by cleansing the temple, and He ended it by repeating the process. Prayer and praise are comely, but as to idolatry, its sinfulness who can measure? Well might the beloved John say, 'My little children, guard yourselves from idols.'"

His word for a universal Rest Day, I quote from "*Kuni no Hikari*" (Light of Our Land): "The fol-

lowing letter was written to Hon. Taro Ando by the late Rev. C. E. Garst not long before he passed away. It might be called his dying testimony on behalf of life's toilers, in whose welfare he took so deep an interest and for whom he labored so earnestly:

"44 Tsukiji, October 9, 1898.

"Dear Mr. Ando:

"I want to write you a few words on a rest day for Japanese laborers. As I told the Temperance Society the other day, the Labor Union, membership 700, has asked for one. Ought we not to pass a resolution throwing our influence for it? Being a legal enactment it will be *secular*. Now is the time Japan is changing; it is easier now to have new ideas adopted than it will be later, perhaps.

"The workers of Japan have to work long days and long hours. Among the Jews the command given by God Himself was to work six days and rest the Seventh. Under present conditions workmen can neither rest nor work. Mr. Miyama, a noble man, seems to think that because men are not Christians and because they are *hoto-burai*, they ought to be kept at work to keep them as moral as possible. But be it remembered that morality gives us liberty and liberty gives us morality. If we can get some hope into the poor fellows, then we can make them temperate and Christian. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' which, taken with our good Japanese proverb, 'Baka ni tsukeru kusuri ga nai' (there is no medicine for a fool), brings us to a bad condition.

"Formerly Japan despised the laborer and the merchant; the present Japan must honor both. A Rest day is a blessing to a country. When the factory laws are passed, provision can be made for one. The longer the attempt is put off the harder it will be to obtain it.

"There is a strong 'Sabbath Union' in America. My friend, Col. Bacon, is Chairman of it, I believe. The Temperance people must show their sympathy with the workers—Nature's Nobility—to make them temperate.

"Why should a man be temperate if he has to live and die like a brute? Make a *man* of him, give him his rights, and it will be easy to get him not to destroy himself with liquor. I feel sure that when you consider the subject you will think the quicker Japan has a secular, legal Sabbath the better.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. E. Garst."

As to the future of Japan, in 1897, the following: "The next few years will show greater changes in

Japan than the last decade. The people are like Noah's dove,—can find no religious resting-place for the soles of their feet,—none in Confucianism, none in Buddhism, none in Shintoism,—only, only in Christ. That is our hope, they must go somewhere, their nature impels that. They can go nowhere but to Christ."

His motto: "'Only one life here and that for truth and honesty,' is my motto."

"It may be a very low thought with me, but according to what I have seen of life, a man with nothing in his stomach has very little in his head."

"There is very little live stock about the majority of Japanese homes, if we except the '*wolf at the door.*'" . . .

And lastly a word for a fundamental reform for which he stood,—the Singletax. This is not the place for a formal treatise on the Singletax, or the Sinless Tax, as it has been called; but I would that interest might be aroused that would lead to a careful investigation of the subject. Mr. Garst did not claim for the Singletax that it is a cure-all for humanity's ills, but he did believe it to be one path to social righteousness. Some one has described it as a "scheme that will give to all the Father's children a seat at the Father's table." Quoting Henry George, whose writings are reverently religious in tone,—and it was the religious, not the political side of the Singletax that won Mr. Garst's championship,—"'The poor ye have always with you.' If ever a Scripture has been wrested to the devil's service, this is that Scripture. How often have these words been distorted from their obvious meaning to soothe the conscience into acquiescence in human misery and degra-

dation, and bolster that blasphemy,—the very negation and denial of Christ's teachings,—that the All Wise and Most Merciful, the Infinite Father, has decreed that so many of His creatures must be poor in order that others of His creatures to whom He wills the good things of life should enjoy the pleasure and virtue of doling out alms! 'The poor ye have always with you,' said Christ, but all His teachings supply the limitation, 'until the coming of the Kingdom.' In that Kingdom of God *on earth,* that Kingdom of justice and love for which he taught His followers to strive and pray, there will be no poor."

Those who argue that *drunkenness* and *laziness* are the main causes of poverty should open their Bibles and try to substitute *drunken* and *lazy* in the beautiful promises God has given to the poor. If there is one thing that stands out distinctly in the Bible, it is that God has an oppressed people on the earth, whose cause He espouses. God says (Lev. 25:23), "The land shall not be sold in perpetuity, for the land is mine, and ye are strangers and sojourners with Me." (R.V.) In Psalms 115:16, "The earth hath He given to the children of men"; and in Eccles. 5:9, "The profit of the earth is for all";—in other words, the rent of the land belongs to the people. While 90 per cent. of the places at God's table are monopolized by 10 per cent. of His creatures, it must follow that 90 per cent. of His creatures will be put to sore straits. The Saviour pointed to the lilies and the birds, but there is little force in His illustration when these are separated from the land and placed in pots and cages.

It seemed to many a remarkable thing that the very day that Mr. Garst's casket stood open in his study, the

leading English paper published in Japan, "The Japan Daily Mail," edited by Captain Brinkley,—a cultured English gentleman whose splendid volumes on Japan and China and Korea may be found in leading libraries—printed a most able editorial on the SINGLETAX. The length of the article precludes its quotation here. Captain Brinkley observed, "with pleasure, that a movement is on foot among journalists in Tokyo to familiarize the public with the real principles of the Single Tax," and he urged that Japan hasten to adopt this method of taxation rather than the "illogical, uneconomical, and demoralizing system now unhappily pursued in Europe and America."

If the point that the Singletax is theoretically righteous and just be granted, is it not atheistic to claim that it is impractical? Nothing is impossible with God. If the plan is branded as Utopian, I would say God pity the worker who leaves the Utopian out of his schedule. When Christ bade us pray, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," He placed the seal of His approval on the Utopian. Nothing is too good for mankind for whom Christ gave Life itself. By our unbelief we can retard this movement, which is gaining such momentum; or by strong faith that God will help those who seek first His kingdom and His righteousness to attain the same, we may hasten the time when His waiting children, now engulfed in the social and industrial inequalities of the day, may *find a seat at the Father's table.*

XVII

A BIT OF THE AFTER-GLOW

"HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM"

MANY beautiful incidents of his abiding influence have come to me since Mr. Garst's death. I will give a few of them. Miss Johnson wrote: "A lady called to see me a few days ago and asked if I knew anything about an American whose name was Garst. She had read in the papers about his death and she wanted to learn more about him. She has just moved into this neighborhood and she promised to attend the meetings in my house. The girl, who is here from Tsurugaoka, was very much opposed to the Gospel until she read of Mr. Garst in the "*Seisho no Michi*" (The Bible Way), and then she said, 'My gods could not do that for me,' and since then she has studied the Bible and O'Roku san has taught her, and last Sunday she was baptized. She seems so happy and is so helpful. She intends to enter the Honjo hospital and become a nurse."

Mr. Jones, of the Baptist mission, kindly sent me word of his experience with a jinrikisha man. As the coolie hauled him much of one day he was very talkative, and asked Mr. Jones if he knew a foreigner by the name of "Garusuto"? Mr. Jones told eagerly of their friendship and of the triumphant Home-going of Mr. Garst. The man listened intently and when the recital

was ended told Mr. Jones that he had hauled Mr. Garst a long day's journey and, as they proceeded, the *Sensei* (teacher) had told him of the "Jesus Way" and the temperate life, for he evidently saw that he was a drinker. The poor fellow told with emotion of the deep impression made upon him, how he broke up drinking in his clique, and how they had studied what Christian literature they had and were earnestly desirous of further leading.

A group of itinerating missionaries entered a mountain inn late one night. The way had been tedious, the weather stormy. The keeper of the inn, with his family, evidently believed in gods many, for the idol shelf was well cared for. There was the usual bowing, the removal of footgear, the weariness of long drawn out formality. As the travellers settled themselves on the mats in the guest-room they noticed a scroll in the *toko-no-ma* (the inevitable recess in the best room) and read the words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Surprised at finding a sentiment so out of keeping with the surroundings, they asked what its hanging there betokened, and were told that a tall, fair foreigner by the name of "Garusuto" had stopped with them, and had written his own advertising matter. They were so struck with his unusual cleverness in forming the Chinese characters with the *fude* (brush) that they asked him for a written souvenir of his visit. Hence the beautiful words of the Christ upon the scroll.

As the younger missionaries go over Mr. Garst's old territory,—though almost fourteen years have passed since his last round,—they constantly hear his work referred to, and they sometimes remark, "How much country work he must have done!"

GRETCHEN GARST AND HER MOTHER

A missionary of another body stopped at a farmhouse and as he sat upon the edge of the *roka* (porch) he opened his supply of tracts and Scripture portions while chatting with the farmer. Presently, producing a New Testament, he began to talk about The Book. The farmer interrupted him, "Is that the Book that tells about the Jesus-Man? the Man who came down to earth and died for us,—who went back to Heaven, and who is coming again?"

The missionary assented and the farmer said, "I have read that Book, and my neighbors have read it. A long time ago a foreigner brought it here. We do not know his name, but he left a card. What is written on it is not Japanese," and excusing himself he went into the house, returning immediately bearing a calling card, yellow with age. On it was written, in English, the name, "C. E. Garst."

OUT INTO THE DEPTHS

A strange and wonderful thing has come to pass. Because the health of the faithful worker, Jessie J. Asbury, of Akita, has broken, and she has been hurried home for recuperation, the soldier-missionary's daughter has been called to fill the breach, and is even now on her way to the new post of duty, the city of her birth.

Many kindergartners could be found to take her place here, but there seemed not another for the difficult task yonder. Not one problem faces the worker for God and humanity in this land that is not present there. Intemperance, the social evil, worldliness, class differences, race hatred; problems between capital and labor,—a very tragedy of industrial conditions; the sectarianism of the religious world, destructive criticism,

atheistic and agnostic teachings, a most hurtful literature in several tongues; and to these must be added the blight of idolatry with its numerous priesthood, its imposing ritual, its utter hopelessness. For many weeks the situation has been dramatic. From the death of H. I. M. Mutsuhito, the Japanese people have been engulfed in a very flootide of idolatrous devotion. The Imperial funeral brings Old and New Japan face to face. Twentieth Century army and naval display, the presence of diplomats from world courts, the superb electric illumination, the facilities of transportation—all bespeak a nation well abreast of modern times. The punctilious observance of ancient rites and ceremonies, and above all the tragic suicide of Count and Countess Nogi reveal Old Japan even to the Japanese. As to General Nogi, past-master of the art of modern warfare, magnificently equipped to do splendid service in the councils of his country,—whatever may be said of his last act to prove allegiance to his sovereign, his devotion is certainly a challenge to Christians to greater fidelity to the Christ.

Can we see Japan pour out her treasure,—a million and a half dollars gold to honor her dead Emperor,—and grip our wealth in laggard hands? *At that royal funeral no name above the Emperor's was exalted.* What a cry to Christendom for renewed efforts to *"Crown Him Lord of all"* in Japan!

Is it possible for Christians to see the willing sacrifice on the part of Count Nogi and his wife of their two sons at the siege of Port Arthur, and shrink when their children are called into battle against the world forces of evil?

I am thinking of an incident that occurred many years ago at our summering place, Takayama, by the

AKITA KINDERGARTEN

sea. Mr. Garst, who was a fearless swimmer, was out beyond the breakers, enjoying huge sport with the mighty waves, while I remained timidly on the beach. In response to his signs to come to him I shouted back, *"I'm afraid!"* Then he hurried to me and taking my hands, said, "Now every time you see a wave coming, jump high with me before it breaks. *When we get out into deep water we will not feel the force of the breakers."* Clinging to his hands and following his instructions I plunged into the boiling surf, and we fought our way out, out into the sea, where we were upborne by the calm depths beneath.

Our Gretchen is going out into the fathomless depths of Japan's awful need, and *the Christ will hold her hands.*

"Leave the safe shallows where the ripples play,
The sluggish inlet and confining bay—
Push out into the deep.

"Strain toward the mighty ocean of God's love,
His great love's all unfathomed energies,
Where never plummet reached or bound was set.
Quit ye like valiant fishermen, and let
Your nets down in deep seas.

"Those rich, rewarding waters shall not fail;
Till the nets break the fish shall crowd therein;
And I, the Master, waiting other where,
Will lend my strength to land the precious fare
Which ye have toiled to win.

"Lord, Thou hast spoken, and we trust Thy word;
We will push out and leave the safe, known land,
And count it full reward if, coming back
Laden at nightfall, o'er the waters black
We see Thee on the strand."

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